

*Virtus Rediviva*

A

*Chong*

# Panegyrick

On our late

King CHARLES the I. &c.

of ever blessed Memory.

ATTENDED,

*With severall other Pieces from the  
same P E N.*

I. A Theatre of Wits: Being a Col-  
lection of *A P O T H E G M S.*

*Viz.* II. *Fœnestra in Pectore*: or a Century of  
Familiar *LETTERS.*

III. *Loves Labyrinth*: A Tragi-comedy.

IV. *Fragmenta Poetica*: Or Poeticall  
Diversions.

Concluding, with

A PANEGYRICK on His

Sacred Majesties most happy

Return.

---

By *T. F.*

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*Varietas delectat.*

L O N D O N :

Printed by *R. & W. Leybourn*, for *William Gran-  
tham*, at the Sign of the Black Bear in *St. Pauls  
Church-yard* neer the little North door;  
and *Thomas Bassett*, in *St. Dunstons Church-  
yard* in *Fleet-street.* 1661.



PAINEGVIK

On our face

King CHARLES 1st

of ever blessed Memory.

AT TEST

W. B. (several other names) from the

And P. R. W.

A. T. (several other names) being a

Commissioner of the

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VIRTUS REDIVIVA;

OR, A

PANEGYRICK

On the late

K. Charls the I.

Second Monarch

O F

GREAT BRITAIN,

---

By THO. FORDE.

---

*Honoris, Amoris, Doloris ergo.*

*Propositum est mihi Principem Laudare non Principis facta, nam  
laudabilia multa etiam mali faciunt. Plin. Panegyric. in Trajan.*

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L O N D O N,

Printed by R. and W. Leybourn, for William  
Grantham at the Black Bear in St. Pauls  
Church-yard, neer the little  
North Door. 1650.

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# The Preface.



*Enophon* charactered his *Cyrus*, not as he was but as he ought to have been : making him rather the subject of a brave Romance, than a true History.

But such is the advantage of our *Charls* his Virtue, that when I have said all I can say, it will be infinitely beneath what I should say, I shall doe truth no injury to confesse the weaknesse of Art to repre-

## The Preface.

sent a person so admirable, without diminishing his glories, whose Fame surmounts the most daring Hyperbolies of Rhetorick; and to praise faintly ( in *Seneca's* opinion ) is a piece of slander.

I must be forced to imitate the Cosmographers, who describe a large Kingdome by a little point, and confine the whole world in a small circle: whereto when I have done all, I must subscribe this Motto, *Intelligitur, plus quam pingitur.*

*Alexander* the Great gave straight commands, that no Painter should dare to make his Picture, but *Appelles*: I know no Penfill fit to draw great *Charls*, his Picture, but his own, *Ipse, ipse quem loquar, loquatur.* And well it is he hath done it in his divine Portrayture, that *Aureum flumen orationis*: a piece wherein



### *The Preface.*

wherein Learning and Language, Reason and Religion, speak him at once a *Solomon* for knowledge, and a *David* for piety and devotion.

*Timanthes* that rare and ingenious Artist (as *Pliny* tells the Story) dividing in a little Table to represent a *Cyclops* sleeping, because he would seem in that little Compasse to shew his Gyant-like bignesse, he painted little Satyres hard by, taking measure of one of his thumbs with long perches. Our insufficiency to represent his sacred Majesty to the full, may perhaps be none of the least Arguments to evince the greatnesse of his merit, who (as *Pindar* said Elegantly of *Hiero*) cropt the tops and summities of all virtues, which dispersed among all others, met in Him, as in their proper Center.

*The Preface.*

— The Coloss at *Rhodes*, one of the wonders of the World, was no lesse admired being beaten down, than when it stood, when as they saw that with one of the fingers they might make many great Statues: Nor can Great *Charls* his Fall, lessen our Admiration of Him, when it shall be considered that from His incomparable Actions may be drawn perfect Images, and assured Examples of the greatest and most noble Virtues.

It is the priviledge of Virtue to give a new Life after Death.

*Chi Semina virtu, raccoglie fame,  
e vera Fama supera la morte,*

Sayes the *Italian* Proverb; He that sows virtuous Deeds, reaps Renown, and true Fame out-lives death. How

## The Preface.

How many have we read of who have been buried with ignominy and obscurity; yet in a short time, the Sun of their virtue hath risen out of the dark grave of prejudice and slander, and shined with more luster than before ! *Benedetto Alberti* was banished by the *Florentines*, and yet after his death, they confessed their error, and fetcht home his bones, burying him with solemn pomp and honour, whom being alive they had persecuted with slanders and reproaches.

It is said of our English *Edward* the 2<sup>d</sup>, that they who despised him being alive, so much honored him being dead, that they could have found in their hearts to make him a Saint.

The grave which buries a man should also bury all his enemies, it being unnaturall to hate the dead, whom we cannot hurt, for the ut-

## The Prefacc.

most that malice can doe is to kill ;  
and therefore it is noted a prodigi-  
ous and unexampled hatred between  
the two brothers of *Thebes*, *Eteocles*  
and *Polinices*, as *Statius* tells us,

*Nec furis post fata modus, flam-*  
*(mæq; rebelles*  
*Seditione rogi, &c.*

Their furies were not bounded by  
(their fate,  
One's Funeral flame the others  
(flame did hate.

*Solon* made a Law that none  
should speak evill of the dead, and  
his reason was, for fear of immortal  
enemies.

*Livor post fata quiescit.* Envy  
sleeps after death ; says the Poet, as  
confidently as if it were not to be  
questioned. Onely our *Charls*  
hath found it false, and the men of  
our

### *The Preface.*

our Age alone have made an exception to this generall rule of charity. There have been found those who have persecuted his Ghost, and committed Treason against his Memory; like those chief Priests in the Gospel, who consulted to put *Lazarus* to death, after his resurrection. But his Virtue hath survived their malice, and he Lives in spight of Fate or envy.

*Hæc est CAROLI gloria, ut nullius laudibus crescat, nullius vituperatione minuat*; as *Macrobius* sayes of *Virgil*. This is *CHARLES* his Glory, that as the prayſes of his friends can adde nothing to him, so the ſlanders of his enemies can detract nothing from Him. His Virtue needeth not our *Encomiums*, His Memory contemneth their scandals, and his Merits Surpaſſe all Discourses.

*Vivit post funera Virtus.*



the first time I made an excursion to the general public. I had a very successful one who have returned in a very good condition. I feel very much better than I did when I first started. I feel very much better than I did when I first started. I feel very much better than I did when I first started.

[illegible]



VIRTUS REDIVIVA:

OR,

A PANEGYRICK

On the late

K. Charlsthel.

Second Monarch of Great

BRITAIN.



O praise the *living*, although never  
so deserving, is not seldome suspo-  
cted of *flattery*, and *design*: There-  
fore say the wise *Italians*, *La lode*  
*nascer deve quando è morto chi s'ha da*  
*lodar*; Praises ought not to be *born*, till the party  
praised be *dead*: when both *envy* in the Reader,  
and *flattery* in the Writer are useles: when  
the Writers Pen is neither brib'd by favours to a  
merci-

mercenary, and sordid adulation, nor frighted by the frownes of greatnesse into a Pataletick, and shaking cowardice.

I have undertaken a Subject which will secure me from the guilt of fawning flattery, as being so far above all praises that I fear not to be guilty of saying *too much*, but *too little* in his commendation. The richest colours of Rhetorick are too dark to represent a life so transparent, so full of worth, so full of wonder. The brightest language will prove but a dark shadow, to that shining merit, which exceeds all *apprehension*, much less *expression*; well it is if it do not *spoil*, what I confess I am not able to adorn. *Materies tamen ipsa juvat.* *Charls the First*, whom but to name is to cast a cloud upon all former Ages, and to benight Posterity; In taking of whose Picture, I shall not need to doe as that Painter did, who drew *Antigonus*, *imagine luscā*, half faced, that so he might hide his want of an eye from the view of the beholder. There is nothing in *Charls*, but what is lovely, and admirable, no deformity, or imperfection. I shall rather choose to imitate the famous *Apelles*, who to express his art to the full in the picture of *Venus* rising naked out of the Sea, assembled together all the most beautifull women of the Island of *Coos* (his native place) uniting in that piece all their divided perfections. There is nothing eminent, or excellent in all the deservedly admired antients, that is not only met, but out-done in *Charls*. It is affirmed by the learned *Raleigh*, that if all the pictures and patterns of a mercilesse Prince were lost in the world, they might all again be painted  
to

to the life out of the Story of *Hen. 8.* But I shall with as much *truth*, and perhaps more *Charity*, maintain, that if all the Pictures, and Patterns of a mercifull Prince, of a couragious and constant King, of a vertuous, and brave Man, were lost, they might be repaired, if not infinitely excell'd in the Story of *Charles the First*, whose life needs no Advocate, whom detraction it self cannot mention without commendation. I find not any man in all the Records of the antients, or the Writings of the more modern authors, over whom he hath not some advantage; nor any ones life, taken altogether, so admirable as His: nor any thing admirable in any, that was not in Him: *Qua simul omnia uno isto nomine continentur.* In Him alone are to be found all the vertuous qualities of the best Princes in the world, without the vices of any of them: for he only hath made it appear, that *great vertues* may be without the attendance of *great vices*.

It was said of our *Hen. the 5th.* that he had something in him of *Cesar*, which *Alexander the Great* had not, that he would not be drunk, and something of *Alexander the Great*, which *Cesar* had not, that he would not be flattered. But *Charles* had the *vertues* of all; without the vices of any, *tam extra vicia, quam cum summis virtutibus.* He as much exceeded all other Kings, as other Kings doe all other men. In a word, he was what ever a good Prince ought to be, and what others should be, yet was this Lilly born in the land of thorns and briers, this Rose sprang up amidst a field of thistles; I presume the description hath prevented me saying it was Scotland.

*A Land that calls in question, and suspence  
Gods Omni-presence, but that Charls came thence.*

*In quo, nihil prater unum Carolum est, quod commendamus.* A Nation famous for the birth of Charls, but infamous for their treachery and disloyalty to so brave a Prince. But the happiness of a brave and incomparable Father, did sufficiently recompence for the place of his birth: So that I may say of him what is said of *Lewis the 8th of France*, father to *St. Lewis*, that he was *Son* to an excellent *Father*, and *Father* to an excellent *Son*; a *Son* only worthy of such a *Father*, a *Father* only worthy of such a *Son*. A Father so admirable that *Sir W. Raleigh* hath left it upon Record to all Posterity, that if all the malice of the world were infused into one eye, yet could it not discern in his life, any one of those foul spots, by which the consciences of all forreign Princes (in effect) have been defiled; nor any drop of that innocent bloud on the Sword of his justice, with which the most that fore-went him have stained both their hands and fame. This Encomium of the *Father*, may justly descend to the *Son* as Heir apparant to his virtues, as well as his Crowns.

In his Childhood, the weaknesse of his lower parts which made him unapt for exercises and feats of activity, rendred him more retired, and studious, and more intent upon his Book then perhaps he had been otherwise. So great a Student was he in his younger dayes, that his Father would say, he must make him a *Bishop*: Providence



dence then seeming to design him, rather to the *Crozier* then the *Crown*. By his great study he became a great Historian, an excellent *Poet*, a great lover and Master of *Musick*, and indeed a generall Scholar. This rare *Cien* was not grafted upon a wilding or crab-stock, but an innocent and studious youth, was the prologue to a more active and vigorous manhood. For being grown in years, and state, he shook off his former retiredness, and betook himself to all manner of man-like exercises, as vaulting, riding the great Horse, running at the Ring, shooting in Cross-bowes, Muskets, and great Ordinance, in which he became so expert, that he was said to be the best Marks-man, and the most comely Manager of a great Horse, of any one in his three Kingdoms. Nor were these excellencies *ill-housed* but his fair Soul was tenant to a lovely and well proportioned body. His stature of a just proportion, his body erect and active, of a delicate constitution, yet so strong withall, as if nature had design'd him to be the strife of *Mars*, and *Venus*. His countenance amiable and beautiful, wherein the *white Rose* of *York*, and the *Red* of *Lancaster* were united: his hair inclining to a brown, till cares and grief changed them into a *white*, at once the Embleme of his innocence, and his fortune; clear and shining eyes, a brow proclaiming fidelity, his whole frame of face and favour, a most perfect mixture and composition of Majesty, and Sweetness.

Thus long have we beheld him as a *Man*: Let us now view him as a *Husband*, as a *Father*, as a *King*; and we shall find him alike admirable in all relations.

As

As an *Husband*, he is a rare Example of love and chastity; at his first receiving of his *Queen*, he professed, that he would be no longer *Master* of himself, then whilst he was a *Servant* to her; and so well did he make his words good, that on the day before his death. he commanded his *Daughter*, the excellent Princess *Elizabeth*, to tell her Mother that his thoughts had never strayed from her, and that his love should be the same to the last. And indeed no man more loved, or less doted upon a wife.

As a *father*, how tender was he of his children, without a too remiss indulgence! how carefull of their education in the true *Protestant Religion*, which he alwayes professed, and learnedly defended, advising the *Lady Elizabeth* (and in her the rest) to read *Bishop Andrews Sermons*, *Hookers Ecclesiastical Politie*, and *Bishop Laud's book against Fisher*, to ground them against *Popery*.

Let us now view him as a *King*, and we shall see him as the *Soul* of the *Common-wealth*, acting vigourously, and regularly every particular member in its several place and office. Behold him in his royall Throne, and thence dispensing his sacred Oracles of *Law* and *Justice*, to the admiration of all that had the happiness to see and hear him. Witness Mr. *Speakers Speech* to his *Majesty* on the 5th of *Novem.* 1640. I see before my eyes with admiration (sayes that then eloquent Orator, as the mouth of all the *Commons of England*) the *Majesty* of *Great Britain*, the glory of times, the history of honour, *Charles the First*, in his forefront placed by descent of antiquity, *King*, settled by a long succession, and  
cont.

loved unto us by a pious & peaceful government;  
 concluding with this serious and loyal promise;  
 And all our Votes shall pass, that your sacred  
 Majesty may *Long, Long, Long* reign over us. To  
 which, no doubt, all that heard him said, *Amen*.  
 Such was his pious and paternall care over his  
 people, that the most sullen ingratitude could  
 not but acknowledge him the *Father of his Coun-*  
*try*: teaching his people obedience to his Laws,  
 not so much by *Proclamation*, as *Example*; as he  
 was *Imperio Maximum*, so he was *Exemplo Ma-*  
*ior*, as *Paterculus* sayes of *Tyberius*: or as it is  
 said of *Lycurgus*, that famous Law-giver, he ne-  
 ver ordained any thing to others, which he did  
 not first exactly observe himself.

So chaste was he in his embraces, so pious in  
 his devotions, so just in all his actions, that the  
 Law-maxime of *Rex non peccat*, was never more  
 true of any King, than of Him. Behold him at  
 the *Councill Table*, and there we shall find him  
 (by the testimony of one of his greatest ene-  
 mies) principall in all transactions of State, and  
 the wisest about him but *Accessaries*: for he ne-  
 ver acted by any *implicit faith* in State matters;  
 He had more learning and dexterity in State af-  
 fairs, undoubtedly (sayes that *Cook russian*) than  
 all the *Kings* in Christendom. And herein, if  
 ever, the good words of an enemy are true.

It is reported of our *Henry 4th.* that he stood  
 more upon his own legs than any of his Predeces-  
 sors had done, in cases of difficulty; not refusing,  
 but not needing the advice of others, which  
 might confirm, but not better his own judgement.  
 But this is far greater and truer commendation

in *Charls*, who succeeded so wise a Prince as *James the first*, the greatest Master of *King-craft* (as he used to call it) that ever swayed the *English* Scepter.

But as our *Charls* his wisdom was great, in that he was *able to advise*, yet was it greater in that he was *willing to be advised*: being never so wedded to his own opinions but that on good grounds he might be divorced from them; for though some of his *enemies* have reported him wilfull, and too tenacious to his own resolves; one who knew him better than all of them (though perhaps their malice was greater than their ignorance) affirms, and that without suspicion of falshood, that though in his childhood he was noted to be very wilfull, which might proceed from that retiredness, which the imperfection of his Speech, not fitting him for public discourse, and the weakness of his limbs and joints (as unfit for action) made him most delught in; yet afterwards, as he shook off his retiredness, so he corrected in himself the peccancy of that humour, which had grown up with it, there being no man to be found (say my Author, and it is *verbum Sacerdotis*) of a more even temper, more pliant to good counsel, less wedded than he was to his own opinion. Indeed as he was long and serious in deliberating, so was he just and true to his resolves, and resolute in the execution of them.

Let us attend him to the Chappell, and there we shall see him, so pious and devout in prayer, so reverend and attentive in hearing, that we may justly conclude his piety to be as a rich Diamond

in the Ring of his royall virtues. *Constantine* alwayes heard Sermons *standing*, acknowledging thereby what reverence is due to the Word of God, the irreverence that hath since crept into our *Churches*, may well make us bewail the loss of that laudable Example of our *English Constantine*, who alwayes bare a great regard to the *Church* and *Church men*; whom he revered for their *function*, and loved for their *fidelity*; so much a friend was he to all *Church men*, that had any thing in them becomming that sacred Function, that he hazarded (as he says himself) his own interest, chiefly upon conscience & constancy to maintain their rights, whom the more he looked upon as *Orphans*, & under the sacrilegious eyes of many cruel & rapacious reformers, so he thought it his duty the more to appear as a father, and patron for them and the *Church*.

He was at once a dutifull *Son*, and an indulgent *father* of the *Church*, esteeming it (with that good *Emperor*) a greater honour to be a member of the *Church*, than *Head* of an *Empire*. Nor was he onely a gracious *Patron* of the *Church*, but also a resolute *Champion* in behalf of the *Hierarchy*, as well remembring that Prophectic *Apothegm* of the King his father, *No Bishop, no King*; his own experience being too great a Comment upon that truth to be by him neglected, or by us forgotten.

*Bassianus* the *Emperor* refusing the name of *Pious*, would be called *Felix*: on the contrary our *Charls* chose rather to be informiatly *Pious*, than irreligiously *prosperous*, well knowing that *piety* shall not want its reward in a better place. A



King so religious, so devout, that if all his Subjects had been like the King, we might then indeed have had a Kingdom of *Saints*.

If we enter his *Courts of Judicature*, there shall we behold *Justice* with her sword and ballance, equally *dividing*, and impartially *weighing* out the *rewards* of virtue, and *punishments* of vice: poverty never excluding the *Innocent*, nor power absolving the *nocent*; and though the *Asylum* of his mercy was never shut to the meanest suppliant, whom the rigour of the *Law* had cast, yet was he alwayes inexorable to the supplications of the greatest offender, if found guilty of *willfull murder*. *Agésilans* wrote to a Judge in behalf of his Favourite, *Si causa bona, pro justitia, si mala pro amicitia absolve*. But hath not our *Charles* delivered up the greatest of his favourites to the sentence of the *Law*? did his power ever shield the most powerfull offenders from the stroke of justice, though himself were wounded through their sides? As his justice was *blind* to all relations, his hands were continually *open* to receive the *Petitions* of his meanest subject: not like *Demetrius* who threw the *Petitions* of his people into the water; He was always ready and expectant to receive them, and never better pleased than when he took them from the hands of the poorest *Petitioner*; justly meriting the style of *James the fifth of Scotland*, who was called, *The poor mans King*.

Worthy was the Speech of that *Goth*, a King of *Italy*, who speaking of his Subjects, said, *Messa nostra, cunctorum quies*: Our harvest is their rest. Such was the vigilancy of *Charles*, whose waking  
cy

eyes secured all his flock from being a prey to any subtle *Mercury* : No forreign invasion daring to *land* upon our coasts ; no home-bred broyles frightening the Husbandman from his *Plough*, or the Tradesman from his Shop : but peace and plenty crowned all their endeavours, *they* being married in our *Kingdome*, as nearly as in the *French* Proverb. Every man sate under his own Vine and Fig-tree, eating the fruit of his own labours. No loading taxes made their trade move slowly, or clogged the wheels of their honest industry. No polings, no plundrings, no spies to catch at every whisper, and make a man an offendour for a word ; but *Law* was duly administred, *Religion* maintained, *Learning* encouraged, the *arts* liberally professed and rewarded. Our *Merchants* traffickt with safety and honour wheresoever the necessity of their employments lead them ; and no corner of the world so barbarous, but the name of an *Englishman* was welcome and pleasant.

It is reported that *Henry* the 8th confessed on his death bed, that he had never spared *man* in his *wrath*, nor *woman* in his *lust* : But of *Charles* let me ask, whose *house* did he *plunder* ? whose *wife* did he *abuse* ? whose *right* did he *wrong* ? may it not be more truly affirmed of him, what the Historian flatteringly spake of *Livia*, the wife of *Augustus*, *Ejus potentiam nemo sensit, nisi aut levatione periculi, aut accessione dignitatis* ? No man felt his hand, unless in raising the oppressed from the pit of misery, or advancing the deserving to the hill of honour. To such a pitch of felicity were we then arrived, by the virtues and

indulgence of a gracious Sovereign, that nothing could render us more happy, but a *continuance* of our happinesse. Never was *Prince* more *beloved*, or better *obeyed* by loyall Subjects. Nothing but the *want* of him could render him more glorious, or desired.

But the greatest felicities are shortest lived, and the most glorious *summer* is followed by the sharpest *winter*; the *clearest skie* is not without its *clouds*, the longest day must have a *night*. The *sunne* of our glory was arrived to the *Meridian* and *Vertical point*, it must now *decline*, labour under a sad and almost total *Ecclipse*; and at last *set* in a cloud of bloud, darknes, and confusion.

*O nulla longi temporis felicitas !*

But as the *sun* is no less glorious in *it self*, when labouring under the darkest *Ecclipse*, nor leaves his wonted course, for all the clouds and vapours that flie in his face: So neither was our *Charls* less great and admirable under the most fatal *Ecclipses* of his glory, nor less *constant*, and unwearied in all the royall Offices of a *King*, when the clouds and vapours of calumny and sedition endeavored most to obscure and darken his brightnesse.

As he was a lover of *Peace*, he was no lesse valiant in *War*, if we confesse at least valour consists not onely in *doing*, but also in *suffering*. As he was *moderate* in *prosperity*, so was he *courageous* and *patient* in *adversity*: his virtue, courage and Christian patience having carried him with an unwearied course through both the *Hemispheres* of *prosperity* and *adversity*, compassing (as I may say) the whole *globe* of both  
for-

fortunes, and rendring him an unparalleled pattern of such vertues, as were formerly undiscovered to the world, and had still remained as a *Terra incognita* to all other Princes, had not his admirable example taught them, and all others, that no *Cross* is too heavy for a Christian resolution, nor any difficulty too hard for virtue to conquer.

On the Sepulcher of *Possenius Niger* was placed this Epitaph, Here lieth *Poss. Niger*, an ancient Roman, who in merit was equal with the *virtuous*, but in misfortune exceeded the most *unfortunate*. We may affix the same with very little alteration to the Statue of *Charles the first, second Monarch of Great Britain*, That he was equal in merit with the most *virtuous*, but in *misfortunes* exceeding the most *unfortunate*: yet did the brightness of his virtue shine through, and his piety gild and enamel the darkest clouds of his afflictions, baffling all the daring mists of malice and envy, and converting them into well-placed *shadows*, which rendred his Picture more lively and admirable.

*Naturalists* write of a precious stone called *Caraunias*, that it is found onely in a day of thunder, glistering when the Sky is overcast with darkness: such are the virtues of *faith, hope, charity, patience, and magnanimity* of *Charles*, which perhaps had never so gloriously appeared, had not the *darkness* of his fortune brought them to *light*: and being like *winter flowers* produced between storms and tempests, and grown up like the noble *Palm* under the pressures of weights and burthens.

*Prolixum est enumerare omnes, cognoscite aliquas*, as St. *Ambrose* said of *Judiths* virtues; I shall only cull out some few of those many rich jewells, to adorn his *Panegyrick*, and leave the rest to be collected by his *Historians*, and threaded by their more diligent hands upon the string of their more lasting stories.

The eye of mine observation fixeth first upon the orient gem of his *Patience* in affliction, which made him so *ductile* and plyant to the will of Heaven, that he willingly exchanged his *Crown* for the *Crosse*, and made his *Scepter* stoop to the *Rod* of affliction.

In his March after *Essex* to the *West*, it hapned that one of the carriages brake in a long narrow Lane, which they were to pass, and gave his *Majesty* a stop, at a time of an intolerable showre of rain which fell upon him, some of his Courtiers and others which were near about him, offered to hew him out a way through the hedges with their *Swords*, that he might get shelter in some of the villages adjoyning; but he resolved not to forsake his Canon upon any occasion: At which when some about him seemed to admire and marvail at the patience which he shewed in that extremity; his *Majesty* lifting up his Hat made answer, That *as God had given him afflictions to exercise his patience, so he had given him patience to bear his afflictions.* A Speech so heavenly and divine (says my Author) that it is hardly to be parallel'd by any of the men of God in all the Scripture. We may observe him in his divine *Meditations*, like the industrious *Bee*, sucking the *Hony* of comfort and consolation, out of the bitter flowers of his unequal fortune.

An



An Ancient said, he that can bear an *injury*, is worthy an *Empire*; But if we consider with how even and equall a temper, with how constant and Christian a fortitude his *Majesty* bore all the injurious insolencies, and insolent injuries which the tongues and pens of his malicious adversaries continually loaded him withall, we must be forced to confesse, that it *merit* herein might have *won*, or *justice* have been *Elect*, he hadnot been *King* of an inconsiderable *Island*, but *Emperor* of the *whole* world. So far was He from repining at his afflictions, or being angry at the injuries of his ignorant and insolent enemies, that he never esteemed himself more glorious, than when dressed up in the robe of their scorn and mockery: alwayes fencing himself with that royall Maxime as with a shield, *Bona agere, & mala pati regium est*. Nor could the injuries and affronts of some, force him to a *retaliation*, being often *angry* at, but never *pleased* with those *satyricall* invectives against his enemies which a just indignation sometimes forced from the sharper Pens of some of his friends.

As his losses could not make him *despond*, his victories never made him *insolent*; though the one rendred him more *humble*, the other could not make him *proud*; He was rather like *Fennigreek*, which (sayes *Pliny*) the worse it is handled the better it proves.

It is said of that mother in the *Maccabees*, who saw her *seven* children slain before her eyes, and last of all was her self slain; *Oetius passus est Martyries*, that she suffered *Eight* times over:  
and

and can we think that so indulgent a Father of his people, did not suffer as many several martyrdomes, as his subjects suffered miseries and destructions.

*Non placet vindicta, sed victoria*, was the applauded speech of the conquering *Cæsar*; but we may hear our victorious *Charls* professe, He never had any *victory* which was without his sorrow, because it was on his own subjects, who like *Abſalom*, died many of them in their sin; and yet (ſayes he) I never suffered any defeat which made me despair of Gods mercy and defence. And that he might convince the world that he *loved not war*, nor *delighted* in the ruin of his *subjects*, he ever sought for *peace*, after his greatest *victories*; The highest tide of success (as he saith himself, who could best tell) set him not above a Treaty, nor did any success he had, ever enhance with him the price of peace, though he was like to pay dearer for it than any man.

It is Recorded to the honour of the Roman *Scipio Africanus*, and will be to the glory of our *English Charls*, that he had rather *save* one friend, than *kill* a thousand enemies. But to such a height were our *sins*, and the guilty *malice* of some particular men amounted, that rendered all his Royal endeavours and tenders of Peace unfortunate and fruitlesse; So true is the observation of the grave *Tacitus*, *Inviso semper principe, seu malè, seu benè facta præsumunt*: A Prince once distasted is ever suspected, and his actions misconstrued; it then appearing plainly, that whatever *pretensions* palliated the de-

signs of some, yet their intentions terminated in a *Nolumus hunc regnare*; nor was it hard to prophetic that such *Recusants* then would in time appear *Ravilliac's*: and some there were, who though they could not but admire *Charles*, yet they hated the *King*.

Others there were who too well knew the Maxime of their Countryman *Machiavel*, that a succession of two or three virtuous Princes worketh strange effects, and therefore feared to be at the cost of the experiment, lest it might have proved to have been at no cheaper rate than the ruine of their design, the erecting of their *Babel* of confusion, thereby to make way for their *Catholick Monarch*. But to their wonder and their envy, when all his forces were defeated, and his sword faln out of his hands, *Charles* alone maintains the Combat, and singly duels (like another *Athanasius*) the whole world, in defence of his *Conscience* and *Religion*, which were all the wealth his shipwrackt fortune had left him, and which, maugre the malice of his fate, he carried safe to shore.

The victories he then gained will remain as Eternal Trophies of his honour, and undeniable arguments of his vast abilities in matters of *Controversie*: Let his Conference with the *Marquess of Worcester*, the papers which passed betwixt his *S. Majesty* and Mr. *Henderson*, and those other with the *Ministers* in the *Ile of Wight*, testifie how great a Master he was of reason, how well read in the *Fathers*, the *Councils*, *Ecclesiastical History*, and the customs of the Church in all Ages. By all which it will plainly

ly appear that he was as well the *scholar*, as the *Son* of *K. James*, by whom he was so well instructed in the controversies of Religion, that when he was in *Spain*, *D. Maw*, and *D. Wren*, two of his *Chaplains* being appointed to follow after, came to *K. James* to know his pleasure and commands: the King advised them not to put themselves upon any unnecessary Disputations, but to be onely on the *defensive* part, if they should be challenged; and when it was answered that there could be no reason to engage in such disputations, where there could be no *Moderator*, the King replied, that *Charles* should *moderate* between them and the opposite party. At which, when one of them seemed to smile on the other, the King proceeded, and told them, that *Charles* should manage a point in Controversie with the best Studied Divine of them all. He was without question Master of an *Imperial pen*; His *Eagles* feathers (upon all occasions) devoured his adversaries *goose-quills*, and infinitely recompenced the impediment of his speech, with the advantage of an inimitable style.

*Spartianus* reports of *Trajan*, that after his death he triumphed openly in the City of *Rome*, *In imagine*, in a lively Statue, or Representation, invented by *Adrian* for that purpose. But *Charles* triumphs more nobly in his Royal *Portraicture*, drawn by himself, with such curious lines, and lively colours, as no hand but his *own* could draw. There is he seated more gloriously than ever he was on his Royal Throne, or in his Royal Robes; there shall he live and reign,

reign, and be as *immortal* as his enemies malice. Never was devotion clad in a more rich, or more modest dress. There doth he make it appear that his soul was free and unconfin'd, though his body were a prisoner, and that he could exercise the office of a *Priest*, when he was deprived of that of a *King*. Such was the power of his noble and commanding Soul, even then, that he made his *Conquerors* his *captives*, and subdued the hearts of those to love him, who had deprived him of all other weapons.

Such was the Princely carriage of *Francis* the First, King of *France*, that he thereby so won upon the hearts of *Burbon*, and the rest of his enemies, to whom he was a prisoner, that they honoured him with no lesse observancy, than if he had been on the top of his prosperity: and *Homer* much commends his *Ulysses*, that when by shipwrack he was cast on shore, he had nothing to commend him but his carriage. Had *Homer* had *Charls* for his subject, or *Charls* *Homer* for his *Historian*, what an admirable strife would there have been betwixt the workman and the matter, and yet the matter would have exceeded the workmans art.

*Paterculus* saith of *Tyberius*, *Quod visus prætulit principem*, his Countenance proclaimed him King: So Majestick was the Countenance, and so winning the carriage of *Charls*, that his enemies became his converts, and his very *Cao*lers his Confessors: some of them having ever since exchanged their former Masters and Estates, for a prison, and banishment, to expiate  
the. 5



their former injuries to so good a King.

And now we have brought him to the last, and most glorious act of his life, wherein we shall see him out-do himself, as he had done all others in his former actions; God fitting him with a Courageous and Christian patience, as much above all other men, as his case and condition was transcending all former examples.

Trees that grow on the tops of rocks (they say) have stronger roots than other trees, because they are more exposed to the boisterousness of the winds and weather. His Sacred Majesty was now to act a part beyond all precedent, and God fitted him with a virtue and constancy beyond all parallel.

*En horret animus, & pavor membra excutit.*

————— *refugit loqui*  
*mens agra, tantis atq; inhorrescit malis.*

My thoughts are distracted, and my pen falls out of my hand with amazement, I must therefore draw a veil of silence over, and Comment upon this Tragical Scene with tears instead of words. I will onely adventure to draw the curtain so far, as may let in the Readers eye to discover the King singly maintaining his own Innocence, his Successors Rights, and his peoples Liberty, against a Legion of his adversaries, who were at once his Judges and Accusers. Scipio being one day accused before the Roman people of a capital offence, instead of excusing himself, or flattering the Judges, turning to them, he said, *It will well beseech you to judge*

judge of his head by whose means you have authority to judge of all the world. Private persons have many Judges, Kings none but God, said *M. Antonius*. But our King had to do with people of another principle, who too well knew that politick maxime of *Monfieur de Foy*, That a man must not trust a reconciled enemy, especially his King, against whom, when he draws his sword, he must throw the scabbard into the river.

It was not enough that he had granted whatever they desired, which his conscience and the safety of his subjects would permit, or that his Royal Concessions went beyond the foremost of their hopes and wishes, or that his reasons were unanswerable, and that they had no greater plea against him, but that of the rapacious wolf to the innocent lamb, *Thou hast the better cause, but I have the better teeth*. Though *Charles* was innocent, it was crime enough that he was King, and stood in the place that ambition aimed at.

*Semiramis* (as *Ælian* tells the Story) was an humble Petitioner to the King of the *Assyrians*, whose Concubine she was, that she might take upon her the government of *Asia*, and command the Kings servants, but for the transitory space of five dayes; it was granted, she came forth with a Princely robe, and her first words were (ingrateful wretch!) *Go take the King, and kill him*: and so by one venturous step climbed up to a settled state of Imperial Government. I leave the parallel to the readers thoughts, and go on to observe what is truly observable, that notwithstanding the natural impediment of the Kings

Kings Speech, God at this time of his extremity so loosed his tongue, that he delivered his thoughts without the least stammering or hesitation; enough to have convinced any but a *Pilat*, and a *Jurie* of *Jewes*, that by that miracle God seemed to say to them, in the language of that dumb man, *Rex est, ne occide*. But it was argument enough to them to cut off that head, that it wore three Crowns. A thing so strange and unheard of before our times, that though they made a *President*, they could never find an *Example* for it in all the *Histories* of the world. So sacred and inviolable was the Person of the *Prince* amongst the *Romans*, that when *Nero* (made valiant by his own fear) ran himself through, *Epaphroditus* his Secretary, at his request, helping to dispatch him the sooner, for that service was afterwards put to death by *Domitian*, who thought it not meet to suffer any man to live, who had in any sort lent his hand to the death of a Prince.

\* The Kings of *Peru* were so revered by their subjects, and so faithfully served, that never any of their subjects were found guilty of Treason. Indeed the people of *Nicaragua* in *America*, had no law for the killer of a King, but it was for the same reason that *Solon* appointed none for a mans killing of his Father; both of them conceiving that men were not so unnatural, as to commit such crimes. But such is the miserable condition of Princes, as the Emperor *Domitian* complained, that they cannot be credited touching a Conspiracy, plainly detected, until they be first slain. More strange and sad it is, that

that men should commit *murther* with the sword of *Justice*, and *treason* execute *justice* as a malefactor. Such actions seldom want their reward, and many times receive it from the Actors own hands.

It is the observation of *Causabon* in his *Annotations* upon *Suetonius*, that all they who conspired against *Cesar*, slew themselves with the same poniards wherewith they had stabbed the Emperor. Such a death (saith he) may all have who so wickedly and disloyally enterprize upon the lives of Princes. For a man to attempt upon the life of a *forreign* or *neighbour* Prince, may perhaps passe with the guilt of *simple murther*; but for a subject to assassinate his own *native* King, is no less than *Paracide* in the superlative degree.

At the Solemn Coronation of the Prince, every *Peer* of the Realm hath his station about the Throne, and with the touch of his hand upon the Royal Crown, declareth the personal duty of that honour which he is called unto, namely, to hold on the Crown on the Head of his Sovereign, to make it the main end of his greatness, to endeavour the establishment of his Princes Throne. Justly may those *branches* wither that contrive the ruine of the *Stock* that feeds them: and well may they prove *falling stars*, who endeavour the ecclipsing of that *Sun* from whom they have received their light and lustre.

*Rodolphus D. of Suevia*, having usurped the Empire of the *Romans*, in a Conflict with *Henry* the right Emperor, his *right* hand was struck off

off in battel, which being brought to him lying upon his death-bed, in the horrour of his guilt he cryed out, *This is the hand wherewith I confirmed my promised loyalty to the Emperor.* Such as repay barred where they owe love, and return disloyalty where they owe allegiance, may expect a payment in their own coin from the hand of Divine Justice.

But to disguise *Majesty* into an habit of *treason*, and to dress up *treason* in a robe of *justice*; to place guilt on the *bench*, and set innocence at the *bar*, and by a mockery of *Law* to condemn the *Fountain* of *Law*, is like the *Italian* Physician, who boasted he had kill'd a man with the fairest method in the world, *è morto* (said he) *canonicamente, è con tutti gli ordini*; He is dead (says he) regularly, and with all the rules of art.

To dwell no longer on this unpleasant subject. *we had sinned, and Charls must suffer.* *'Dilirant Archivi, plebuntur Reges.'* He who had worn a *Crown of Gold*, must now admit a crown of *thornes*, that might fit him for the *Crown of Glory*.

They had promised to make him a glorious King, and now was the time come; *Sit divus, modo non sit vivus*, say they. His Kingdom was not to be any longer of this world, and therefore he prepares himself with *humility*, *piety*, *charity*, and *magnanimity*, to bear this *earthly cross*; that he might attein his *heavenly crown*: His enemies curse him, he prays for them; they slander him, he forgives them; they load him with affronts, he carries them with patience. And now his pious soul is on the wing, and makes  
many



many a sally to the place where she longed to be at rest: and in the fire of an ardent devotion, he offers up himself an *Holocaust*, being kindled with the flames of Divine Love, and is fill'd with a large measure of celestial joy, and holy confidence; witnesse that admirable *Anagram* made by himself on the day before his death,

*Carolus Rex: Cras ero Lux.*

*Hermigildus* Son of *Levigildus* King of the *Visigoths*, forsaking the *Arrian* Heresie, which his Father maintain'd, and embracing the *Catholick truth*, was threatned by his Father with death, unless he returned to his former errors: To whom the pious Son, *Poteris* (saith he) *in me statuere pater quod lubet; regno privas? sed peritura tantum: immortale illud eripere non potes. In vincula me rapis? ad coelum certe patet via; ibimus, illuc ibimus. Vitam eripitis? restat melior & aeterna.* Such were the pious resolves of the most Christian *Charls*: You may doe with me what you will, ye may deprive me of my *Kingdomes*, alas! these are perishing things; but mine *immortal Crown* ye cannot reach. If ye confine me to the narrow walls of a *prison*, my soul vwill mount to *Heaven*; thither, thither vwill vve goe. If ye take avway this life, I shall but exchange it for a *better and eternal one.*

Thus prepared, he vvith all humility and Christian resignation, offers up himself the *peoples Martyr*; to the grief of his friends, the shame of his enemies, and the amazement of all the world.

*Quis talia fando temperet à lachrymis !*

Many wiped up his blood with their handkerchiefs, which experience proved afterwards an admirable *Collirium* to restore the sight even to those (I could name some of the recovered patients; from whom I received the relation) who were almost blind : this wants not *truth* so much as a *Roman* pen, to make it a *miracle*. Sure I am his death opened thousands of eyes, which passion and prejudice had blinded : and those who whilst he *lived*, wish'd him *dead*, now he was *dead* wish'd him *alive* again.

That so great a Prince (who yet chose rather to be *good* than *great*, to be *holy* rather than *happy*) might not die unattended, many loyal subjects left this life with the very news of His death : as it is reported of *Hugh Scrimiger*, servant to *S. W. Spotswood*, beheaded by the *Covenanters* of *Scotland*, passing by the Scaffold before it was taken down, fell into a swoond, and being carried home, died at his own door. The truth of this Relation I leave to the credit of the *Historian* ; the former I attest upon mine own knowledge, my self being assistant at the Funeral of a *Kinsman*, who (with divers others) died of no other disease than the newes of the Kings death ; on whom, as I then bestowed, I here deposite this *Epitaph*.

*Here lies a loyal member dead,  
Who scorned to survive his Head.*

Thus

Thus died *Charls*, *Aliorum majori damno, quam suo*: It being hard to determine, whether the Church and State were more *happy* to have *bad*, or more *miserable* to lose so incomparable a King; who wanted nothing but to have lived in an Age when it was in fashion to *Deifie* their Worthies, or in a Country where it is a trade to be *Sainted*. But alas! He lived in an Age when *vices* were in fashion, and *virtues* accounted *vices*. Of whom, his worst enemies (sayes one who was none of his best friends) cannot but give this *civil*, yet *true Character*, That he was a Prince of most excellent natural parts, an universal Gentleman, very few men of any rank or quality exceeding him in his natural endowments, and the most accomplished *King* this Nation had ever since the Conquest.

FINIS

*Doloris nullus.*

Oweni Epigr. in Regicidas.

*Si manus offendat te dextra, abscin-  
dito dextram,*

*Offendat si pes, abjice, Christus  
ait.*

*Corpus in errorem dexter si ducat o-  
cellus,*

*Ipse oculus peccans, effodiendus  
erit.*

*Quælibet abscindi pars corporis æ-  
gra jubetur,*

*Excipiunt medici, Theologi; Ca-  
put.*

## An Elegie on Charls the First, &c.

**C**ome saddest Muse, tragick Melpomine,  
Help me to weep, or sigh an Elegie;  
And from dumb grief recover so much breath,  
As may serve to express my Sovereigns death.  
But that's not all; had Natures oil been spent,  
And all the treasury of life she lent  
Exhausted: had his latest sand been run,  
And the three fatal Sisters thred been spun;  
Or laden with yeares, and mellow had he dropt  
Into our mothers bosome; not thus lopt,  
We could have born it. But thus hew'd from life  
B'an Axe, more hasty than the cruel knife  
Of grisly Atropos; thus to be torn  
From us, whom loyal death would have forborn,  
This strikes us dead. Hence Nero shall be kind  
Accounted, he but wish'd, and that wish confin'd  
Within the walls of Rome; but here we see  
Three Kingdoms at one blow beheaded be:  
And instead of the one head of a King,  
Hundreds of Hydra-headed Monsters spring.  
Scarce can I think of this, and not engage  
My Muse to muster her Poetick rage,  
To scourge those Gyants, whose bold hands ha e ren:  
This glorious Sun from out our Firmament,  
Put out the light of Israel, that they might  
At their black deeds securely in the night:  
When none but new and foolish lights appear,  
Not to direct, but cheat the traveller.



## An Elegie on King Charls the First.

But biting births are monstrous, Ours must be  
(My Midwife Muse) a weeping Elegie.  
Well may we, like some of whom Stories write,  
From this Sun-set in mourning spend our night :  
Until we see a second Sun arise,  
That may exhale those Vapours from our eyes.  
Since the breath of our nostrils we have lost,  
We are but moaning statues at the most,  
Our wisdom, reason, justice, all are dead,  
As parts that liv'd, and died with our Head.  
How can we speak him praise, or our loss, when  
Our tongue of language silenc'd is with him.  
Or can our fainter pensils hope to paint  
Those rayes of Majesty, which spake him Saint ?  
In mortal weeds, not man; As great a King  
Of virtues, as of men; A sacred thing,  
To such an height of eminency rais'd,  
Easier by far to be admir'd than prais'd.  
'Twould puzzle the sage Plutarch now to tell,  
Or finde on earth our Charls's parallel.  
Let Rome and Greece of Heroes boast no more,  
To make our One, would beggar all their store.  
Weepe ye threc Orphan Kingdoms, weep, for He  
To you was truly Pater Patriæ.  
Mourn too Religion, Liberty, and Lawes,  
He was your Martyr, and died in your cause.  
Levy a tax of grief, for who'll deny,  
For this so general loss, a general cry.  
Though to bear arms be, yet I know no reason  
That loyal tears should be accounted treason.

Let

*An Anniversary on Charls the First.*

*Let not thy grief be small, I thee intreat,  
Britain, for him who only made thee Great.*

---

*An Anniversary on Charls the  
First, &c. 1657.*

Pardon, great Soul, the slowness of my verse,  
Who after eight years sing thine Anniverser:  
Since he who well would write thine Elegie,  
Must take an Ages time to study thee.  
Nay must be you, for none but you can tell,  
Or measure the just height from whence you  
We know not how to estimate thy loss, (tell.  
Nor can we feel the weight of thy sad cross.  
If we should rack our fancies, to invent  
Mischiefs, & plots far worse than hell e're meant  
To best of men (when men with hell combine)  
They all would prove faint Metaphors of thine.  
He who once sold his Kingdom for a draught  
Of running water, and then perish't strait,  
Had much the better bargain; thou didst lose  
All men could wish, for miseries and woes.  
Saints (like their Saviour) when for drink they  
The world presents them vinegar & gall. (call,  
What monstrous sins of ours made Heaven to  
frown,  
When Virtue met an Axe, and Vice a Crown!  
Thrones, Scepters, Crowns, and all the gaudy  
things,  
That use to deck and load the heads of Kings;  
Who now will value you, since you have bin  
Re-

*An Anniversary on*

Rewards of vice, and recompence of sin !  
Thou better knew'st (blest Martyr,) to flight  
And leave them as revenges to thy foes. (those  
These, like the Prophets mantle fell from thee,  
When thou, like him, didst climb t' Eternity.  
Poor Princes thus to others leave their own  
Small states, when called to a richer Crown.  
As when a jewel's taken out the case,  
Atoms and air usurp'd the jewels place ;  
Or as the Sun leaving one Hemisphere,  
Darkness and night presume to revel there.  
So is thy place supply'd, the Sphere which thou  
Wert wont to fill, we see invaded now  
By a wild Comet, whose blaze doth portend,  
If not a sudden, yet a certain end. (gain,  
Though dead, thou still upon our hearts dost  
And so more nobly and more truly reign. (sest,  
Those blessings which we prize not, whilst pos-  
Their worth our want of them discovers best.  
Night makes the day, & darkness gilds the Sun,  
Thus things grow greater by comparison.  
We envy not thy glory, nor bemoan  
With tears thy sad misfortunes, but our own.  
Whilst thou with an immortal Crown dost  
The woe is ours, the happiness is thine. (shine,  
Thou hast attain'd the Haven, we are tost  
Upon a sea of woes ; our Pilot lost ;  
Driven by th' winds and waves, distressed, forlorn,  
Our lading shipwrackt, and our tackling torn.  
Cloath'd with a long white robe of innocence,  
Thou walk'st ; in blackest mourning ever since  
Our hearts are clad. To rid us of our pain,  
Wee'l die, so be thy subjects once again.

Second Anniversary on Charles the First, 1658.

THE year's return'd, and with the year my task,

Which to perform no other aid I ask,  
No Muse invoke, but what my grief affords,  
Grief that would fill a dumb mans mouth with words.

A King's my subject, and a King whose name  
Alone, speaks more than all the tongues of fame.  
*Charles*, good as great, whose virtues were his crimes,

The best of men duell'd the worst of times.

But by his sad example we may know,

Excess of goodness is not safe below.

T'was too much worth just *Aristides* sent,

(By a wild ostracism) to's banishment.

Oh! hadst thou liv'd when virtue was in fashion,

And men were rul'd by reason, not by passion,

How had'st thou been ador'd! Thy actions had

Been the just Standard of what's good or bad.

Thy life had pass'd for law, and the whole Na-

Might have been virtuous by imitation. (tion

To have been good, and in the best degree,

Had been no more but to be like to thee.

Thou art all wonder, and thy brighter Story,

Casts an Eclipse upon the blazing glory

Of former ages; all their Worthies, now

(By thee out-done) do blush, and wonder how

They lost the day, beclouded with a night

Of silence, rising from thy greater light.

Their

*Second Anniversary on Charls the First.*

Their moral deeds are of too faint a dye,  
If once compared with thy piety,  
Be dumb ye lying Legends, here's a Reign,  
Full of more miracles than ye can feign.  
Here is a faint, more great, more true than e'  
Came from the triple crown, or holy chair.  
We need no farther for Example look,  
Than unto thee, thou art the onely book;  
Thou art the best of Texts, hereafter we  
Expect no more, but Comments upon thee:  
Thou art the great Original, and he  
Who will be famous now, must transcribe the  
Spight of the Sword and Axe, you found a way  
To win the field, although you lost the day.  
In thy rare Portraicture thou livest still, (quill)  
And triumphst more by thine all-conquerin'  
There shalt thou reign, and as immortal be,  
As was the malice of thine enemy.  
Thou hast out-witted all thy foes, and by  
Thy Book thou gain'st the greatest victory.  
That hath enlarg'd thine Empire, and all men  
Stoop to the Scepter of thy Royal Pen.  
Thy Virtues crowd so fast, I cannot tell  
How to speak all, or which doth most excell.  
All I can say is but Epitomie,  
A life's too little for thy History.  
I can but write thee in Stenographie,  
The whole of others is but part of thee.  
But thou hast spoke thy self in such a strain,  
Our wits are useles, and endeavours vain.  
Silence and admiration fit me best,  
Let others try to write, I'll weep the rest.

*FINIS.*

*T. F.*



A  
THEATRE  
OF  
WITS,

Ancient and Modern.

*Represented in a Collection of*

Apothegmes.

*Pleasant and Profitable.*

---

By THO. FORDE.

---

*Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.  
Habent enim Apothegmata peculiarem quandam  
rationem, & indolem suam, ut breviter, argute, salsè,  
& urbanè cujusq; ingenium exprimant. Erasmus*

---

L O N D O N,

Printed by R. and W. Leybourn, for William  
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Church-yard, neer the little  
North Door. 1660.

THEATRE

WILL

Book

THE



## To the Reader.

*Reader,*



Here present thee with a dish of *Apothegmes*, pull'd from the *leaves* of many Authours; if they please thee in the *tasting*, but as much as they did me in the *gathering*, I shall not doubt their entertainment. Amongst those swarms of books which our age is daily glutted with, there is not one Author hath travelled in this road, nor any one book of this nature (that I know) in our Language

*To the Reader.*

guage, except a *Manual* of that great Advancer of Learning, Sir *Francis Bacon*, which hath long since been out of print. I had therefore some temptation to have added mine as a Supplement to his ; but upon second thoughts, considering none ever attempted to add a line to that peece *Apelles* left imperfect, I have chosen rather to erect a new frame by his model, than to build upon anothers foundation.

That the Volume is *small*, my diligence hath been the *greater*, for I have laboured to *substract*, rather than *multiply* them ; not putting in every one I met with, but what was *best*, at least in my opinion. These are but the *first fruits*, your acceptance may ripen them into a larger *harvest*, if God shall lend me time and opportunity.

I have waved any particular *Dedication*,

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*To the Reader.*

dication, as not willing to entitle any man to the *Patronage* of my weakneses; nor am I of that vain humour of *Appian* the Grammatician, who promised immortality to those to whom he dedicated any of his Works.

*And they who write to Lords rewards to get.*

*Donnes  
Sat.*

*Are they not like singers at doors  
for meat?*

There is a *Vine in Asia*, that brings forth *Burnt-wine*, so excellent (saith *Johnston* mine Author) that none exceeds it. *Hist. Nat.*  
Such is the nature of these *short sentences*, they are ready dress'd and dish'd out to thy hand; like some *Diamonds*, which grow smooth and polished, and need no farther labour to fit them for use, but using. As it is said of *Isidore* the Philosopher, that he spake not words, but the very substance and essence of things. They  
D con-



To the Reader.

contain *magnum in parvo*, much matter in a few words. *Significant potius quam exprimunt*. You have here much *gold* in a little *ore*, easie for *carriage*, ready for *use*. We have many things to learn, and but little time to live; I know not therefore any kind of Learning more *pleasant*, or more *profitable* than this, which teacheth us many *lessons* in a few *lines*. But I will not waste thy time (Reader) whilst I study to improve it, and to approve myself

Thy servant,

T. F.



# Apothegmes.



**A**N old Mass-Priest in the dayes of Hen. 8. reading in English after the Translation of the Bible, the mircale of the five loaves and two fishes, when he came to the verse that reckoneth the number of the guests, he paused a little, and at last said, they were about 500 ; the Clerk whispered into the Priests eares, that it was 5000 ; but the Priest turned back, and replied with indignation, *Hold your peace, sirrah, we shall never make them believe they were 500.*

*Aristides* said, concerning the Elegance of the City of *Smyrna*, that *no man, except he which shall see it, will be drawn to believe it.*

The *Savages*, an English Family, held *Ardes* (in Ireland) long in possession, amongst whom there goeth a great name of Him, who said no less stoutly than pleasantly, when he was moved to build a Castle for his defence, that he would not trust to a castle of stones, but rather to a

castle of bones. Meaning his own body.

Columbane, a Monk of Ireland, when Sigeber King of the *Frankners*, dealt very earnestly with him, and that by way of many fair and large promises, that he should not depart out of his Kingdom: Answered him, *That it became not them to embrace other mens riches, who for Christ sake had forsaken their own.*

Porpherie, in regard of the many tyrants rising up in his dayes in Britain, cried out in these terms, *Britain a foolish Province of tyrants.*

St. Ambrose in his Funeral Sermon of Theodosius, cryeth out in these terms: that Eugenius and Maximus (who had five years usurped the Empire) by their woful example, doe testifie in how what a heavy thing it is to bear arms against the Natural Prince.

Of this Maximus it is said, that he was a valiant man, victorious, and worthy the title of Augustus, but that against his allegiance he had by way of tyranny and usurpation attained the place.

Homer saith of one that had a misfortune, was because he did not honour his Parents.

Upon a triumph, all the Emperor Severus Souldiers, for the greater pomp, were to put on Crowns of Bayes; but one Christian there was amongst them which wore it on his arm; and being demanded the reason, boldly answered, *It becomes not a Christian to be crowned in this life.*

Arnobius was wont to say, that persecution brings death in one hand, and life in the other; while it kills the body, it crowns the soul.

The Empress Eudoxia, sending a threatening message

message to *Chrysostom*, (for boldly reproving her) He answered, *Go tell her I fear nothing but sin.*

*Iustinus* *Jonas* said of *Luther*, that he could have of God what he pleased.

*Epaminondas* being asked what was the greatest joy he ever had in the world, He said *Leutrica Victoria*, the Battel of *Leutrick*.

*Rocardus*, King of *Frisland*, being by *Wolfranius* perswaded to be Baptized, having one foot in the Font, the other out, asked *Wolfranius* where went the most part of his Predecessors that were not Baptized? To hell, said *Wolfranius*; then *Rocardus* drew his foot out of the Font, saying, *It was best following of the greatest company.*

The Devil meeting with a devout Hermit, asked him three questions: First, what should be the strangest thing that God made in a little frame? He answered, *a mans face*. The second, Where was the Earth higher than all the Heavens? *Where Christs body, born of the Virgin Mary, was adored of Angels and Archangels*. The third, what space was between Heaven and Earth? *Thou knowest best* (said the Hermit) *which wast from Heaven thrown down to the Earth.*

*L. Silla* finding his souldiers timerous, and fearful to fight with *Archelaus*, *Mithridates* General, drew out his sword, and said, *You souldiers that mean to fly to Rome, tell them at Rome, that you left Silla your General, fighting in the midst of the Battel, with the enemies in Boetia.*

*Philipides* the Poet, refused to be of King *Lysimachus* Counsel, that when the King said to him,

him, What wilt thou that I give unto thee? *Nothing* (said the poor Poet) *but onely this, that I may not be of thy Council.*

In a publick meeting with all the Princes of *Germany*, at *Wormatia*; where the Duke of *Saxon* first preferring his mettals, and rich veins of earth: the Duke of *Bavaria* much commending his strong and brave Cities and Towns: and the Duke *Palatine* of his wines, and fertility of his lands: the Duke of *Wittenbergh* said, I can lay my head, and sleep upon the lap of any of my subjects I have abroad in the field, every where. *Huic facile concedite palmam* (said *Maximilian* the Emperor) *Give him the palm.*

*Themistocles* being asked whose Oration he would hear? *Even him* (said *Themistocles*) *that can best set forth my praise, and advance my fame.*

*Isocrates* repeating an Oration of *Demosthenes* his adversary, at *Rhodes*, they of *Rhodes* much delighting therein, and much commending the Oration that *Isocrates* made, though he was enemy to *Demosthenes*, was forced against his will to say to the people, *What if you had heard the beast himself pronouncing his own Oration?*

— *Julius Caesar* seeing certain men of *Apulia*, in *Rome*, carrying Apes upon their arms, playing, asked the men, *If they had no women in Apulia to get children to play withal.*

— *Diogenes*, when he saw mice creeping for some crums to his table, would say, *Behold Diogenes also hath his parasites.*

*Lewis* the 10th. was wont to brag of his own Kingdom of *France*, that it far exceeded all other



ther Kingdoms, wanting but one thing; and being requested to know what that was, he answered, *Truth.*

The great *Antiochus* brought *Hannibal* to his treasures, and shewed him his gold, his silver, his wealth and treasures, and asked him if all that would not please the *Romans*? *Yea*, said *Hannibal*, *it would please the Romans, but not satisfy the Romans.*

A Councillor of State, said to his Master the King of *Spain*, that now is, upon occasion: *Sir, I will tell your Majesty thus much for your comfort, your Majesty hath but two enemies; whereof the one is all the World, and the other is your own Ministers.*

*Domitian* perceiving many of his Predecessors in the Empire to be hated, asked one, how he might so rule, as not to be hated? the party answered, *Tu fac contra: By not doing what they did.*

When *M. Cicero* stood for the Consulship of *Rome*, *Q. Cicero* wished him to meditate on this, *Novus sum, Consulatum peto, Roma est.*

*Alexander* having a souldier of his name, that was a coward, *He bad him either leave off the name, of Alexander, or be a souldier.*

A brave *Roman* Captain told his souldiers, *That if they could not conquer Britain, yet they would get possession of it, by laying their bones in it.*

It was a smart answer which *Mr. Durant*, a witty and learned Minister of the Reformed Church of *Paris*, gave a Lady of suspected chastity, (and since revolted) when she pretended the hadness of the Scripture: *why,*

said he, Madam, *What can be more plain, then, Thou shalt not commit adultery.*

— It was the saying of the dying Emperor *Julian*, *He that would not die when he must, and he that would die when he must not, are both of them cowards alike.*

— *Aristippus* told the Sailers, that wondred why he was not, as well as they, afraid in the storms, that the odds was much; *For they feared the torments due to a wicked life, and he expected the rewards of a good one.*

— It was cold comfort *Diogenes* gave a lewd liver, that banished, complained he should die in a forreign soil. *Be of good cheer man, wheresoever thou art, the way to hell is the same.*

It was the admonition of dying *Otho* to *Cocceius*, *Neither too much to remember, nor altogether to forget, that Cæsar was his Uncle.*

— *Isocrates*, of a Scholar full of words, asked a double Fee, *One*, he said, *to learn him to speak well, another to teach him to hold his peace.*

— *Euripides*, when he brings in any woman in his tragedies, makes them alwayes bad: *Sophocles* in his tragedies maketh them alwayes good: whereof when *Sophocles* was asked the reason; he made this answer, *Euripides*, saith he, *represents women as they be, I represent them as they ought to be.*

— *Sir Henry Wotton* was wont to say of *Sir Philip Sydneys* Wit, that it was the very measure of congruity.

Having in *Italy* acquaintance with a pleasant Priest, who invited him one evening to hear their *Vesper* musick at Church; the Priest seeing *Sir Henry* standing obscurely in a corner, sends

sends to him by a boy this question writ in a small piece of paper: Where was your Religion to be found before *Luther*? To which *Sir Henry Wotton* presently under-writ, *My Religion was to be found then, where yours is not to be found now, in the written word of God.*

To another that asked him whether a Papist may be saved? He replied, *You may be saved without knowing that; look to your self.*

To another that was still railing against the Papists, he gave this advice, *Pray Sir forbear, till you have studied the points better: for the wise Italians have this Proverb, He that understands a-miss, concludes worse.*

To one being designed for the office of an Embassador, requesting from him some experimental rules for his prudent and safe carriage in his Negotiation, *Sir Henry Wotton* gave this for an infallible Aphorisme; *That to be in safety himself, and serviceable to his Country, he should alwayes, and upon all occasions speak the truth; for, said he, you shall never be believed, and by this meanes your truth will secure your self, if you shall ever be called to any account, and it will also put your adversaries (who will still hunt counter) to a loss, in all their disquisitions and undertakings.*

He directed this sentence onely to be inscribed on his Tomb-stone; *Hic jacet hujus sententia Author. Disputandi pruritus fit Ecclesiarum scabies.*

*Bolislaws* the 4th. King of Poland, who bearing the picture of his Father, hanged about his neck in a plate of gold, when he was to speak, or doe any thing of importance, he took his picture,

picture, and kissing it, said, *Dear Father, I wish I may not doe any thing remissly, unworthy of thy name.*

— A gentile spirit said to an old man, who caused his grisly hairs to be painted with the lustre of green youth : *Poor fool, although thou couldst deceive the whole world with thy hair, yet death well knoweth they are grey. Sit te Proserpina canem.*

It is said, a French King enquiring one day of a Wise-man, after divers instructions to govern himself, and guide his Kingdome, this Wise-man took a fair large sheet of paper, and for an infinite number of precepts, which others use to produce upon this subject, he onely wrote this word : *Modus, measure, or mean.*

— One who having lived free from the bonds of mariage, caused to be set on his Tomb, *Vixit sine impedimento, He lived without hinderance.*

— A mother grieving for the death of her son, said, *That all her evil came from loving too much what she might lose. Amabam misera periturum, &c.*

— An old humourist vapouring once that women had no souls, was answered by a modest Lady : *Sure, Sir, you are deceived, for I can produce a good text to the contrary, My soul doth magnifie the Lord : and it was a woman that spoke it.*

— *Isocrates* had an excellent wit, notwithstanding finding himself destitute of countenance, gesture, and confidence, he never durst to speak in publique, contenting himself to teach, even to his decrepit dayes, and commonly saying, *He taught Rhetorick for a 1000 Riials, but would give more than 10000 to him who would teach him confidence.*

It was the saying of *Lewis* the French King, — to *Henry* the third of *England*, who asking him (in those times of implicit faith) whether he would goe sooner, to the Eucharist, or to a Sermon? He answered, *I had rather see my friend, than hear him onely spoken of.*

One said that *Aristotles* School was a great Scold.

It was not said improperly of him, who having passed his grand Climacterique, *That he was got loose from his unruly passions, as from so many Lyons and wolves.*

A French Baron, not long since, meeting two Capuchins going bare-foot in cold frosty weather, with their scrips upon their backs a begging, and knowing them to be Gentlemen of a good Family, he said, *How grossly are these men cozen'd if there be no heaven.*

An Italian Prince being upon his death-bed, — and comforted by his friends, touching the joys of the other world, wherennto he was going, he fetched a deep sigh, and said, *Oh! I know what's past, but I know not what's to come.*

There is a saying fathered upon *Paul* 3d. — when he lay upon his death bed, that shortly he should be resolved of two things, *Whether there be a God and Devil, or whether there be a heaven and hell?*

When a rare Italian Statuary offered *Rh.* — 2d. of *Spain*, that without expence to the King, he would set up his Majesties arms and portraiture over the gates of every City in *Lombardy*, the King commending the mans good will, answered, *He had rather have a workman, that wish*  
any



any expence whatsoever, could set up his image in Heaven.

— When the souldiers demanded a donative of Galba, he answered, *That he used to choose, not to buy souldiers.*

— *Vespasian* was not moved with the scoffs of *Demetrius Cynicus*, but slighted them, saying, *use not to kill barking dogs.*

*Domitian* punished Informers, saying, *That not to punish such, was to encourage them.*

— *Trajan* delivered his sword to the Captain of the Guard, willing him to use it for him, if he did well, but against him, if otherwise.

— *Antonius Pius*, Emperor, comming to see *Omulus* his house, he enquired whence he had his marble pillars? *Omulus* answered, *that in another mans house he should be both deaf and dumb.*

— When *Julia*, Mother-in-law to *Caracalla* (whom he married) told him he was too prodigal, he laid his hand on his sword, saying, *I shall never lack money, so long as this is with me.*

— *Julian* robbed the Church of her Revenues, telling the Clergy that they should be the fitter for Heaven, because it is written, *Blessed be the poor.*

— *Tyberius Constantinus*, Co-Emperor with *Justin*, when *Sophia* the Empress reproved him, as being too prodigal in his bounty to the poor: He answered, *that he should never want wealth on earth, as long as he had laid up treasures on earth, by relieving the poor.*

*Maximilian* the Emperor, was wont to say, *to compell the conscience, is to force heaven.*

It was not ill answered of *Merope*, to King *Polyphontes*, who therefore kill'd his brother, because he had entertained a purpose to have killed him: *You should only have done the same injury to him, which he did to you; you should still have had a purpose to kill him.*

*Aquinas* was once asked, with what compendium a man might best become learned? He answered, *By reading one Book.*

A great Italian General, seeing the sudden death of *Alphonfus* Duke of *Ferrara*, kneeled down instantly, saying, *And shall not this sight make me religious?*

When the Duke of *Candia* had voluntarily entred into the incommodities of a Religious life, and poverty, he was one day spied, and pitied by a Lord of *Italy*, who, out of tenderness, wish'd him to be more careful, and nutritive of his person. The good Duke answered, *Sir, be not troubled, and think not that I am ill provided of conveniencies; for I send a harbinger before, who makes my lodgings ready, and takes care that I be royally entertained: The Lord asked him, who was his harbinger? He answered, the knowledge of my self, and the consideration of what I deserve for my sins, which is eternal torments; and when with this knowledge I arrive at my lodging, how unprovided soever I find it, me thinks it is ever better than I deserve.*

'Twas a reasonable answer of *Pericles* to one that asked him, Why he being a severe and Philosophical person, came to a Wedding trimmed and adorned like a Paranymp? I

*I come adorned to an adorned person, trim'd to a Bridegroom.*

The Emperor *Ferdinand* the 2d. had wont to say to those that brought him any ill newes  
*'tis good, 'tis Gods pleasure, I am contented.*

Sir *Thomas Moore*, somewhat before he was made Lord Chancellor, built a Chappel in his Parish at *Chelsey*, where the Parish had all ornaments belonging thereunto abundantly supplied at his charge; and he bestowed thereon much plate, often using these words, *Good men give it, and bad men take it away.*

The King of *Sweden*, to the Dutch Ambassador, perswading him to a care of his person, answered, *that his hour was written in heaven, and could not be altered on earth.*

Sir *Jervis Ellwis*, when executed on *Tower-hill* for *Overburys* death, left these two Items to Posterity: 1. *Not to vow any thing, but to perform it.* 2. *Not to take a pride in any parts, though never so excellent.*

A Lord Mayor of *London* (in *K. James* his time) stopping the Kings carriages as they were going through the streets with a great noise in time of Divine Service, and the King being told of it, he, in a rage, swore he thought there had been no more Kings in *England* but himself, & sent a warrant to the Lord Mayor to let them pass, which he then obeyed with this answer, *While it was in my power, I did my duty; but that being taken away by a higher power, it is my duty to obey.*

*Demodocus* said of the *Milesians*, they were no fools, but they did the same things that fools did.

*Vincentius Lyrenensis* saith of *St. Cyprian*, who had before the Council of *Carthage* defended re-baptizing, the *Author of this error* (saith he) is, no doubt, in heaven, the followers and practisers of it now goe to hell.

A Gentleman having by fatherly indulgence tolerated the humour of gaming and wenching in his son, dis-inherited him for drinking; saying of the first, *If he had wit, he would not lose much by it*; and of the second, *that in time for his own ease he would leave it*; but of the third, he said, *he would prove, the elder, the viler, and hardly ever amend it.*

A certain man comming to *Athens*, meeting one of his friends in the street, desired him to shew him the rarities of the City: His friend carried him to *Solon*; but the man having viewed him some time, would have gone farther: no, said his friend, *You have seen all. Vidisti Solon, vidisti omnia.*

It is said of the *Germans*, that they understand more than they can utter, and drink more than they can carry.

A certain old man, being asked why he wore his beard so large and long? that beholding those grey hairs (saith he) *I may doe nothing unbecoming them.*

*Cyrus* was wont to say, that a good Prince was like a good Shepherd, who can by no other means grow rich, than by making his flock to thrive under him.

A maid (in *Plutarch*) being to be sold in the Market, when a Chapman asked her, *Wilt thou be faithfull if I buy thee?* Yes (saith she) *etiamsi non emeris, whether you buy me or no.*

De-

Demosthenes said to him that objected that his Speech smelt of the candle; *I know my candle stands in your light: The man being suspected for a thief.*

Melancthon was used to say, *He that deales with some men, had need to bring a Divine, a Lawyer, and a Souldier with him to get his right.*

St. Bernard comming to the great Church of Spire in Germany, he was no sooner come into the Church, but the Image of the Virgin saluted him, and bad him, Good morrow Bernard whereat, he well knowing the jugling of the Friers, made answer again out of St. Paul, O (said he) *your Ladiship hath forgot your self, it is not lawful for women to speak in the Church.*

John King of England, being wished by a Courtier to untomb the bones of one, who whilst he was living, had been his great enemy Oh no (said the King) *would all mine enemies were as honourably buried.*

The Egyptian Calyph, offering an English Embassador his hand in his glove, the Embassador answered, Sir, *we come not to treat with your glove, but your self.*

When a Pyrate said to one of his fellows Wo to us if we be known: an honest man in the same ship replied: *And woe to me if I be not known.*

Luther was wont to say, *He would be unwilling to be a souldier in that army where Priests were Captains, because the Church, not the Camp, was their proper place.*

Plato being demanded how he knew a wise man, answered, *When being rebuked he would not be*



he angry, and being praised, he would not be proud.  
 Marquess Pawlet, there being divers facti-  
 ons at Court in his time, yet was he beloved  
 of all parties; and being asked, how he stood  
 so right in the judgment of all? He answered,  
*By being a willow, and not an oak.*

Diogenes was wont to say, when the people  
 mock't him, *They deride me, yet I am not deri-  
 ded: I am not the man they take me for.*

Rather than want exercise of his patience,—  
 he would crave alms of dead mens Statues;  
 and being demanded why he did so? He an-  
 swered, *That I may learn to take denial from o-  
 thers the more patiently.*

Marinus was never offended with any re-  
 port went of him, because he said, *If it were  
 true, it would sound to his praise; if false, his life  
 and manners should prove it contrary.*

A Steward once replied to his passionate  
 Lord, when he called him knave, &c. *Your Ho-  
 nour may speak as you please, but I believe not a word  
 that you say, for I know my self an honest man.*

Philip of Macedon protested himself much be-  
 laden to his enemies (the Athenians) for  
 speaking evil of him; For (said he) *they made  
 me an honest man, to prove them lyars.*

When Diogenes was told by a base fellow, that  
 he once had been a Coiner of money, He an-  
 swered, *'Tis true, such as thou art now, I once was,  
 but such as I am now, thou wilt never be.*

Socrates, when one asked him why he took  
 such a ones bitter railing so patiently? An-  
 swered, *It is enough for one to be angry at a time.*

Dion of Syracuse, being banished, came to Tho-  
 odorus

odorus Court suppliant, where not presently admitted, he turned to his companion, with these words, *I remember I did the like, when I was in like dignity.*

— Socrates, being perswaded to revenge himself of a fellow that kick'd him, answered, *If an ass had kick'd me, should I have set my wit to his, and kick'd him again?*

— Another time, being told that one spake evil of him, He replied, *Alas! the man hath not as yet learned to speak well, but I have learned to contemn what he speaks.*

— Diogenes, being told that many despised him answered, *It is the wise mans portion to suffer of fools.*

— When Dionysius the Tyrant had plotted the death of his Master Plato, and was defeated by Plato's escape out of his Dominions; when the Tyrant desired him in writing not to speak evil of him, the Philosopher replied, *That he had not so much idle time as once to think of him, knowing there was a just God would one day call him to reckoning.*

When once an hot-spur was perswaded to be as patient as Job was, He replied, *What do ye tell me of Job? Job never had any suits in the Chancery.*

— Mr. Bradford was wont to say, *that in Christs cause to suffer death, was the way to heaven on horse back.*

— Jugo, an ancient King, set all his Nobles, being Pagans, in his Hall below, and certain poor Christians in his Presence-chamber with himself; at which all wondring, he told them

this he did, not as King of the Drones, but as King of another world, wherein these were his fellow-Princes.

It was the saying of a merry fellow, That in Christendom there were neither Scholars enough, Gentlemen enough, nor Jewes enough: because if there were Scholars enough, so many would not be double and treble-beneficed; if Gentlemen enough, so many peasants would not be ranked among the Gentry; and if Jewes enough, so many Christians would not profess usury.

Socrates was wont to say to Alcibiades, when he met him among gallants like himself, I fear not thee, but thy company.

Alexander, when a Commander of his in the Wars, spake loudly, but did little, told him, I entertained you into my service, not to rail, but to fight.

Illyricus, when one asked him why the old Translations (of the Bible) had no vowels? I think (saith he) that they had no consonants, for they could not agree among themselves.

Doctor Reynolds his Lecture in Oxford ceasing, by reason of his sickness, some desired him to read before he was well recovered: The Doctor said, He desired so to serve God, that he might serve him long.

Erasmus was wont to say in his time, That to Preach, with many Ministers, was but Perfricare frontem, & linguam voluere.

Epiphanius, having stayd long at Constantinople, and being to take ship to return home again, said, He was leaving three great things, a great City, a great Palace, and great Hypocrisie.

— *Charls* the Great, when he was shewed by a Duke a Royal Palace, and all the rings, and sumptuous ornaments and jewels, said, *Hæc sunt qui nos invitos faciunt mori*. These are the things that make us unwilling to die.

*Erasmus* was used to say, *That the dunsery and idleness of the Monks of his time, made him a Student.*

The Athenian Commander, being asked what God was, said, *He was neither bow-man, nor pike-man, nor horse-man, nor footman, but one that did know, istis omnibus imperare.*

A noble Commander, in the Wars having taken great spoils, said to a souldier behind him, *Tolle istos, Ego Christianus.*

When *Cajetan* told *Luther* he should be banished, *Luther* answered, *Si non capiat terra, capiat cælum,*

A great man comming to *Aquinas*, and offering him a Bishoprick, he leaning on his elbow in his Study, replied, *Mallem Chrysostomum in Matthaum.*

The same *Aquinas*, when he was entreated to take a Cardinals place, answered, *Sepulchrum cogito, non gradum sublimiorem.*

*Luther* and his Wife, with four children, were in a boat, and being in a great storm, were like to be cast away, *Luther* laughing aloud, said, *Oh how the Devil would rejoyce, if we were all drowned.*

*Plato*, discoursing unto one of the contempt of death, and speaking strangely upon it, was answered, *That he spake more courageously than he lived: To whom Plato replied, that*

he spake not as he lived; but as he should live.

Cesar Borgia, being sick to death, said, *When I lived, I provided for every thing but death; now I must die, I am unprovided to die.*

Gerson brings in an Englishman, asking a Frenchman, *Quot annos habes?* His answer was, *Annos non habeo, I am of no years at all, but death hath forborn me this 50 years.*

A man (said Luther) lives forty years before he knows himself to be a fool; and by that time he sees his folly, his life is finished.

Anaxamander said of the Athenians, *That they had good Laws, but used ill.*

Augustus lamented for Varus death; being asked why? He said, *Now I have none in my Country to tell me truth.*

A certain King of Tartaria writ to the Polonians, then wanting a King, that if they would choose him their King, he would accept of it upon these terms, *Vester Pontifex, meus Pontifex esto, vester Lutherus meus Lutherus esto.* But the Polonians rejected him with this wise answer, *Ecce hominem paratum omni à sacra, & deos deservere regnandi causa.*

Marius, being accused by the Senate of treason, tears open his garments, and in the sight of them all shews them his wounds received in the service and defence of his Country, saying, *Quid opus est verbis, ubi vulnere clamant?*

Sir William Stanley, railing against his native Country, a Spanish *Verdugo* gave him this answer, *Though you have offended your Country, your Country never offended you.*

It is storied of a wicked City, which fear-



ing the invasion of a potent enemy, sought relief of a neighbouring Prince, charging their Embassadors to relate unto him what forces they were able to levy of their own: The Prince replying to the Message, demanded of them what coverture they had to defend their heads from the wrath of heaven? telling them withal, *That unless they could avert Gods anger, he durst not joyn with them, God being against them.*

The Mother of Peter Lombard, when having transgressed her vow of Continency, she told her Confessor plainly, that when she saw what a Son she had brought forth, she could not repent that she had sinned in having him: But her Confessor sadly answered her, *Dole saltem quod dolere non possis.*

Caracalla said to them that desired that some honours might be spent upon his brother Geta now dead out of his way; *Sit divus* (saith he) *modo non sit vivus.*

— Edward the Third of England, having sent to France, to demand the Crown by Maternal Right, the Council there sent him word, That the Crown of France was not tied to a distaff which scoffing answer he replied, *That the he would tie it to his sword.*

Scaliger said, *He had rather have been the Author and Composer of one Ode in Horace, than King of all Arragon.*

— Cato would say, *He wondered how one of the aruspices could forbear to laugh, when he met with any of his fellows, to see how they deceived men, and made a great number of simple ones in the City.*

— King Lewis the 11th. looking upon a Tapestry

stry, wherein a certain Nobleman (who from a mean Clerk of the Exchequer, was advanced to be Lord Treasurer of *France*) had pourtray'd the steps and degrees whereby he had ascended, himself represented sitting on the top of Fortunes wheel: Whereupon King *Lewis* told him, *He might do well to fasten it with a good strong nail, for fear lest turning about, it brought him to his former estate again.* Which proved a true Prophecie of him.

One who before he was Pope, was the most crouching submissive Cardinal that ever was: His manner was to eat upon a net, as it were in a way of devout humility; but after he had obtain'd the Popedom, he commanded them to take away the net, saying, *He had caught that which he fish'd for.*

When a French King, seeing the Persian pomp of the Popes Court, and pride of the Cardinals, asked a Cardinal of *Avinion*, Whether the Apostles ever went with such a Train after them? He answered, *No verily: but you must consider, Sir, that they were Apostles the same time that Kings were shepherds.*

It was the saying of Rabbi *Gamaliel*, *He that multiplies servants, multiplies thieves.*

*Melancthon* said, when he furthered the Edition of the Alchoran, that he would have it printed, *Ut videamus quale poema sit:* That the World might see what a piece of poetry the Alchoran was.

*Artabazus*, a Courtier, received from King *Cyrus* a cup of gold: At the same time *Chrysfantas*, the beloved Favourite, received a kiss from

from him ; which the other observing, said  
*The cup which you gave me, was not so good gold as  
 the kiss you gave Chrysantes.*

It was the Speech of an ancient Rabbi ;  
*learned much of my Rabbies, or Masters, more  
 my companions, most of my Scholars.*

The Emperor Sigismond, demanding of Theophrastus  
*odoricus*, Arch-Bishop of Colen, the direct  
 course to happiness : *Perform* (saith he) *when  
 thou art well, what thou promisedst when thou wert  
 sick,*

A certain King of the Lacedemonians being  
 one day private in his garden, was teaching  
 one of his children, of five years old, to ride  
 on a stick ; and unawares a great Embassador  
 came to speak with him in that manner, and  
 which, both the King, and the Embassador in  
 the Kings behalf, began to blush at first ; but  
 soon after, the King putting away the blush  
 and the hobby-horse together, and with a pret  
 ty smile, asked the Embassador, if he had any  
 children of his own ? He answered, No. Then  
 (said he) *I pray you tell not what you found me do  
 ing, till you have some little ones of your own, and  
 then tell it, and spare not.*

The Scouts of Antigonus, relating unto him  
 the multitude of his enemies, and advising by  
 way of information the danger of a Conflic  
 that should be undertaken with so great an in  
 equality, He replied, *And at how many do ye va  
 lue me ?*

A West-Indian King, having been well  
 wrought upon towards his conversion to the  
 Christian Religion ; and having digested the  
 for-

former Articles, when he came to that, He was crucified, dead, and buried, had no longer patience, but said, *If your God be dead and buried, leave me to my old god the Sun, for the Sun will not die.*

Pythagoras said, *He that knoweth not what he ought to know, is a brute beast among men; he that knoweth no more than he hath need of, is a man among brute beasts; he that knoweth all that is to be known, is a god among men.*

The Lord Treasurer Burleigh was wont to say, *That he used to overcome envy and ill will more by patience than pertinacy.*

The Embassadors of the Council of Constance, being sent to Pope Benedict the 11th. when he, laying his hand upon his heart, said, *Hic est arbor in qua Noe*, they tartly and truly replied, *In Noahs bark were few men, but many beasts.*

When one seemed to pity an one-ey'd man, He told him he had lost one of his enemies, a very thief, that would have stolen away his heart.

The King of Navarre told Beza, *He would launch no farther into the Sea, than he might be sure to return safe to the Haven.*

A clown said to the Bishop of Colen, praying in the Church like a Bishop, but as he was by Duke, going guarded like a Tyrant, *Whither thinkest thou the Bishop shall go, when the Duke shall be damned?*

King Edward the 3d. having the King of France prisoner here in England, and feasting him one time most sumptuously, pressed him to be merry. The French King answered, *How can we sing songs in a strange Land?*

Calvin

— Calvin answered his friends with some indignation, when they admonished him, for the healths sake, to forbear studying so hard. *Who* said he, *would you that my Master, when he comes should find me idle?*

— Spiridion, a godly Bishop in Cyprus, having not what else to set before a guest that came him in Lent, set him a piece of pork to feed on; and when the stranger made a scruple eating flesh in Lent, saying, I am a Christian and may not do it: *Nay, therefore thou must do it,* said he, *because to the pure all things are pure.*

— Dr. Preston on his death-bed, said, *He should change his place, not his company.*

— A certain stranger coming on Embassy to Rome, and colouring his hair and pale cheeks with vermilion hue, a grave Senator espied the deceit, stood up, and said, *What sincerity have we to expect at this mans hands, whose locks, and looks, and lips do lye.*

— Sir Horatio Vere, when in the Palatinate Council of War was called, and debated whether they should fight or not? Some Dutch Lords said, That the enemy had many peeces of Ordnance in such a place, and therefore it was dangerous to fight: That Nobleman replied, *My Lords, if you fear the mouth of the Cannon, you must never come into the field.*

— Sir John Burroughs, receiving a mortall wound in the Island of Rhees, and being advised not to fear death. but to provide for another world. He answered, *I thank God I fear not death, and these thirty years together, I have never arose in the morning, that ever I made account true while night.*



A learned Frier, at a Council, complaining of the abuse of the Clergy, Preaching before the Emperor, wished him to begin a reformation of the Clergy à *minoribus*: The Emperor thanked him for his Sermon, and said, *He had rather begin à majoribus, from the better sort of the Clergy.*

Aristippus being told that *Lais* loved him not; *No more* (saith he) *doth wine, nor fish, yet I cannot be without them.*

The Lord *Burleigh* being at Cambridge with the Queen *Elizabeth*, viewing the several Schools, shew'd, *Here I find one School wanting, and that is the School of Discretion.*

*Henry* the 4th. told the Prince his Son, *Getting is a chance, but keeping is a wit.*

A Philosopher, that hearing his creditor was dead, kept the money which he had borrowed without witnesses, a night or two; but after some struggling with his conscience, he carried it to his Executor, saying, *Mihi vivit, et mihi alius mortuus est*; though he be ded to others, *Loose's still alive to me.*

*Severus* the Emperor, having passed through many adventures, at last died in our land, old, overladen with troubles: weighing with himself what his life had been, he brake forth into these speeches, *I have been all that might be, and now am nothing the better.*

*Scipio* viewing his army, said, *There was not any one who would not throw himself from the top of a tower, for love of him.*

*Hildebert*, Bishop of *Meniz*, said of the Roman Courtiers, *Employ them not, and they hinder*

der you: Employ them in your causes, and they do lay them; if you sollicite them, they scorn you; you enrich them, they forget you.

— When *Antoninus* had made away his brother *Geta*, after the first year of their joynt Empire he entreated *Papinianus* (a famous Lawyer) to plead his excuses: Who answered, *It is easier Paricidium facere, quam excusare*; thou may (said he) command my neck to the block, but not my tongue to the bar; I prize not my life, to the pleading of an evil cause.

— *Simonides*, being asked what did soonest grow old among men? Made answer, *A benefit*.

— *Apollonius Thianaus*, having travelled over all *Asia*, *Africk*, and *Europe*, said, There were two things whereat he marvelled most in all the world: the first was, that he always saw the proud man command the humble, the quarrellous the quiet, the tyrant the just, the cruel the pitiful, the coward the hardy, the ignorant the skilful, and the greatest thieves hang the innocent.

A Philosopher being asked, how he could endure so ill a Wife as he had? The answer which he gave, was, *I have hereby a School of Philosophy in my house, and learning daily to suffer patiently, I am made the more milder with others*.

— *Alexander* seeing *Diogenes* tumbling among dead bones, he asked him what he sought? To whom the other answered, *That which I cannot find, the difference between the rich and the poor*.

*Demonax* asked one a question, who answered him in old obsolete affected words. Prether fellow, said he, where are thy wits? I ask thee a question now, and thou answerest 400 years ago.

*Albertus Duke of Saxony*, was wont to say, — that he had three wonders in one City, viz. three Monasteries: For the Friers of the first had children, and yet no wives; the Friers of the second had a great deal of corn, and yet no land; the Friers of the third abounded with moneys, and yet had no rents.

A Captain sent from *Cæsar* unto the Senators of *Rome*, to sue for the prolonging of his government abroad, understanding (as he stood at the Council-chamber-door) that they would not condescend to his desire, clapping his hand upon the pummel of his sword: Well, said he, seeing you will not grant it him, this shall give it him.

When *Anne Bolen*, that vertuous Lady, had received a message from *Henry the 8th.* that she must instantly prepare her self for death, answered, That she gave him humble thanks for all his favours bestowed upon her; as for making her of a mean woman a Marchioness, of a Marchioness a Queen, but especially, seeing he could not on earth advance her to any greater dignity, that he would now send her to rest, and reign upon Gods high and holy throne.

When *Tully* was asked, which Oration of *Demosthenes* he liked best? He answered, The longest.

*Diogenes* said of one, That he cast his house so long out at the window, that at last his house cast him out of the door, having left nothing rich, except a wife.

There are two saying fathered on two great —  
Coun-

Counsellors, Secretary *Walsingham*, and Secretary *Cecil*, one used to say at the Council-Table, *My Lords, stay a little, and we shall make an end the sooner.* The other would oft-times speak of himself, *It shall never be said of me, that I will defer till to morrow, what I can do to day.*

*Adrian the Sixt* said, *A Physician is very necessary to a populous Country; for were it not for the Physician, men would live so long, and grow so thick, that one could not live for the other.*

It was a bold answer *Captain Talbot* returned *Henry the 8th.* from *Calais*, who having received special command from the King to erect a new work at the Water-gate, and to see the Town well fortified, sent him word, *That he could neither fortifie, nor sistifie without money.*

An Italian Vineyard-man, after a long drough, and an extream hot Summer, which had parch't up all his grapes, complained, *I want of water, I am forced to drink water; if I had had water, I would drink wine.*

*Andrea Doria*, being asked by *Philip the 2d* which were his best harbours? He answered, *June, July, and Carthage*; meaning, that any Port is good in those two moneths, but *Carthage* was good any time of the year.

A Gallego in Spain, in the Civil Wars of Arragon, being in the Field, he was shot in the forehead, and being carried away to a Tent, the Surgeon search'd his wound, and found it mortal; so he advised him to send for his Confessor, for he was no man for this world, in regard the brain was touched; the Souldiers wished him to search it again, which he did, and told

told him, that he found he was hurt in the brain, and could not possibly escape; whereupon the Gallego fell into a chafe, and said, he lyed, for he had no brain at all: *If I had had any brain, I would never have come to this war.*

A Spaniard having got a fall by a stumble, and broke his nose, rise up, and in a disdainful manner, said, *This 'tis to walk upon earth.*

Alexander quintus, Pope of Rome, said of himself; *That when he was a Bishop, he was rich; when he was a Cardinal, he was poor; and when he was a Pope, he was a beggar.*

King Darius, by chance opening a great pomegranate, and being demanded, of what he would wish to have as many as there were grains in that pomegranate? answered in one word, *Of Zopiruses.*

It was the answer of an undaunted captive, who slighting the insulting braves of him who took him: *Thou holdest thy conquest great in overcoming me, but mine is far greater in overcoming myself.*

It was the saying of a judicious Statesman, — *he that knoweth to speak well, knoweth also where he must hold his peace: Wisely concluding, think an hour before you speak, and a day before you promise.*

It was an excellent speech of a famous Historian, who being demanded by one who had reduced his Empire to a meer Tyranny, why he remembered not him in his Writings? Because (said he) *I read nothing in you worth remembering.* Why dost thou not then (reply'd he) record my vices? Lest others (said he) should erre by your example, and so imitate you. It



It was the saying of a famous Orator, *I never knew any Poet* (yet was I well acquainted with many) *who did not think his own doings better than all others.*

*Zeno's* servant *Bruson*, being taken in theft and alledging for himself, that it was his destiny to steal. His Master answered, *and thy destiny to be beaten.*

*Antigonus* observing a sickly souldier to be very valiant, procured his Physician to heal him who afterwards began to keep himself out of danger, not venturing as formerly; which *Antigonus* noting, demanded the reason: The souldier answered, *O Antigonus, thou art the reason; before I ventured nothing but a diseased corpse and then I chose rather to die quickly, than to live sickly: I invited death to do me a courtesie, now it is otherwise with me, for now I have somewhat to lose.*

The *Lydian Cræsus*, enthroned in his Chair of State, asked a wise Sage, if ever he beheld a more beautiful, or graceful Spectacle? *Yes* said he, *dunghil-cocks, pheasants, and peacocks; for those are cloathed with native beauty, but yours is but borrowed glory.*

*Caristides* being asked his opinion what he thought of the Sea, and Sea-men? Answered *That there was nothing more treacherous than the first, and that the others were it's comrades.*

It was a wise answer, that is reported of the best and last Cardinal of this Island, who, when a skilful Astrologer, upon the Calculation of his Nativity, had told him some specialties concerning his future estate, answered, *Such*

perhaps I was born; but since that time I have been born again, and my second Nativity hath cross'd my first.

Valentinian, when his souldiers had chosen him to be Emperor, they were consulting to have another joyned with him: No (said he) It was in your power to give me the Empire while I had it not; but now when I have it, it is not in your power to give me a partner.

Epaminondas, the Theban Ruler, when the people made merry with banquets and dances on a Solemn Feast-day, went up and down the City in his worst array, and sadly (as it were) mourning: And being demanded why he did so? His answer was, *That therefore was he sad, because they should with more security be merry.*

The grave Cato, when one asked counsel of him in sober earnest, what harm he thought bodied him, because rats had gnawn his hole? He merrily answered, *That it was a strange thing to see that, but it had been much more strange if his hole had devoured the rats.*

Tully likewise, when one to enforce the verity of Divination, said, that a Victory which fell to the Thebans, was fore-shewed by an extraordinary crowing of cocks: He replied, *That it was no miracle cocks should crow; but if fishes had so done, that had been wonderful indeed.*

Apollonius being very early at Vespasian's gate, and finding him stirring, from thence he conjectured that he was worthy to govern an Empire; and said to his companion, *this man surely will be Emperor, he is so early.*

One being demanded what Caesar whispered in his ear? Made answer, *That Caesar told him*

him he would invent a very strange punishment for such as pried into his words and actions.

— Ferdinand the Emperor, making a Speech in a publique Assembly, by chance gave *Priscian* a fillip or two, which a Bishop hearing, started up, and said, *Cesar*, You have forgotten your Grammar : To whom *Cesar*, and you have forgotten your *Ethicks*, Bishop.

— *Alexander*, being desired to see *Darius* daughters, who were fair and young, made answer, *I will have a care not to be vanquished by women, seeing I have vanquished men.*

— Some entreated *Cyrus* to see *Panthea*, which he refused to do ; and being told that she was very fair, *It is for that reason* (said he) *I may not see her ; for if I do visit her now that I have leisure, she will bind me another time, when I shall be full of affairs.*

— *Priscus Helvidius* was advised not to come unto the Senate : He answered, *It is in the Emperors power not to make me of the Senate, but while I am a Senator, he shall not let me from going to the palace.* You shall be suffer'd to go, said the other, so you speak not : *Helvidius* answers, *I will not speak a word, if they demand nothing of me, but if they ask me, I will answer what I think fit.* If you speak, said the other, they will put you to death. He replies, *And when did I brag that I was immortal ? You shall do your duty, and I mine, it is in you to kill me, and in me to die without fear, it is in you to banish me, and in me to go to it cheerfully.*

— When *Athanasius* was banished by the Emperor *Julian*, he said unto his friends that came

to sorrow with him in his disgrace: *Courages my children, this is but a little cloud, which will vanish presently.*

*Fabius Maximus* having spoiled *Tarentum*, and made it desolate, with all kinds of cruelties; when his Secretary came to ask him, What shall we do with the enemies gods? He answered, *Let us leave the angry gods unto the Tarentines.*

*Scanderbeg* had it in particular in all his encounters and military actions, always to begin his first Stratagems of Victory with the death of the head, saying, *That the head should be first cut off, and the rest of the body will fall alone; and that he knew no kind of living creature that could survive, the head being taken off.*

It was a witty speech of him that said, *That mens actions were like notes of musick, sometimes in spaces, and sometimes in lines, sometimes above, and sometimes beneath, and never or seldom straight for any long continuance.*

*Rubrius Flavius*, being condemned by *Nero* to lose his head; when as the Executioner said unto him, that he should stretch forth his neck boldly, he answered, *Thou shalt not strike more boldly, than I will present my head.*

*Cræsus*, King of *Lydia*, seeing *Cyrus's* souldiers running up and down the Town of *Sardis*, he demanded whither they did run? They go to the spoil of the Town, answered *Cyrus*. They take nothing from me (replied *Cræsus*, all they carry away is thine, and not mine. Signifying, that the spoils of souldiers are the losses of the Conqueror, rather than the conquered.

One demanded of *Symonides*, why he was so

sparing in the extremity of his age? For that said he, *I had rather leave my goods after my death to my enemies, than in my life-time to have need of my friends.*

When *Antisthenes* the Philosopher was in extreame pain, he cryed out, *Who shall deliver me from these miseries?* *Diogenes* presenting a knife unto him, said, This, if thou wilt, and thou shalt be free soon. *I do not say of my life* (replied the Philosopher) *but of my pain.*

One demanded of *Cercidas* the *Megalapoli* tane, if he died willingly? *Why not* (said he) *for after my death I shall see those great men, Pythagoras among the Philosophers, Hecateus among the Historians, Homer among the Poets, and Olympus among the Musicians.*

A Babler demanding of *Aristotle*, if his discourse were not strange? *No*, answered he, *yet a man having feet, should not give himself so long patience to hear thee.*

The Embassadors of *Lacedemon* being come to the King *Lygdommus*, he making difficulty to hear them, and feigning himself sick, the Embassadors said, *We are not come to wrestle with him, but to speak with him.*

*Lewis* the 11th. of *France*, one day went into the kitchen, whereas he found a young boy turning the spit, he demanded his name, whence he was, and what he did earn? The turn-spit, who knew him not, told his name, and that though he were in the Kings service yet he got as much as the King: For the King (said he) *hath but his life, and so have I; God feeds the King, and the King feeds me.*



The Emperor *Maximilian* answered a Merchant, who besought him to make him a Gentleman: *I can make thee much richer than thou art, but it is not in my power to make thee a Gentleman.*

Pope *Julius* the 2d. having had a long feud with the Emperor *Frederick* (against whom he had fought 12 Battels) being one day gently admonished by the Arch-Bishop of *Ostia*, how *St. Peter* his Predecessor was commanded to put up his sword. 'Tis true, said *Julius*, our Saviour gave the prime Apostle such a comand, but 'twas after he had given the blow, and cut off *Malchus* ear.

*Diogenes* said, That *Troy* was lost by horses, and the Common-wealth of *Athens* by asses.

*Alvaro de Luna*, whom *John* King of *Castile* advanced, and loved above all men of his Realm, said to them that admired his fortunes: Judge not of the building before it be finished. He died by the hands of Justice.

*Lewis* the 13th. King of *France*, being but a child when crowned, tired with being so long (eight hours) in the Church, and bearing the Crown on his head, with divers other heavy vests upon his body, was asked, what he would take to take the like pains again? He answered, For another Crown I would take double the pains.

Those of the Religion, petitioning *Lewis* 13. for a continuance of holding their cautionary Townes, as *Hen. 3.* and *Hen.* the great had done: He told them, What grace the first did show you, was out of fear; what my Father did, was out of love; but I would have you know that I neither fear you nor love you.

The Marshal de *Saint Geran*, comming to

Sir Edward Herbert (then Embassador from the King of England for the *Rebellers*) after a counter-buff with *Luynes* the Constable, and told him in a friendly manner, you have offended the Constable, and you are not in a place of security here : Whereunto he answered, *That he held himself to be in a place of security wheresoever he had his sword by him.*

The Duke of Suilli was a Favourite to Henry the 4th. whom he had reduced from a Roman, to be a Reformist, when he was King of Navar onely ; and perswading him to become Roman again, the Duke bluntly answered, *Sir, you have given me one turn already, you have good luck if you give me any more.*

Lewis the 13th. when but a youth, he went to the Coutry of Bearn, at his entrance to Pau the Inhabitants bringing a Canopy to carry over his Head, He asked, whether there was ever a Church in the Town? And being answered No : He said, *he would receive no honour in that place, where God himself had no house to be honoured in.*

William, Prince of Orange, to content those that reproved his too much humanity, said, *That man is well bought, who costs but a salvation.*

A President of a Parliament in France, whose friends came to see him at his new house, began exceedingly to commend it for the rareness of the Workmanship, and the goodness of the stone, timber, marble, and such like. *You mistake* (said he) *the stuff whereof it is made, the house is onely built de testes les tols, of fools heads.*

*Bias*, one of the seven wise men of Greece, sailing in a ship where some fellows were that had given themselves over to lewdness, and yet in a storm were calling unto their gods for help, He said unto them, *Hold your peace, for fear lest the gods should know you be here.*

*Alexander Severus* was wont to say, *That a Souldier is never afraid, but when he seeth himself well apparelled, and his Belt furnished with money.*

*Dionysius* the Tyrant, said, *We should deceive children with dice and cock-alls, and men with Oaths.*

*Alexander* the Great, when one wondred, why he not onely not kill'd his enemies, but took them to be his friends: *It seems* (says he) *to thee profitable to kill an enemy, and I kill an enemy while I spare him, and make him my friend while I advance him.*

The Philosopher *Anacharsis*, said of *Solons* Common-wealth, *That in the Consultations and Deliberations of the Greeks, Wise-men propounded the matters, and fools decided them.*

*Darius* was wont to say of himself, *In a pinch and extremity of peril he was always wisest.*

*Favorinus* told *Adrian* the Emperor, who had censured him in his own profession of Grammar, *That he durst not be learneded than he, who commanded 30. Legions.*

Thou art an Heretick, said *Woodrose* the Sheriff to *Mr. Rogers* the Proto-Martyr in *Queen Maries* dayes: *That shall be known* (quoth he) *at the day of Judgment.*

*General Vere* told the King of *Denmark*, that Kings cared not for souldiers, until such time as

*their Crowns hung on one side of their heads.*

*Tamberlain having overthrown Bajazet, asked him, Whether ever he had given God thanks for making him so great an Emperor; who confessing he never thought of it; Tamberlain replyed, that it was no wonder so ingrateful a man should be made a spectacle of misery: For you (saith he) being blind of one eye, and I lame of one leg, was there any worth in us, why God should set us over two such great Empires?*

*Luther was wont to say, that three things make a Preacher, reading, prayer, and temptation; reading a full man, prayer an holy man, temptation an experienced man.*

*One having made a long, tedious, and idle discourse before Aristotle, concluded it thus, Sir, I doubt, I have been too tedious to you with my many words: In good sooth, said Aristotle, you have not been tedious to me, for I gave no heed to anything you said.*

*Aigoland King of Arragon, commin' to the French Court to be Baptized, and asking who those lazars and poor people were, that waited for alms from the Emperor Charlemain's table? When one answered him, that they were the servants of God: I will never serve that God, said he, that keeps his servants no better.*

*One being ready to die, clapt a 20 s. peece into his mouth, and said, Some wiser than some, if I must leave all the rest, yet this I'll take with me.*

*Sabina, a Roman Martyr, crying out in her travail, and being asked by her Keeper, how she would endure the fire the next day? Ob well*

*well enough, said she ; for now I suffer in child-birth for my sin ; but then Christ shall suffer in me, and support me.*

Cardinal *Columnus*, when the Pope threatened to take away his Cardinals Hat. *That then he would put on an Helmet to pull him out of his throne.*

King *James*, after he had moderated as Dr. — of the Chair at *Oxford* in all Faculties ; when in the publique Library there, he beheld the little chaines wherewith the several Books were fastned to their places : *I could wish* (saith he) (if ever it be my lot to be carried captive) *to be shut up in this prison, to be bound with these chains, and to spend my life with these fellow-captives that stand here chained.*

*Aesop* being set to sale with two other slaves, a Chapman enquired of the first, what he could do ? He, to endear himself, answered, mountaines, and wonders, and what not ? For he knew, and could do all things. The second answered even so for himself, and more too. But when he came to *Aesop*, and demanded of him what he could do ? *Nothing*, said he, *for these two have fore-stalled all, and have left nothing for me.*

The Philosopher *Byon*, when a certain King for grief tore his hair : *Doth this man* (said he) *think that baldness will assuage his grief ?*

One being demanded what his studies would stead him in his decrepit age ? answered, *That he might the better, and with more ease leave the world.*

The Embassadors of *Samos*, being come to King *Cleomenes* of *Sparta*, prepared with a long prolix



prolix Oration, to stir him up to war against the tyrant *Polycrates*, after he had listned a good while unto them, his Answer was: *Touching your Exordium, I have forgotten it, the middle I remember not, and for the conclusion, I will do nothing in it.*

*Scipio* being one day accused before the Roman people of an urgent and capital offence, instead of excusing himself, or flattering the Judges, turning to them, he said, *It will well seeme you to judge of his head, by whose means you have authority to judge of all the world.*

*Aristhenes* was wont to say to his disciples: *Come on my Masters, let you and me go to hear Socrates, there shall I be fellow-disciple with you.*

*Julius Drusus*, to those Workmen which for 3000 crowns offered so to reform his house, that his neighbours should no more over-look into it: *I will give you 6000 (said he) and contrive it so, that on all sides every man may look into it.*

The *Stanhop* said merrily, *That not he, but his stately house was guilty of high treason.*

*Eleazer*, a Jew, being demanded when it would be time to repent & amend? Answered, *One day before death.* And when the other replied, that no man knew the day of his death: He said, *Begin then even to day, for fear of failing.*

*Apollodorus* was wont to say of *Chrysippus* his Books, *That if other mens sentences were left out, the pages would be void.*

*Cato* said, *He had rather men should ask why he had no Statues erected for him, than why he had.*

A certain Souldan, who died at the Siege of *Zigetum*, being perswaded by the *Muphti* not  
to

to suffer so many Religions as were in his Dominions : He answered, *That a nosegay of many flowers smelled far more sweet than one flower onely.*

Pope Sixtus said, *That a Pope could never want money, while he held a pen in his hand.*

One said of Erasmus his Enchyridion, *That there was more devotion in the Book, than in the Writer.*

A Frenchman being asked by one of his Neighbours, if the Sermon were done? *No,* saith he, *it is said, but it is not done, neither will be, I fear, in haste.*

When one asked the Duke of Alva, whether he had not observed the great Ecclipse of the Sun? *No truly,* said he, *I have so much business on earth, that I have no time to look up to heaven.*

A Physician was wont to say pleasantly to delicate Dames, when they complained they were they could not tell how, but yet they could not endure to take any Physick : *Your onely way is to be sick indeed, and then you will be glad to take any medicine.*

Diogenes being asked what time is best for meals? He answered, *For the rich man when he had a stomach, and for a poor man when he could get meat.*

Jovinian said to the Orthodox and Arrian Bishops, contending about Faith : *Of your learning I cannot so well judge, nor of your subtile disquisitions; but I can observe which of you have the better behaviour.*

An Arrian Bishop entreating the Emperor — Constantine to give them a Church : He answered, *If your cause be good, one is too few; but if bad, one is too many.* The

The Philosopher *Theodorus* was wont to say, That he gave his scholars instructions and lessons with the right hand, but that they received them with the left.

*Luther* would often say, That if he thought the reading of his Books would hinder the reading of the Scriptures, he would burn them all before he died.

When one accused a Comical Poet, that he brought a lewd debauched Russian on the Stage, and so gave bad example to young men. True, said he, I brought such a man on, but I hang'd him before he went off, and so I gave them a good example.

One being asked what exploits he had done in the Low-countries? Answered, That he had cut off a Spaniards legs: Reply being made, that it had been something if he had cut off his head: Oh, said he, you must consider his head was off before.

A gallant sometime said to a reverend Prelate, If there be no judgment to come, are not you a very fool to bar your self from the pleasures of this life? To whom the Prelate: And what if there be a judgment to come, are not you then a very fool, for the short pleasures of this present life, to bar your self from those eternal joyes of your life to come?

*Charls* the 5th. Emperor was wont to say, That the King of Spain ruled over asses, doing nothing without violence or blows; the King of France over men; and the Emperor over Kings. And when one of the standers by said, that the Polonians also had their King: I grant, said he, that he is their

*their King.* Meaning, that his power was limited by them.

When Marſhal Biron bid Sir Roger Williams bring up his Companies faſter, taxing the ſlow march of the Engliſh. Sir, ſaith he, *with this march our Fore-fathers conquered your Countrey of France, and I mean not to alter it.*

The ſame Sir Roger Williams, to an idle Spaniard, boasting of his Country-citrons, Oranges, Olives, and ſuch like: *Why, ſaith he, we, in England, have good Surloyns of Beef, fat Muttons, and dainty Capons, to eat your ſame withal.*

One demanding of an Italian, why their Muttons and Cattel were ſo ſmall and lean? *Becauſe* (quoth he) *we Italians eat the graſs in fallers, and by rabbing the paſtures, deceiue the cattel.*

A Portugal Captain once told King Sebaſtian, providing for his journey into Barbary. *That wars ſhould be accompanied with three ſtreams, the firſt, of men; the ſecond, of victuals; the third, of ſilver.*

Another being demanded how many things were neceſſary hereunto, answered, *Money, money, money.*

Sigiſmond, the firſt King of Poland, moved by Leo the 10th. to war againſt the Turk, answered, *Few words ſhall ſerve, firſt, make firm peace among the Chriſtian Princes, then will I be not behind the forwardſt.*

When Ferdinando Cortez had conquered Mexico, the King of Mexico drawing his dagger, gave it to him, ſaying, *Hicerto I have done the beſt for*

for the defence of my people ; now I am no farther bound, but to give thee this dagger to kill me with.

Hannibal having sent his Brother Mago to discover the Romans Camp, and returning he asked him, What newes, and what work they were like to have with the enemies? Work enough (answered Mago) for they are an horrible many. As horrible a many as they are (replied Hannibal) I tell thee brother that among them all, search them never so diligently, thou shalt not finde one man whose name is Mago.

Captain Gam, before the Battel of Agincourt, being sent to make the like Discovery, told King Henry the 5th. That of the Frenchmen, there were enough to be kill'd, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away.

At a Solemn Convention of many Philosophers, before the Embassadors of a Forreign Prince, and that every one, according to his severall abilities, made demonstration of their wisdom, that so the Embassador might have matter to report of the admired wisdom of the Grecians: Amongst those, one there was that stood still, and uttered nothing in the Assembly, insomuch that the Embassador turning to him, said, And what is your gift, that I may report it? To whom the Philosopher, Report unto your King, that you found one amongst the Grecians, that knew how to hold his peace.

A Barber going to the Court, and being at his return asked what he saw? He answered, the King was neatly trimm'd.

Themistocles, being invited to touch a Lute, said



said arrogantly, *He could not fiddle, but he knew how to make a small town a great City.*

Plutarch tells of two men that were hired at Athens for some publick work, whereof the one was full of tongue, but slow at hand, but the other, blunt in speech, yet an excellent Workman: Being called upon by the Magistrates to express themselves, and to declare at large how they would proceed; when the first had made a long harrange, and described it from point to point, the other seconded him with this short speech: *Ye men of Athens, what this man hath said in words, that will I make good true performance.*

King Porus, when Alexander ask'd him how he would be used? answered in one word, *Βασιλικῶς, Like a King.* Alexander replying, do you desire nothing else? No, said he, *all things are in Βασιλικῶς.*

Solon being demanded how a Commonwealth might best be preserved in peace? Answered, *that the Commonwealth is in good estate, where the people obey the Magistrates, and the Magistrates obey the Law.*

Pelican, a German Divine, said, concerning his Learning, *When I appear before God, I shall not appear as a Doctor, but as an ordinary Christian.*

When Plato saw one indulgent to his flesh in high diet, he asked him, *What do ye mean to make your prison so strong?*

Augustus said, that Petitions should not be given to Princes, as meat to an Elephant, that one is afraid of.

— *Vespasian* asked *Apollonius*, what was *Nero* overthrow? He answered, *Nero* could touch and tune the harp well; but in Government, he used sometimes to wind the pins too high, and sometimes to let them down too low.

— A fat man in Rome, riding always upon a very lean horse, being asked the reason thereof? Answered. *That he fed himself, but trusted others to feed his horse.*

— *Philip* of Macedon was wont to say, *That an ass laden with gold would enter the gates of any City.*

— At the Treaty between the English, and the King of Spain, the Commissioners being met in a French Town, the first question was, what Tongue they should Treat in? One of the Spaniards, thinking to give our English a foregird, said, *In French, and these Gentlemen cannot be ignorant of the language of their fellow-subjects.* No, faith my Masters (said Doctor Dale, Master of the Requests) French is too common, especially in a French Town, *We'll treat in the Mother-tongue, Hebrew, the language of Hierusalem, of which your Master is King.*

One being exiled his native Country, and one day asked why he looked so heavily? replied, *I bear the Embleme of this place in my front.*

— When *Ennius* sought his friend at his house, and asked his servant where his Master was? Who hearing, said to his servant, Tell him I am not at home; which *Ennius* over-heard, but took the answer from the servant. The next day the same man, comming to *Ennius* his house,

house, and demanded of his servant where his Master was? *Ennius* spake aloud, Tell him I am not at home. What, said he, will you deny your self with your own tongue? *Why*, said *Ennius*, *I believed when but your man told me you were at home, and will you not believe me which say so my self?*

*Erasmus* being asked by *Frederick Duke of Saxony*, what he thought of *Luther*, so much earnestly seeking Reformation? *Erasmus* answered, *Luther had committed two great errors: One was, that he touch'd too near the Crown of the Pope; another, too much the bellies of the Monks.*

A certain bold-fac'd fellow, came one day to an Emperor, and desired his Majesty to bestow some reward upon a poor kinsman of his: I am your kinsman, quoth he, both by father and mother, for we come all of *Adam* and *Eve*. Indeed, thou sayest true (quoth the Emperor) and gave him a penny. A penny (quoth the other) shall I have no more but a penny? A simple reward for an Emperor. Hold thy self content, said the Emperor, If I should give to every one of my kinsmen a penny, I should soon become a poor Emperor.

*Alphonfus King of Arragon*, answered an O-rator, who had cited a long Panegerycal Oration of his praises: If that thou hast said, consent with truth, I thank God for it; if not, I pray God grant me grace, that I may do it.

A Painter being blamed by a Cardinal for colouring the villages of *Peter* and *Paul* too red, partly replied, That he painted them so, as blushing at the lives of those men who style themselves their successors.

When *Alexander* received any Letters from any of his Commanders in Greece, of some small Skirmish, or taking some Fort (He being used to great Victories) was wont to say, *They seemed to him but as the battels of frogs and mice in Homer.*

Some saying it was a strange resolution in *L. Scilla* to resigne his Dictatorship. *Cæsar* scoffing at him, said, *That Silla could not skill of Letters, and therefore knew not how to Dictate.*

*Aristippus*, having a Petition to *Dionysius*, and no ear given him, he fell down at his feet, in manner of a worshipper: Whereupon *Dionysius* stay'd, and gave him the hearing, and granted it. And being reproved, that he would offer that indignity to Philosophy, as for a private suit to fall at a Tyrants feet; He replied *That it was not his fault, but it was the fault of Dionysius, who had his ears in his feet.*

It is a notable speech reported of *one Nemon*, that was General of *Darius* his Army when he was fighting against *Alexander*, one of his Souldiers reproached *Alexander*: The General came to him, and smote him, saying *I did not hire you to reproach Alexander, but to fight against him.*

A great man, who himself was very plain in apparel, checkt a Gentleman for being over fine: Who modestly answered, *Your Lordship had better cloaths at home, and I have worse.*

*Themistocles*, when an Embassador in a speech boasted great matters of a small Village, took him up thus: *Friend, your words require a City.*

It was the saying of a noble Venetian Duke —  
*That it is sufficient for a discreet Prince to have power to revenge, that his enemies may have cause to fear him.*

An Embassador of Athens, answered King Philip of Macedon, threatening that he would cause his head to be cut off: *If thou take this head from me, my Country will give me another that shall be immortal.* Statuam pro capite, pro morte immortalitatem.

Diogenes seeing a certain man dressing and decking himself for a festival day, said unto him thus: *Why dost thou take such pains to trim thyself to day, seeing that every day is a festival day to a virtuous man?*

There was a certain rich wretch, who had in his house great store of wine, but was so niggardly, that he sold the best, and kept the worst for his own use. A servant of his, observing the pinching and preposterous niggardliness of his Master, fled away from him; and being asked afterwards why he had left his Lord? answered thus: *Because I could not endure to stay with a man, who having that which was good, made choice of that which was evil.*

The Philosopher Aristippus, having lost one of his three Farms, said thus unto his friends; *That it was babishness to be sorry for one Farm lost, and not to be merry for the other two that did rest in his hands, seeing that all of them had lien open to the same adventure.*

Secundus the Philosopher being demanded, *What is a wife?* Replied, *She is contrary to an husband.*



Richard Nevil, Earl of Warwick, when the people would have made him King, refused it, saying, *That he had rather make Kings, than be one.*

Pompey, when his souldiers, would needs leave the Camp, threw himself down at a narrow passage, and bid them go, *But they should first trample on their General.*

Diogenes said to one that had perfumed his locks: *Be careful your odoriferous head procure you not a stinking life.*

Themistocles to Symmachus, to whom, being desirous to teach him the art of memory; He answered, *He had rather learn the art of forgetfulness.*

Vespasian seeing at once two fatal presages of his end, a blazing Comet, and a gaping Sepulcher, turned them both from himself, with this pleasant scoff; saying, *The Sepulcher gaped for the old Empress Julia; and the blazing Star portended the death of the King of Persia, who at that time wore long hair.*

When Mr. Sam. Hieron lay on his death-bed (rich onely in goodness and children) his wife made much womanish lamentation, what should become of her little ones. *Peace Sweet heart* (said he) *that God who feedeth the Ravens will not starve the Hens.*

Mr. Fox (the Author of the Martyrology) being once asked at a friends table, what did he desired to be set up to him to begin his meal with? He answered, *The last.* Which word was pleasantly taken, as if he had meant

a choiser dish, such as usually are brought at the second Course; whereas he rather signified the desire he had to see dinner ended, that he might depart home.

Going abroad (by chance) he met a woman that he knew, who pulling a book from under her arm, and saying, *See you not that I am going to a Sermon?* Mr. Fox replied, *But if you will be ruled by me, go home rather; for to day you will do little good at Church.* And when she asked, at what time therefore he would counsel her to go? *Then* (answered he) *when you tell no body before-hand.*

When a young man, a little too forward, had, in presence of many, said, that he could not conceive any reason in the reading of old Authors, why men should so greatly admire them. *No marvel, indeed,* (quoth Mr. Fox) *for if you could conceive the reason, you would then admire them your self.*

One told a Grecian Statist, who had excellently deserved of the City he lived in, that the City had cholen 24 Officers, and yet left him out. *I am glad,* saith he, *the City affords no abler than my self.*

When one of Antipaters friends (who was an imperious and tyrannous Governor) commended him to Alexander for his moderation, that he did not degenerate into the Persian pride in the use of Purple, but kept the ancient habit of Macedon, of black. *True,* saith Alexander) *but Antipater is all purple within.*

Alexander, when he gave large gifts to his friends

friends and servants, and one asked him what he did reserve for himself? He answered, *Hope.*

— One asked a grave Gentlewoman how her maids came by so good husbands, and yet seldome went abroad? *Oh* (said she) *good husbands come home to them.*

— One having a shrewd wife, yet loth to use her hardly, awed her by telling her, *That he would beat her when he was dead.* Meaning, that he would leave her no maintenance.

One complaining that never had father so undutiful a child as he had. *Yes*, said his son, (with less grace than truth) *my Grand-father had.*

— A Farmer rented a grange, generally reported to be haunted with Fairies, and paid a shrewd rent for the same at each half-years end. Now a Gentleman asked him how he durst be so hardy as to live in the house? and whether no Spirits did trouble him? *Truth* (said the farmer) *there be two Saints in heaven, vex me more than all the Devils in hell; namely, the Virgin Mary, and Michael the Arch-angel; on which day he paid his rent.*

When a Professor pressed an Answerer (a better Christian than a Clerk) with an hard argument: *Reverende Professor*, said he, *ingenue confiteor, me non posse respondere huic argumento.* To whom the Professor, *Rectè respondes.*

— When one told *Latimer* that the Curler had cozened him, in making him pay two pence for a knife not (in those dayes) worth a penny. *No*, quoth *Latimer*, *he cozened not me, but his own Conscience.*

When

When *Buchanan* lay on his death-bed, King *James* sent to know how he did? He returned this answer, *That he was going whither few Kings came.*

*Q. Metellus Pius*, to one wondring at what he intended to do, and demanding of him what he meant? *Let alone*, saith he, *farther to enquire*; for if my shirt knew what I meant to doe, I would burn it.

*Pericles* being requested by his souldiers to fight, and that with vile reproachful terms, replied thus: *That if he could repair losses, and recover life, he would as gladly adventure as they.* But you see (said he) trees being cut, they grow again; but men once slain, revive no more.

*Henry the 4th. King of France*, seeing the Chappel which the family of *Bassom Pierre* had builded, and reading this verse of the Psalm, which was set down for an Embleme: *Quid retribuam Domino, pro omnibus quæ retribuit mihi?* He said, *Bassom Pierre* as a German should have added, *Calicem accipiam.*

To one, telling him that there is nothing doth sooner make those who are out of their wits to become temperate, than the punishment which is inflicted upon them, the King interrupted his speech, and told him, *Mercy pardoneth those who have not deserved it; and the juster that wrath is, the more commendable is mercy.*

When men spake of the insolencies and ryots of the City, during the troubles, &c. He said, *The people of Paris* are good, it goeth as it is led; mischief commeth from those which go before, and not from their simplicity which follow after, and grow bad by infection.

Con-

Considering on a time that Taxes were excessive in sundry places of the Kingdome: He said, *My people are made to pay a double tax, one to me, and another to my Officers. The second makes the first insupportable; for the expense of the Officers amount to more than the tax: It is a hard matter to keep my self unrob'd, and almost impossible but that my people should be so.*

He was wont to say, *That he would not see them suffer harm, which were not in case to do any.*

Some one besought him to give him leave to carry the Cannon against some that held his house: The King demanded of him what he would do when he had forced them? His choller made him answer, *That he would hang them all: Whereupon the King sent him away with this mild reply, I have no Cannon to that use.*

A maker of Anagrams, presenting something unto him upon his name, and telling him that he was very poor: *I believe it, said the King, for they that use this trade, cannot grow very rich.*

He was wont to say, *That it was an offence to God, to give credit to those Prognosticks; and that, having God for his guard, He feared no man.*

The same Henry, being at the Siege of Amiens, amongst others of the Nobles which he summoned for that service, he sent also to the Count Soissons, a Prince of the Blood



to whom the King gives 5000 crowns pension. The Count, at that time discontented, returned the King answer, That he was a poor Gentleman, and wanted meanes to come to that service, as became one of his birth and place, being a Prince of the Blood, and Peer of France: He therefore most humbly craved pardon, and that he would most humbly pray for his Majesties prosperous successe, which was all he could do. *Well (saith the King) seeing prayer is not acceptable without fasting, my Cousin shall hereafter fast from his pension of 5000 crowns.*

He used much this noble Speech, *When I was born, there were a thousand other souls more born; what have I done unto God, to be more than they? It is his meer grace and mercy which doth often bind me more unto his justice; for the faults of great men are never small.*

When certain Romans practised by secret counsel to kill the Emperor *Domitian*, and gave part thereof to *Trajan*: He did answer; *I do well see that Domitian deserved not to be elected Emperor, and much less to be sustained in the same; yet never the more shall I consent unto his death, for that I will rather endure a tyrant, than procure the renown of a traitor.*

The Emperor *Adrian* said, That he remembered not since the age of ten yeares, whether he stood still, or walked by the way, that he had not either a book to read in, or some weapon to fight with.

Be-

Being demanded why he was so bountifull unto his Ministers of Justice? He answered, *I make the Ministers of Justice rich, because by robbery of Justice they shall not make other men poor.*

When Favorinus, having an old house, the entry thereof he had raised a stately porch painted with white: The Emperor said unto him, *This house of thine seemeth a gilded pill which outwardly giveth pleasure, but within is full of bitterness.*

Another friend of *Adrians*, named *Silvius*, very black of face, and of evil shape of body, comming one day unto the Palace, all clad in white, *Adrian* said unto those that were present, *That black face, with that white garment, seemeth no other, but a flie drowned in a spoonfull of milk.*

There was in Rome a certain man named *Enatius*, somewhat entred in age, and of natural condition mutinous, ambitious, importune, intermeddling, quarrellous, and full of garboyle. The Emperor *Adrian* being advertised that *Enatius* was dead, He fell into a great laughter, and sware, *That he could not a little marvel how he could intend to die, considering his great busines both night and day.*

There was a Senator named *Fabius Cato*, a man of a small stature, which would soon be offended, and as soon be pleased; unto whom *Adrian* said, *Since your chimney is so small, you must beware to lay much wood upon the fire, for otherwise it will be always smokie.*

When a certain cunning man made offer to the

Emperour *Antonius Pius*, to place him teeth wherewith to eat or speak; *Antonius* made answer: Since never from my heart proceeded feigned or double words, there shall never enter into my mouth feigned teeth.

*Antonius* alwayes, for the most part, went bare-headed; and one advising him the air of Rome to be very hurtful, and therefore necessary to have his head covered, answered, assure me from troubles of men on earth, and I am assured that nothing shall trouble me which the gods shall send me from heaven.

He sent *Fulvius Tusculanus* as Prætor into the Province of Mauritania, whom within half a year he deprived of his Office, for that he was both impatient and covetous; who complaining of the injury, said, that in times past he had been a friend unto *Antonius*, but now it was forgotten: Whereunto *Antonius* answered, Thou hast no reason thus unjustly to blame me, because the office was given thee by the Emperor, and not by *Antonius*; and since, thou didst not offend as *Fulvius*, but as Prætor; so I discharge thee of thy Office, not as *Antonius* thy old friend, but as Emperor of the Roman Empire.

Some speaking in his presence of Wars and Battels, that *Julius Caesar*, *Scipio* & *Hannibal* had fought and overcame in the field: *Antonius Pius* answered, Let every man hold opinion what he thinketh good, and praise what it pleaseth him; but for my own part, I do more glory in conserving peace many yeares, than with wars to conquer many battels.

Before he gave any government unto Prætors,

tors, Censors, or Questors, he caused them to give an Inventory of their own proper goods, that when their charges were finished the increase of their wealth might be considered: Saying unto them, *That he sent them to administer Justice, and not by fraud to rob Countries.*

— The Emperour *Pertinax* used to say, *That of Princes charging their Kingdomes with unjust tribute, there succeedeth a wilful denial of due and most just payments.*

He had a Son whom the Romans would have Created *Augustus*; which he would never like of, or consent unto; saying, *The gods never grant that with the hopes of the Empire, my son should be nourished unto vice and idleness.*

— The Emperor *Bassianus* would often say, *I know not what man, having bread to eat, or garments to wear, and cover himself on land, would (to become an Emperor) go to Sea.*

— The Emperor *Alexander Severus* was wont to say, *Princes are not to be known by their vassals by their rich robes, but by their good works performed in their Common-wealths.*

*Lewis* the 12th. King of France, when he heard that the Pope had extreemly cursed him; He said, *That this was a Pope made to curse, but not to pray.*

— He had in King *Charls* his time been evilly used by divers, of whom he was advised to take revenge at his comming to the Crown: Whereunto he answered, *That it became not a King of France to revenge the injuries done to a Duke of Orleans.*

Look-

Looking upon the Roll of King *Charls* his servants, he found two that had been his dead enemies, upon each of whose names he made a cross; wherewith they being in great perplexity, supposed the gallows to be prepared for them: Which their fear being discovered to the King, He sent them word, *To be of good cheer, for he had crossed all their evil deeds out of his remembrance.*

When a certain Courtier complained grievously of his wives unchastness, *The King* bad him be of good cheer, for he that respected his wives incontinencie, or the Popes curse, should never sleep quiet night.

*Charls* of Bourbon had often in his mouth the Apothegme of a *Gascoigne* Gentleman, who being demanded by *Charls* the 7th. what reward might win him to break his faith with him, whereof he had made trial in so many important affairs? *I could not be drawn thereunto* (answered he) *though I might have your Kingdom given me, or the Empire of the Earth, and all the treasures of the world; but I might be moved to do it by an outrage that might be offered me, and for some injury that might touch mine Honour.*

*Plancus* being told that *Asinius Pollio* had written certain Invective Orations against him, which should not be published till after *Plancus* his death, to the end they might not be answered by him. *There is none* (saith he) *but Ghosts and Goblins that fight with the dead.*

*Peter* Earl of Savoy, who to do his Liege-homage



homage to the Emperor *Orto* the 4th. came before him in a two-fold attire; for he had on the one half of his body, on the right side, from the top downward, set out with cloth of gold; and the other half on the left side, covered with shining armour. The Emperor asking him what such a divers furniture meant? *Sir*, answered he, the attire of the right side is to honour your Imperial Majesty; this of the left, sheweth me ready to fight until the last gasp, against those that wish you ill, and speak ill of you.

Pope *John* the third, being asked what thing was farthest from the truth? The opinion of the common people (answered he) for all that they praise deserve blame; all that they think is nothing but vanity; all that they say is nothing but lying; they condemn the good, they approve the evil, they magnifie nothing but infamy.

*Lewis* the 11th. used this Apothegme, *Where pride and presumption goe before, shame and loss follow after.*

*Dionysius* having taken the City *Reggio*, and in it the Captain *Phyton*, he told him, how the day before he had caused his son and his kinsfolks to be drowned: To whom *Phyton* answered nothing, But that they were more happy than himself by the space of one day.

*Thales* being asked how a man might be cheerful, and bear up in afflictions: Answered, If he can see his enemies in worse case than himself.

A souldier being demanded by *Nero*, why he hated him: Answered him thus: I loved thee whilst thou wast worthy of love; but since thou

thou becomest a paracide, a jugler, a player, and a coach-man, I hate thee as thou deservest.

Another being asked why he sought to kill him? answered, *Because I find no other course to hinder thy uncessant outrages, and impious deeds.*

Francis Duke of Britanny, Son to John the 5th, when he was spoken unto for a marriage between him and Isabel a Daughter of Scotland, and some told him she was but meanly brought up, and without any instruction of learning, answered, *He loved her the better for it; and that a woman was wise enough, if she could but make difference between the shirt and doublet of her husband.*

Demosthenes companions in their Embassage to Philip, praised their Prince to be fair, eloquent, and a good quaffer: Demosthenes said, *They were commendations rather fitting a woman, an advocate, and a sponge, than a King.*

Theodorus answered Lysimachus, who threatened to kill him: *Thou shalt do a great exploit to come to the strength of a cantharides.*

Aristotle being upbraided by some of his friends, that he had been over-merciful to a wicked man: *I have indeed (quoth he) been merciful towards the man, but not towards his wickedness.*

When an Epigramatist read his Epigrams in an Auditory, one of the hearers stood him, and said, *Did not I hear an Epigram to this purpose from you last year? Yes, says he, it's like you did: But is not that vice still in you this year, which last years Epigram reprehended?*

Some came and told Philopomen, the enemies are

are with us : To whom he answered, *and why say you not that we are with them?*

— When Sicily did curse *Dionysius*, by reason of his cruelty, there was onely one old woman that pray'd God to lengthen his life : Whereat *Dionysius* wondering, asked her for what good turn she should do that? She Answered, *That it was not love, but fear; for (said she) I knew your Grandfather a great tyrant, and the people desired his death; then succeeded your Father, more cruel than he, and now your self worse far than them both; so that I think if you die, the Devil must come next.*

— *Pompey* being in Sicily, pressing the *Mamertines* to acknowledge his authority, they sought to avoid it, pretending that they had Priviledges and ancient Decrees of the people of Rome. To whom *Pompey* answered in choler, *Will you plead Law unto us, who have our swords by our sides?*

— When *Lewis* the 11th. demanded of *Brezay* Seneschall of Normandy, the reason why he said that his horse was great and strong, being but little, and of a weak stature: For that, answered *Brezay*, *he carries you and all your counsel.*

He said, *That if he had entred his Reign otherwise than with fear and severity, he had serv'd for an example in the last Chapter of Boccace his book of unfortunate Noblemen.*

— Considering that Secrecy was the Soul and Spirit of all Designes : He said sometimes, *I would burn my Hat, if it knew what was in my Head.*

— He remembering to have heard King *Charles* his

his Father say, that Truth was sick: He added, *I believe that since she is dead, and hath not found any Confessor.*

Mocking at one that had many Books, and little learning: He said, *That he was like unto a crook-back't man, who carries a great bunch at his back, and never sees it.*

Seeing a Gentleman which carried a goodly chain of gold, He said unto him that did accompany him; *You must not touch it, for it is Holy: Shewing that it came from the spoil of Churches.*

On a time seeing the Bishop of Chartre mounted on a Mule, with a golden bridle, He said unto him, that in times past Bishops were contented with an Ass, and a plain halter: The Bishop answered him, *That it was at such times as Kings were shepherds, and did keep sheep.*

*Abdolominus*, a poor man, rich in plenty except plenty of riches; to whom *Alexander of Macedon* proffering the Kingdom of *Sydon*, who before was but a gardiner, was by him refused, saying, *I hat he would take no care to lose that which he cared not to enjoy.*

When one told a Reverend Bishop of a young man that Preached twice every Lords day, besides some Exercising in the week-days: *It may be* (said he) *he doth talk so often, but I doubt he doth not Preach.*

To the like effect *Queen Elizabeth* said to the same Bishop, when She had on the Friday heard one of those talking Preachers, much commended by some-body; and the Sunday after heard a well-labour'd Sermon, that smelt

of the candle: *I pray (said she) let me have your bosome-Sermons, rather than your lip-Sermons; for when the Preacher takes paines, the auditory takes profit.*

When Dr. Day was Dean of *Windsor*, there was a Singing-man in the Quire, one *Wolner*, a pleasant fellow, famous for his eating, rather than his singing: Mr. Dean sent a man to him to reprove him, for not singing with his fellows; the messenger (that thought all worshipful that wore white Surplices) told him Mr. Dean would pray his worship to sing: *Thank Mr. Dean (quoth Wolner) and tell him, I am as merry as they that sing.*

A Husbandman dwelling near a Judge that was a great builder, and comming one day among divers of other neighbours, some of stone, some of tinn, the Steward, as the manner of the Country was, provided two tables for their dinners; for those that came upon request, powder'd beef, and perhaps venison; for those that came for hire, poor-John and apple-pyes: And having invited them in his Lordships name to sit down, telling them one board was for them that came in love, the other was for those that came for money; this husbandman and his hind sat down at neither, the which the Steward imputing to simplicity, repeated his former words again, praying them to sit down accordingly: But he answered, *He saw no table for him, for he came neither for love nor money, but for very fear.*

*Scipio* being made General of the Roman Army, was to name his Quæstor, or Treasurer for



for the Wars, whom he thought fit, being a place in those dayes (as is now) of great importance. One that took himself to have a special interest in *Scipio's* favour, was an earnest suitor for it; but by the delay, mistrusting he should have a denial, he importuned him one day for an answer. *Think not unkindness in me,* (said *Scipio*) *that I delay you thus; for I have been as earnest with a friend of mine to take it, and yet cannot prevail with him.*

A pleasant Courtier and Servitor of King *Henry* the 8<sup>ths</sup>. to whom the King had promised some good turn, came, and pray'd the King to bestow a living on him, that he had found out, worth 100 l. by the year, more than enough: *Why,* said the King, *we have no such in England.* *Yes Sir* (said he) *the Provostship of Eaton;* for, said he, *he is allowed his diet, his lodging, his horse-meat, his servants wages, his riding-charge, and 100 l. per annum besides.*

*Elmar* Bishop of *London* dealing with one *Maddox*, about some matters concerning Puritanisme, and he had answered the Bishop somewhat untowardly and thwartly, the Bishop said to him, *Thy very name expresth thy nature; for Maddox is thy name, and thou art as mad a beast as ever I talked with.* The other not long to seek of an answer: *By your favour, Sir,* said he, *your deeds answer your name righter than mine; for your name is Elmar, and you have married all the Elms in Fulham, by lopping them.*

In the dayes of *Edward* the 6<sup>th</sup>. the Lord Protector march't with a powerful Army into Scotland to demand their young Queen *Mary*

in marriage to our King, according to their promises. The Scots refusing to do it, were beaten by the English in *Musleborough*-fight. One demanding of a Scotch Lord, taken prisoner, Now Sir, how do you like our Kings marriage with your Queen? *I alwayes* (quoth he) *did like the marriage, but I do not like the wooing, that you should fetch a Bride with fire and sword.*

*Theocritus*, to an ill Poet, repeating many of his verses, and asking which he liked best? Answered, *Those which he had omitted.*

*Castruccio* of *Luca*, saying to one that professed himself a Philosopher, *You are of the condition of dogs, that alwayes goe about those who can best give them meat.* No (sayes the party) *we are like Physicians, who visit their houses that have most need of them.*

*Castruccio* going from *Pisa* to *Ligorn* by water, and a dangerous storm there arising, and thereupon being much perplex'd, was reprehended by one of his followers as pusillanimous, saying himself was not afraid of any thing: To whom *Castruccio* reply'd, *That is nothing marvel'd thereat; for every one valu'd his life according to it's worth.*

Being asked by one, what he should doe to gain a good esteem? He answered him: *Say when thou goest to a Feast, that a block sit not upon a block.*

When one boasted that he had read many things: Said *Castruccio*, *It were better thou couldst brag thou hast remembered much.*

Another bragging, Though he had tipp'd much

much, he was not drunk: Reply'd, *An Oxe doe the same.*

*Castruccio* kept a young Lasse, which he lay with ordinarily; and thereupon being reprov'd by a friend, telling him that it was a great wrong to him, that he had suffer'd himself to be so taken by a wench: *Thou art mistaken*, said he, *I took her, not she me.*

Being one night in a house of one of his Gentlemen, where there were divers Ladies invited to a Feast; and he dancing and sporting with them, more than befitted his condition, was reprov'd by a friend: Answered, *He that is held a wise man in the day-time, will never be thought a fool in the night.*

When one ask'd him a favour with many and superfluous words; *Castruccio* said to him, *Hereafter, when thou wouldst any thing with me, send another.*

Having caus'd a Citizen of *Luca* to die, who had help'd him in his rising to his greatnesse; when it was said to him, he had ill done to put to death one of his old friends: He reply'd, *You are deceiv'd, I have put to death a new enemy.*

He said, *He wondred much at men, that when they bought any vessel of earth or glasse, they sound it first whether it be good; but in taking a wife, they are content onely to see her.*

Seeing that one had written upon his house in latine, *God keep the wicked hence*; Said, *The Master then must not enter here.*

Treating with an Ambassador of the King —

of Naples, touching some goods of the Borderers, whereat he was somewhat angry, when then the Embassador said, *Fear you not the King then?* *Castruccio* said, *Is this your King good or bad?* And he answering, That he was good, *Castruccio* replied, *Wherefore then should I be afraid of those that are good?*

The Lord *Tinteville* said to a great Personage of *France*, that none could write the life of his deceased Master (*Lewis* the 11th.) so well as he. To whom he answered wisely: *I am too much bound to him to speak the truth.*

King *James*, being invited in a hunting journey, to dine with Sir *Tho. J.* of *Barkshire*; turning short at the corner of a Common, hapned near to a Country man, sitting by the heels in the stocks, who cryed *Hosanna* unto his Majesty, which invited him to ask the reason of his restraint? Sir *Tho.* said, It was for stealing a goose from the Common. The fellow reply'd, I beseech your Majesty be Judge who is the greater thief, I for stealing geese from the Common, or his Worship for robbing the Common from the geese? *By my sale, Sir* (said the King to Sir *Tho.*) *I se not dine to day on your dishes, till you restore the Common for the poor to feed their flocks.* Which was forthwith granted to them, and the witty fellow set free.

Prince *Henry* was never heard to swear an oath: And it was remembred at his Funeral-Sermon by the Arch-Bishop; That he being commended by one, for not replying with passion in play, or swearing to the truth: He should answer, *That he knew no game or value*

to be won or lost, could be worth an Oath.

There was a Duel between two eminent Persons of the Turks, and one slain: The Council of Bashaws reprehended the other thus: *How durst you undertake to fight one with the other? Are there not Christians enough to kill? Did you not know, that whether of you were slain, the loss would be the Great Seigniors.*

King James having made a large and learned Speech to the Parliament, the Lord Keeper, as Speaker to the Peers, whose place there usually adds to the Kings mind and meaning, thus excuses himself: *After the Kings Eloquence to be silent; not to enamel a gold ring with studs of iron. As one sayes of Nerva, That having adopted Trajane, he was immediately taken away: Ne post divinum & immortale factum, aliquid mortale faceret; So he durst not after his Majesties divinum & immortale dictum, mortale aliquid addere.*

*Alphonfus* King of Arragon, seeing a young Lady dance with a Gentleman who made love to her, said to him, *Comfort your self, this Sybil will quickly render the Oracle you ask: Because the Sybils gave no answers but in motion.*

The Monk, who ambitious of martyrdom, told the Souldan, That he ~~was~~ was come into his Court, to die for Preaching of the Truth; was answered, *He needed not to have rambl'd so far for death, for he might easily find it among his Princes at home.*

*Antigonus* being asked by his own son, what time he would remove his Camp? He said, *The sound of the trumpet should give them notice.*

The



The Conspirator had learn'd the lesson of silence well; who being asked his knowledge answered, *If I had known it, you had never known it.*

— *Pyrrhus* King of the *Epirotes*, having in two set Battels, with great loss of men, put the Romans to the worst, and hearing by a Favourite of his, this his so great good fortune smoothly congratulated: He said unto him, *That two Victories indeed he had gotten of them, but them so dear, that should he at the same rate buy a third, the purchase would no less than undo him.*

— A souldier of *Augustus*, when his enemies throat was in his power, hearing the Retreat sounded, gave over his violence, with these words; *Mala obedire Duci, quàm occidere hostem.*

The Janizaries are very true to a man that trusts himself with them and patient in bearing abuses. One of them being stricken by an Englishman, as they travelled through *Morea*, did not onely not revenge it, nor abandon him to the pillage and outrage of others, but conducted him unto *Zant* in safety: Saying, *God forbid, that the villany of another should make him betray the charge that was committed to his trust.*

— A great Courtier of the great *Moguls*, noted to be a great neglecter of God, a souldier of approved valour; but being in dalliance with one of his women, she pluckt an hair from his brest, which grew about his nipple, which presently began to fester, and in short time after became a canker incurable: Seeing he must die, he uttered these words: *Who would have thought but that*

that I, who have been so long bred a Souldier, should have died in the face of my enemy, by some instrument of war, &c? But now (though too late) I am forced to confess, that there is a great God above, whose Majesty I have ever despised, that needs no bigger lance than an hair to kill an Atheist, or a despiser of his Majesty.

King Henry the 7th. having pressed Doctor Fisher to the Bishoprick of Rochester, all men thinking it to proceed from the request of the Lady Margaret, the Kings Mother, and his Mistris: The King said; Indeed the modesty of the man, together with my Mothers silence, spake in his behalf.

He refused the Bishopricks of Lincoln and Ely, proffered him by Henry the 8th. contenting himself with his former, though less: Saying, Others have larger pastures, but I have lesser charge of souls; so that when I shall be called to an account for both, I shall be the better able to give an account of either.

Bishop Fisher, having all his plate stolne in one night, his servant pursuing the thieves, found some pieces that they had let fall by the way; the Bishop observing the next day the sad countenances of his servants, when knowing the cause, said: If this be all, we have more cause to rejoyce, that God hath restor'd us to some, than to be discontented that wicked men have taken away any; for the least favour of God Almighty, is more to be esteemed, than all the evil (which the Devil and all his wicked instruments can do unto us) therefore let us sit down and be merry, thank God it is no worse, and look ye better to the rest.

Sir

— Sir *Thomas Moore*, meeting the Bishop going before the Kings Commissioners at *Lambeth*, saluted him in these terms: *Well met my Lord, I hope we shall meet in heaven.* To which the Bishop reply'd: *This should be the way, Sir Thomas, for it is a very streight gate we are in.* They both suffer'd for refusing the Oath of Supremacy.

— The Bishop would alwayes say, *That the remembrance of death came never out of season.*

— The Bishops man being clapt up a close prisoner, and threatned to be hanged (for carrying letters from his Master to Sir *Thomas Moore*) they then being both prisoners in the Tower) asked the Keeper, *If there were another Act of Parliament come forth, whereby a man should be hang'd for serving his Master.*

— When *Henry* the 8th. was told the Bishops resolve, to accept of the Cardinals Hat, if the Pope sent it to him: The King said; *Yea, is he yet so lusty? Well, let the Pope send him a Hat when he will, Mother of God, he shal wear it on his shoulders then, for I will leave him never a head to set it on.*

— Cardinal *Poole* saith of Bishop *Fisher* (in an Epistle Dedicatory to *Henry* the 8th.) *That if an Embassador had been to be sent from earth to heaven, there could not among all the Bishops and Clergy so fit a man be chosen as he.*

— A foreign Embassador, some 200 years since, comming to *Durham*, addrested himself first to the high and sumptuous Shrine of St. *Cuthbert*, *If thou beest a Saint, pray for me.* Then comming to the plain, low, and little Tomb of St. *Bede*, *Because,* said he, *thou art a Saint, good Bede pray for me.*

*Richard*

*Richard the 2d. said no less (pightfully than —*  
*falsly of the Woodvills (brethren to the Wife of*  
*his brother King Edward the 4th. by whom*  
*they were advanced) That many were made no-*  
*ble, who formerly were not worth a noble.*

One asked which was the best Edition of St.  
*Augustine ? To whom this answer was given*  
*(generally true of all ancient Authors) Even*  
*that Augustine which is least corrected.*

There is a tradition of King *Henry the 8ths.*  
 fool, comming into the Court, and finding the  
 King transported with an unusual joy, boldly  
 asked of him the cause thereof : To whom the  
 King answered ; *It was because the Pope had ho-*  
*noured him with a style more eminent than any of his*  
*Ancestors.* O good *Harry* (quoth the fool)  
 let thou and I defend one another, and let the  
 faith alone to defend it self.

The Lady *Katherine*, King *Henry the 8ths.* di-  
 vorced Wife, was wont to say, *She accounted*  
*no time lost, but what was laid out in dressing of*  
*her.*

Once an Eloquent Orator, free only of words,  
 being otherwise extreamly covetous, made a  
 large and elegant Oration in Latine. to per-  
 swade others bountifully to contribute to  
 a proper object of charity, whilst he himself  
 would not part with one penny to that pur-  
 pose. To whom one of his Audience (though  
 far his inferiour in Eloquence) made this sharp  
 but short return : *Qui suadet, sua det. Let him*  
*who seeks to perswade others, give something of his*  
*own.*

*Henry the 5th.* having born away the Crown,  
 sup-

supposing his Father had been dead ; when his Father used these words, *How I came by it, and what right I have unto it, God knows* : He said, *I am to receive it from you, as your next heir ; and howsoever you came by it, I will keep the possession of it by the sword, against all mine enemies.*

— When Gowry was led to the Tower, a friend of his told him, Ah, my Lord, I am sorry you had no more wit. *Tush* (quoth he) *thou know'st not what thou sayest, when sawest thou a fool come hither ?*

— When the Romans had nominated *Titus Manlius Torquatus* to be Consul, he alledging the infirmity of his eyes. refused the honour, and said, *He should bring in a very ill and pernicious example, if he should undertake to govern the Common-wealth with other mens eyes.*

— *Charls* the 9th. King of France, offered to the Prince of Conde his choise, whether he would go to *Masse*, or choose perpetual banishment, or imprisonment ? *What*, replied he ? *to goe to Masse, is simply a sin, therefore I will never choose that ; but to choose either perpetual banishment, or imprisonment, that I cannot doe, for then I should imply a certain guiltiness in my self ; but it is in your power, O King, to inflict which you please, and I am ready to suffer.*

— When *Dionysius* presented three whores before *Aristippus*, bidding him make choise of them : He said, *That Paris had such bad success for choosing one of that kind, that he would never make choise of one of the three.*

— A certain Scholar amongst the Jews, asked one of



of the Rabbies, his Master, Whether he might read any of the humane Writers, or not? He gave him this Answer: *You may read them, provided you read them neither day nor night.*

*Apelles*, when his boy shew'd him a painted Table, and told him that it was done in haste: He answered, *He might have spared to tell him so, for the work sufficiently shew'd it.*

*Luther* said, *The Cardinals were like Foxes, sweeping the house with their tails, raising more dust than they cleansed.*

*Mr. Greenham* answered one that spake somewhat in his own disparagement: *Oh* (said he) *why do you praise your self so much?*

*Espenceus* saith of the Bishops in the Council of Trent; *They were learned in their assistants.*

*Du Mouline* said of *Boniface* his Extravagants, *They will doe well with a sword in hand.*

The Roman General said of a recruited Army of Enemies, *That those African Nations, muster'd under several names, were but the same men whom they had formerly beaten under the notion of Carthaginians.*

When a Roman Senator asked the Carthaginian Ambassador, How long the Peace should last? *That* (saith he) *will depend on the Conditions you give me, If just and Honourable, they will hold for ever; but if otherwise, no longer than till we have power to break them.*

*Batton Desfidiale*, who moved the people of *Dalmatia* to rebel against the Romans (seeing them oppress'd too much with tributes and exactions) making such sharp war against them,

as

as Tyberius the Emperor asked him on a time why he had caused the people to take Arms To whom he answered badly, *That the Romans were the cause thereof; for they, in sending them shepherds with good dogs to preserve them, they had sent them wolves which devoured them.*

The Emperor Maximilian the 2d. could not endure that War should be made for Religion; and was wont to say, *That it was a deadly sin to seek to force mens consciences, the which belongs to God only.*

At the Treaty for delivery of the Town of Antwerp, the Hollanders insisting upon explaining the word, scandal, &c. the Duke of Parma said: *Can you not do as the Countryman did at Rome, who passing along the streets before an Ecce homo (which is the figure of the representation which Pilate made of our Saviour Jesus Christ unto the people) having made reverence, and passing on, he bethought himself that Pilate might attribute this honour unto himself; wherefore turning and putting off his hat again, He said, It is to the Christ, not to the Pilate.*

Pierreskius, the famous Frenchman, was wont to say, *That whosoever seeks after the uncertain good things of this world, should think and resolve, that he gathers as well for thieves, as for himself.*

Plato saith, *That the Lawes of Necessity are so inevitable, that the gods themselves cannot alter them.*

Caracalla having miserably impoverished the people, his Mother reproved him: To whom he shewing his naked sword, replied,

ed, *As long as I have this, I will not want.*

*Aurelian* demanding how he might govern well? Was answered by a great Personage: *You must be provided with iron and gold; iron to use against your enemies, and gold to reward your friends.*

The Caliph of *Babylon* demurring to give the Embassador of *Almerick* (King of *Jerusalem*) his hand bare, but gave it him in his glove. To whom the resolute Earl of *Casarea* said: *Sir, truth seeks no holes to hide it self; Princes that will hold Covenants, must deal openly and nakedly; give us therefore your bare hand, we will make no bargain with your glove.*

*Lewis* King of *France*, going the second time to the Holy Land, passing by *Avignon*, some of the City wronged his Souldiers; wherefore his Nobles desired him to besiege the City, the rather, because it was suspected that therein his Father was poysoned. To whom *Lewis* most Christianly: *I come not out of France to revenge my own quarrels, or those of my Father or Mother, but injuries offer'd to Jesus Christ.*

*Lewis* severely punished blasphemies, searing their lips with an hot iron. And because by his command it was executed upon a great rich Citizen of *Paris*, some said, He was a Tyrant. He hearing it, said before many: *I would to God, that with searing my own lips, I could banish out of my Realm all abuse of Oaths.*

It was the Speech of *Gustavus Adolphus*, but three dayes before his death: *Our affairs* (saith he) *answer our desires; but I doubt God will punish me for the folly of the people, who attribute too much*

*much unto me, and esteem me as it were their God; and therefore he will make them shortly know and see I am but a man. He be my witness, it is a thing distasteful unto me: And whatever befall me, I receive it as from his divine will; onely in this I rest fully satisfied, that he will not leave this great enterprise of mine imperfect.*

— *Hormisdas being asked what he thought of Rome? Said, He took contentment in this onely, that he had now learned, how even there also men are mortal.*

— *Socrates, appointed to suffer death, would learn to sing: And being asked what good it would do him, seeing he was to die the next day? He answered thus: Even that I may depart out of this life, learning more than I knew before.*

— *Themistocles, after a Battel fought with the Persians, espying a pair of bracelets, and a collar of gold, lying on the ground, Take up those things (quoth he, speaking to one of his company that stood near unto him) thou art not Themistocles.*

— *A Jew being turned Turk, soon after, buying of grapes of another Turk, fell at variance with him about weighing the grapes; from words they fell to blows, and the Jew-Turk beat the other, which he endured very patiently, to encourage him (as it seem'd) in his new Religion. Soon after another Jew came to the Turk who had been beaten, and demanded of him why he suffered himself to be so abused? Who answered, You shall beat me as much, if you will turn Musulman. So zealous are they to win Profelytes.*

*Philip*

*Philip the 2d. King of Spain* was devoted to his Religion in so intense a degree, that he would often say, *If the Prince his Son were an Heretick, or Schismatick, he would himself find fuel to burn him.*

The Chyrurgeons being lancing his knee — one day, the Prince his Son ask'd him, Whether it did not pain him much? He answered, *My sins pain me much more.*

Reading a letter that brought him the newes — of the loss of his Fleet in 88. He said (without the least motion, or change of countenance) *Welcome be the will of God; I sent my Cousin, the Duke of Medina, to fight with men, not with the Elements.*

He used to have a saying often in his mouth: — *Time and I will challenge any two in the world.*

*Bias* being demanded by a wicked man, what was piety? He was silent: The other asking the reason of his silence: *I answer not* (saith he) *because you enquire after that which nothing concerns you.*

It was the sentence of *Cleobolus*: *Do good to your friend, that he may be more your friend; to your enemy, that he may become your friend.*

To one who reproved *Anaxagoras*, for not taking care of his Country: *Wrong me not*, said he, *my greatest care is my Country.* Pointing to the Heavens.

Portugal being revolted, the *Condé D'Olivares* came smiling to the King (*Philip the 4th.*) saying, Sir, I pray you give me *las albricias* to hanſel the good newes; for now you are more absolute King of Portugal than ever, for the people have forgett-



ed all their priviledges by this Rebellion: Besides, the Estate of the Duke of Briganza, with all his Complices, are yours by right of Confiscation; so that you have enough to distribute among your old loyal servants by way of reward.

Attabalipa, a wild Pagan King, when he heard that his Kingdom was given by the Pope to the King of Spain: Surely (said he) that Pope must be an egrigious fool, or some unjust and impudent tyrant, that will undertake to bestow other mens possessions so freely.

An Indian being to die, was perswaded by a Franciscan Frier to turn Christian, and then he should go to heaven. He asked, Whether there were any Spaniards in heaven? Yes, said the Frier, 'tis full of them. Nay, then (said he) I had rather go to hell, than have their company.

It was an excellent saying of Herod the Sophist, when he was pained with the Gout in his hands and feet: When I would eat (said he) I have no hands; when I would go, I have no feet: but when I must be pained, I have both hands and feet.

John, King of Hungary, used oftentimes to say, That the favour and love of valiant men, gotten by bounty and courtesie, was the best treasures of a Prince, for that courteous and thankful men did oftentimes, in someone worthy piece of service, plentifully repay whatsoever had been bestow'd upon them; as for such as were unthankful, they did, to their shame, bear the testimony of another mans virtue.

After the Victory of Lepanto, one of the chief of the Turkish prisoners, hearing it compared to the loss of Cyprus, said: That the Battel lost,

was unto Selymus, as if a man should shave his beard, which would ere long grow again; but the loss of Cyprus was unto the Venetians as the loss of an arm, which once cut off, could never be again recovered.

A Countryman in Spain, comming to an Image inshrin'd, the extraction and first making whereof he could well remember; and not finding from the same that respectful usage which he expected: *You need not* (quoth he) *be so proud, for I have known you from a Plum-tree.*

A Persian in England attending on the Embassador, anno 1626. who perceiving wealthy people in London, in the time of the plague, tumultuously posting to their Country-houses: *What* (saith he) *have the Englishmen two Gods, the one for the City, and the other for the Country?*

Frédérick, Burgrave of Noremberg (which he obtained of the Emperor Sigismund, for his many good Services) making his Will, he intended to give that charge to his second Son Frederick; and acquainting his eldest Son John, (who was a contemplative man) answered: *I did always think that Frederick had been more dear to you than my self, which did somewhat grieve me; but now, dear Father, I will change my opinion, and love and honour you, who by your last Will bequeath rest to me, and cares to him.*

Cesar was counselled to have a guard alwayes about him. Whereto he answered: *That he would have none; for he would rather die once, than live continually in jealousie and fear.*

After his Victory in Spain, against Pompey's Sons (considering the danger he had been in)

he used to say; *That only that day he fought for his life, and in all other Battels, ever for honour and victory.*

When the Captaines and Souldiers would have given *Valentinian* a companion and equal in the Empire, He told them: *It was in your hands, and in your pleasure, when I was not Emperor, to give me the government and command of the Empire; but now, that I have the government, and am in possession thereof, it is no part of your charge, neither ought you to intermeddle therein, for that it is my charge onely.*

*Valentinian* the 2d. caused *Ecius* his General against *Atila* to be slain, having some suspicion of him; but demanding of *Proximus*, a discreet and noble Roman, Whether he had not followed the best and most profitable Counsel, by putting *Ecius* to death? He answered: *Whether the Emperor hath put Ecius to death with, or without reason, I dare not determine; but this I dare affirm, that by killing him, thou hast with thy own left hand cut off thy right.*

The Emperor *Henry* the 4th. having slain his Competitor *Rodolph*, whose servants going about to bury the body of their deceased Lord, with the Ensignes and Ornaments of the Emperor, some asked of the Emperor *Henry*, Wherefore he suffered *Rodolph* to be buried with such honour, seeing he was a Tyrant, and his enemy? Whereto he answered: *I would to God that all mine enemies were like Rodolph, buried with the Ornaments and Ensigns of Emperors.*

*David* Game, one of the bravest and most

judicious Souldier of his time, being sent by *Henry* the 5th. to make an estimate of the number of the French Army (which infinitely exceeded the number of the English) went to the top of an hill, and seeing all the Champion covered with Tents, and blazing with fires, brought word back, *That there were enough of them to be slain, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to be made run away.*

A Kentish Knight, having spent a great Estate at Court, and brought himself to one Park, and a fine house in it, was yet ambitious to entertain the Queen at it; and to that purpose had new painted his gates, with a Coat of Arms, and Motto, over-written thus, *O I A VANITAS* in great golden letters, the Treasurer *Burleigh* offering to read it, desired to know of the Knight what he meant by *O I A*? who told him it stood for *Omnia*: The Lord replied: *Sir, I wonder, having made your Omnia so little as you have, you notwithstanding make your Vanitas so large.*

The Philosopher, when he saw a vain proud Gull, *He wished* (he said) *that all his friends were but such as that man thought himself, and all his enemies such as he was.*

*Epiphanius* having stay'd long at *Constantinople*, and being to take ship to return home again, he said: *He was leaving three great things, a great City, a great Palace, and great Hypocrisie.*

Bishop *Andrews*, whom no man will envy the reputation of one of the greatest Clerks in his Age, when a plain man came seriously to

him, and asked his opinion concerning an obscure passage in the Revelation: Answered: *My friend, I am not come so far.*

— Henry the 4th. King of France, used to say; *That in his Kingdom he observed there was a double tribute used to be paid: One to the King, the other to his Officers; but the first was made intollerable by the second.*

— Tierceline, a Knight of very ancient Extraction, observing in his time, the sale of Honours and Offices, nay, the highest Dignitie of all, which is St. Michaels Order, was proflant for money: He said; *The Order of St. Michael was become a Collar now for every Ass.*

— Robert, Duke of Normandy, when he was going to the Holy Sepulcher, being met by one of his own Subjects, as he was mounted upon a great Saracens back; and being much tyr'd, he said: *Commend me to all in Normandy, and tell them, I am going to heaven upon the Devils back.*

— It was a witty saying of King James, when he was onely King of Scotland, when he received a *Caveat* from his Godmother Queen Elizabeth of England, to take heed of the Spanish Fleet; He answered: *For his part he desired but one request of the Spaniard, such a one as that Polyphemus had promised Ulysses, that when he had devour'd others, he would swallow him last of all.*

— After the loss of Calais, an English Captain, having truss'd up his bag and baggage, to goe for England, as he was going out of the



the gates, in a jeering way, was ask'd, O Englishmen, when will ye back again to *France*? The Captain, with a sad and serious countenance, answered: *When the sins of France are greater than the sins of England, then will the English return to France.*

When one told *Tyberius* the Emperor, of some aspersions that were cast abroad upon him; He answered: *We are not angry that there are some who speak ill of us; it is enough that we are in such a condition, that no body can do us any ill.*

Two Persian Embassadors were imploy'd to Pope *Urban* the 5th. who being admitted, and desired to deliver their Embassage as succinctly as they could, in regard of the Popes indisposition; yet they made a long tedious Oration, which did disquiet his Holiness, as it was observed by the Auditors; the first Embassador having at last concluded, the second subjoyned very wittily, saying: *We have this moreover given to us in charge, that if you will not condescend to our demands, this my Colleague must repeat his Speech again, and make some additions to it.* The Pope was so much taken with this, that he presently dismissed both of them very well satisfied for the business they came about.

A Gentleman, who in a Duel was rather scratcht than wounded, sent for a Chyrurgeon, who having opened the wound, charged his man with all speed to fetch such a salve from such a place in his Study. Why (said the Gentleman) is the hurt so dangerous? Oh yes (answered the Chyrurgeon) if he re-

*turns not in post-haste, the wound will cure it self, and so I shall lose my Fee.*

A notable fellow, and a souldier to *Alexander*, finding his first admission to be the greatest difficulty, put feathers into his nose and eares, and danced about the Court in an Antique fashion. till the strangeness of the Show brought the King himself to be a Spectator. Then this mimick throwing off his disguise: *Sir* (said he to the King) *thus I first arrive at your Majesties notice in the fashion of a Fool, but can do you service in the place of a wise man, if you please to employ me.*

A man full of words, who took himself to be a grand wit, made his brag that he was the leader of the discourse in what company soever he came; and none, said he, dare speak in my presence, if I hold my peace. *No wonder*, answered one, *for they are all struck dumb at the miracle of your silence.*

When once a Gentleman admired how sopithy, learned, and witty a Dedication was match'd to a flat, dull, foolish Book: *In truth*, said another, *they may be well match'd together, for I profess they are nothing a kin.*

A Gentleman travelling in a mysty morning, ask'd of a shepherd what weather it would be? *It will be* (saith the shepherd) *what weather shall please me*: And being requested to express his meaning: *Sir*, saith he, *it shall be what weather pleaseth God, and what weather pleaseth God, pleaseth me.*

A rich man told a poor man, that he walked to get a stomach for his meat: *And I*, (said

(said the poor man) *walk to get meat for my stomach.*

A rich landed Fool, whom a Courtier had begg'd, and carried about to wait on him, comming with his Master to a Gentlemans house, where the picture of a fool was wrought in a fair suit of Arras; cut the picture out with a pen-knife; and being chidden for so doing. *You have more cause, said he, to thank me; for if my Master had seen the picture of the fool, he would have begg'd the hangings of the King, as he did my lands.*

When the standers by comforted a natural which lay on his death-bed, and told him that four proper fellows should carry his body to the Church: *Yea (quoth he) but I had rather by half go thither my self.*

One braved a Gentleman to his face, that in skill and valour he came far behind him: *'Tis true (said the other) for when I fought with you, you ran away before me.*

Sir Francis Drake, riding within the Road of Port-Rico, a shot from the Castle enter'd the Steerage of the Ship, took away the stool from under him as he sate at supper, wounded Sir Nicholas Clifford and Brute Brown to death. *Ah! dear Brute (said Drake) I could grieve for thee, but now is no time for me to let down my spirits.*

One walking in London-streets, met a gallant, who cry'd to him a pretty distance before-hand, *I will have the wall. Yea (answer'd he) and take the house too, if you can but agree with the Land-lord.*

It

It was a mannerly answer which a young Gentleman gave to King James, when he asked him what kin he was to such a Lord of his name? *Please your Majesty*, said he, *my elder brother is his Cousin-german.*

— When one, being an Husbandman, challenged kindred of Robert Grostthead Bishop of Lincoln, and thereupon requested the favour of him to bestow an Office on him. *Cousin*, (quoth the Bishop) *if your Cart be broken, i'll mend it, if your Plough old, i'll give you a new one, and Seed to sow your Land; but an Husbandman I found you, and an Husbandman I'll leave you.*

Arminius meeting Baudius one day disguised with drink, he told him, *Tu Baudi dedecoras nostram Academiam: Et tu Armini* (answered he) *nostram Religionem: Thou Baudius disgracest our Universitie; and thou Arminius our Religion.*

Henry the 4th. of France, being troubled with a fit of the Gout, and the Spanish Embassador comming then to visit him, and saying he was sorry to see his Majesty so lame. He answered: *As lame as I am, if there were occasion, your Master the King of Spain, should no sooner have his foot in the stirrup, but he should find me on horsback.*

King James asking the Lord Keeper Bacon, what he thought of a French Embassador, who had then lately had his Audience? He answered, *That he was a tall proper man.* His Majesty reply'd, but what think you of his head.

head-piece ? Is he a proper man for the Office of an Embassador ? Sir, said Bacon : *Tall men are like high houses of four or five stories, wherein commonly the uppermost room is worst furnished.*

*Lewis* the 9th. who, in the Catalogue of the French Kings, is call'd *St. Lewis*, was Baptized in the little Town of *Poyssy* ; and after his return from *Egypt* , and other places against the *Saracens* , being asked by what Title he would be distinguished from the rest of his Predecessors after his death ? He answered, *That he desired to be called Lewis of Poyssy.* Reply being made, That there were divers other places and Cities of Renown, where he had performed brave Exploits, and obtained famous Victories, therefore it was more fitting that some of those places should denominate him. No, said he, *I desire to be called Lewis of Poyssy, because there I got the most glorious Victory that ever I had ; for there I overcame the Devil :* Meaning that he was Christened there.

*Don Beltran de Rosa*, being to marry a rich *Labradora* (a Yeomans) daughter, which was much importun'd by her Parents to the match, because their Family should be thereby ennobled, he being a Cavalier of *St. Jago* : The young Maid having understood that *Don Beltran* had been in *Naples* , and had that discourse about him, answered wittily : *Truly, Sir, To better my blood, I will not hurt my flesh.*

It was the answer of *Vespasian* to *Apollonius*, desiring entrance and access for *Dion* and *Euphrates*,



phrates, two Philosophers: *My gates are always open to Philosophers, but my very breast is open un- to thee.*

It is reported of *Cosmo de Medici*, that having built a goodly Church, with a Monastery thereunto annex'd, and two Hospitals, with other monuments of Piety, and endow'd them with large Revenues, as one did much magnifie him for these extraordinary works; he answer'd: *'Tis true, I imploy'd much treasure thus way; yet when I look over my Leiger-book of accounts, I do not find that God Almighty is indebted to me one penny, but I am still in the arrear to him.*

It was a brave generous saying of a great *Armenian-Merchant*, who having understood how a vessel of his was cast away, wherein there was laden a rich Cargazon upon his sole account, he strook his hand upon his breast, and said: *My heart, I thank God, is still afloat, my spirits shall not sink with my ship, nor go an inch lower.*

*Sir Edward Herbert* being Embassador in France, there hapned some clappings between him and the great French Favourite *Luynes*; whereupon he was told that *Luynes* was his enemy, and that he was not in a place of security there: *Sir Edward* gallantly answered, *That he held himself to be in a place of Security wheresoever he had his sword by him.*

FINIS.

*Fænestra in Pectore.*

OR,

FAMILIAR LETTERS.

---

By THO. FORDE.

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*Quid melius desidiosus agam !—*

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L O N D O N,

Printed by R. and W. Leybourn, for William  
Grantham at the Black Bear in St. Pauls  
Church-yard, neer the little  
North Door, 1660.

AMERICAN LETTERS.

IN THE

OF

THE AMERICAN LETTERS, AND THE  
THE AMERICAN LETTERS, AND THE  
THE AMERICAN LETTERS, AND THE



## To the Reader.

Reader,

**H**e witty *Lucian* brings in *Momus*, quarrelling at the Master-pieces which the gods had made; and the onely fault he found with Man, was, That he had not a window to look into his breast. For this reason, I call this *Packet of Letters* *Fenestra in Pectore*; Letters being the best *Casements*, whereby men disclose themselves. *Judicium sit per Brachium*, say the *Physicians*; and I know no better Interpreter of the

the

*To the Reader.*

the Heart, than the hand; especially in Familiar Letters, where friends mingle souls, and make mutual discoveries of, and to one another. The pen, like the pulse, discovers our inward condition; if it become faint, or intermitting, like the passing-bell, it gives notice of the decay, if not the departure of friendship; which is the soul of humane Societies.

For these, I have no better Apology than their publication: their impudence (if it be so) bespeaking their innocence. They desire to please all, to injure none. If you find some things in them that appear not calculated for the Meridian of the present times, know, that they are left but to shew what the whole piece might have been, had my time and the times accorded; they might then perhaps have given you some



*To the Reader.*

remarks of the *miracles* of our age,  
But the Dutch Proverb tels me, *Who*  
*bringeth himself into needless dan-*  
*gers, dieth the Devils martyr.*

*Nulli tacuisse nocet, nocet esse lo-*  
*quntum.*

And I very well remember that  
notable *Apothegme* of the famous  
(though unfortunate) Sir *W. Ra-*  
*leigh* : *Whosoever shall tell any great*  
*Man, or Magistrate, that he is not*  
*just ; the General of an Army, that*  
*he is not valiant ; and great Ladies,*  
*that they are not fair ; shall never*  
*be made a Counsellour, a Captain, or*  
*a Courtier.*

Thou wilt say, it may be, I had  
little to do to publish my follies to  
the world, and I am contented thou  
shouldst think so, if it may pass for  
my Apologie, That I had little else  
to do. If it be a crime, the num-

K

ber

*To the Reader.*

ber of offenders in this kind, is enough to authorize the fact, and turn the guilt into a pardon, if not a pass-port.

*For they who write, because all  
write, have still,*

*That excuse for writing, and for  
writing ill.*

At this time I shall use no other,  
nor trouble thee any farther (Reader) when I have subscribed the  
Author,

*Thy Friend and Servant,*

**T. F.**



## Familiar Letters.

---

To Mr. T. C.

Sir,



T my arrival here, I finde all *out of* order, though abounding with orders. The King and Queen are departed, which makes us all *dead*; for what cause I cannot tell You, unless it were for fear of the arrival of a st. anger to this Kingdom, and one that hath been long since banished from hence: Nor durst shee appear now, but that 'tis *Parliament-time*. She was landed at *Westminster* by the rout of Water-men, when they frightened away the Bishops commig to the House of Commons door, it was put to the Vote, Whether she should come in or no? The *better part* suspecting by her habit it was *Rebellion* ( they having seen

her before in foreign parts ) would not admit her : But the *Major part* carried it in the *Affirmative*, and the five Members were appointed to entertain her ; which they, did, and some say, she was placed in the *Speakers Chair*. She came not in the Lords House, they could not *Brook* it ; but I dare *Say* she had a Conference with some of them in the Painted Chamber. Her Lodgings are provided in the *City*, where she goes attired (as necessary) with a fair new cloak of *Religion*, a *Scotch Bonnet*, a *French Doublet*, and Coats like *Dutchmens Slops* ; her hair red, like an *Irishmans* ; neither *Bands*. nor *Cuffs*, for she indures no Linnen for spite of *Lawn Sleeves*, unless a two or three *Night-caps*, because they are of *Holland*. You would wonder to see in what droves our Citizens flock after her, did you not know it is *their nature*, after *strangers*. But I'll follow her no farther, lest you suspect me for one of her followers, who am, Sir,

Your Loyal Friend.

---

To Mr. T. C.

Sir,

**T**He Fire is now broken out of the *House* and the sparks of sedition fly about the *City*, being blown by the long-winded lungs of some *Pulpsseers*. Here want not seditious *Shebans*

to blow the Trumpet, and as a *Preludium*, here is an hot skirmish of *Pens*, but the *Kings* seems to excel them, as much as an *Eagles wing* a *Goose quill*. The *Women* and *Maids* to *esponse* the quarrel, bring in their *Thimbles*, *Rings*, and *Badkins*, with as much zeal as the *Israelites* did their *Jewels* to making of their *Golden Calf*. Such a *tyde* of *Plate* every day ebbs and flows at *Gnild-Hall*, that the *Roman Emperour* who swam in wine, had he enjoyed this, might have sailed in an *Ocean of Gold and Silver*. They have exercised their *hands* and *Pens* so long, till their *Arms* begin to be engaged, and 'tis thought it may prove a *Generall Engagement*. I can go no farther for the *Press*, but must here remain, Sir,

*wholly at your disposal,*

To Mr. R. R.

*My worthy friend,*

I Received your Letter, wherein *Love* and *Friendship* seem to our-vie each other; and which is *predominant*, were not easie to determine. Whereat, how I was transported with joy, you may easier guess than I express. For those unmerited *Encomiums* you so liberally put upon me, I conceive you rather thereby instruct me what I should be, than tell me what I am. Or  
else,



else, you look'd on those poor mites with the *Multiplying-glass* of friendship. Your offer to continue this *Literal* correspondence, I willingly accept, and was never so ill bred as to neglect such a benefit, when profered. Willingly shall I *exchange* my *glass* for your *Gold*: yet how mean soever my expressions may be; you shall find them richly quilted with Love, which hath long since knit my affections to your virtues;

*Nec si surgat centimanus Gygæ,  
—divellet unquam.*

The Gyant with his hundred hands,  
Shall not untie those silken bands,  
Which bind me fast to your commands,

Concerning the Books you wrote for, I cannot but admire you should not have received them, since I delivered them to the same Carrier that brought you my Letter. They set out together, however my letter *out-strip's* them in speed, but I wonder not, that being *wing'd* with love and desire to visit that breast, which the *Muses* and *Graces* emulate to make their Habitation. I may not forget to remember my respects to your Brother, and Mr. P. and to assure you, that a letter from either of them would be very acceptable; and the rather, though you tell me *my friends are all lame, that they are not lame friends*. This is the desire of

Sir, your and their  
Friend and Servant, T. F.  
Ti

To Mr. J. A.

Sir,

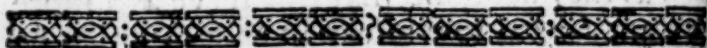
I know you will much wonder at this seeming Solecisme, and I wonder as much at the cause thereof. Having found the truth of the former part of the verse, that *vox audita perit*—I am bold to make an experiment of the latter, and try—*Si litera scripta manebit*. Since words, like running messengers, have the fate to have their errand forgot as soon as they are gone, may this serve as a more constant *Leiger*, to whisper in your ears, that he who was so bold to request that small courtesie of you, was emboldned thereto by a consideration, that he was still, as you were once pleased to style him, *your Friend*. I protest, Sir, in that confidence I so long importun'd you, that I was aſhamed to appear to you again with the like request. And yet, desirous to see that poor brat of my own brain, I resolv'd to make use of this *Proxie*, the rather, because (you know) *Litera non erubescunt*. Sir, I readily believe that your occasions are great; yet, if you please to *make truce* with your time, but so long as you may look that poor paper, I will engage the utmost of my abilities to make you a requital; and if you doubt of my ability, 'twill be a work of *charity* in you to *forgive* me.

In

In *Solomons Temple* there was an *outer Court*, into which strangers were admitted; and an *inner Court*, where onely *Jewes* were to assemble; and the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, where onely the *High Priest* might enter. Give me leave to tell you, that though you shut me out of the *Sanctum Sanctorum* of your *Friendship*, nor will admit me into the *inner Court* of your *Familiar*, you shall not exclude me from the *outward Court* of your acquaintance. And in this resolve he rests, that is Sir,

*What, or how you please*

*to call him beside* T. F.



To Mr. C. F.

*My Real Friend,*

I Received your welcome Letter, and as welcome Token: For the one I send you an Answer, though not *answerable*; but to the other, I forbear to *retaliate*, lest I should thereby turn your *Gift* into a *Bargain*.

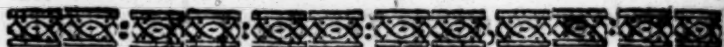
Sir, I am very glad to hear that you receive your due money for your spiritual bread, although, I fear, it is not the *Tenth* of your desert, knowing that you cannot feed them but with *fine Flour*. And although I would not rob your Family of their *Dimensum*, yet shall I hope you will not deny me a continuance of those

those witty crumbs that fall from their Table. Nor can I be so far mine own enemy, as not to think of yours, as *Tully* did of *Atticus* his Epistles, that the *longest are the best*. And assure your self, as *Cato* said, *He never knew an old man forget where his gold was*. My Fancy often turns *Forrester*, and walks the round, till I meet with you, when I am infinitely transported with that but *imaginary* enjoyment of that person I so much delight in; the conceit of which, has driven me into a serious consideration and search, after the wonderful force of the *Imagination*. And I find, some have been *kill'd*, others *preserv'd*, meerly by the strength of their imagination. Here could I be tediously copious in as *facetious as strange* stories to this purpose; but I will not, with *Phormio*, read a Lecture to *Hannibal*. It shall suffice me, to hope that such *Images* of the brain are no breach of the *second Commandment*: Nor yet am I of the belief of that *Priest*, that was fully perswaded, *That nothing was false that was printed*. What ever be, I am sure *this is not*, that I am

Sir, your affectionate Friend,

T. F.

To



To Mrs. B.

Mistress,

**A**lthough unknown (but by your courtesie) I am bold hereby to salute you, and have sent this poor paper to *kiss your hands*, who have so kindly provided for *mine*; not doubting but you will as much admire at these *rude lines*, as I did at your *kinder token*. I call it *yours*, and therefore hold my self obliged by the laws of Gratitude, to return you thanks. And, lest that should be too poor a requital for so great a favour, be pleas'd to accept of this small token; for I hate to be *ingrateful*, and am loth to be in debt, either in coyn or courtesie. And, that I may not *part* those whom God hath *united*, I must not forget to return like thanks to your loving *Companion*, as knowing it was from your *Conjunction* this *Influence* proceeded. May your *Lives* be as *Lines parallel*, knowing no date till they both meet in our common *Centre* of happiness. But I fear to be tedious, time and opportunity may so propitiously befriend me, as in some kind or other, at least, to *endeavour* you a larger requital: In the *interim* acknowledge me

Your ready, though unknown

Servant, T. F.



To Mr. B. R.

Sir,

Being informed by our common friend N. H. that your intentions are for—next week, I thought it unmannerly, or rather unfriendly, not to bid you *Farewel*: And I know not better how, than in the words of the *Lyrick Poet* to his *Florus*,

*I bone quo virtus tua te vocat, I pede Fausto.*

And this not being present in person, I am forc'd to do by *Proxie*, and with *Jo* in the Poet, *Litera pro verbis*. I dare believe, though you go farther off, yet your affection will be never the less; for I may justly conter on you, what one once did on *Augustus*,

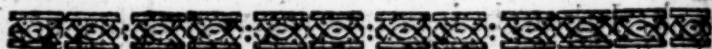
*Rarus tu quidem ad recipiendas amicitias, ad retinendas verò constantissimus.*

Story tells us of two *Palm-trees*, growing on the two opposite banks of a River, which notwithstanding the distance of the roots, and despite of the intervening water, did lovingly *infoliate* and twine their branches: So, notwithstanding the distance of place, our bodies are planted in, maugre all opposition, we may entwine our branches (Letters I mean) neither (I hope) shall any envious *Caterpillar* (or false friend)

friend) eat away those *leaves*, so long as life remains in the root of

*Sir, your unfeigned Friend,*

T. F.



*To M. A. E.*

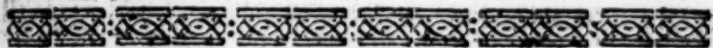
*Worthy Sir,*

**T**He opportunity of this Bearer is sufficient importunity to me of troubling you at this time, and your wonted ingenuity, I hope, will be my sufficient warrant: Nay. I should be very much wanting to my self, and that respect I owe you, if I should not. To let you know, that you have not sown the seed of your favours in an altogether barren soyl, as doth he that confers a benefit on an ingrateful person. But it is my grief, that the crop of my abilities falls so much short of your *desert*, and my *desire*. To tell you any Newes, were but to put you in mind of those miseries which you are already too sensible of; yet, lest you should expect it, be pleas'd to understand, there was another message came lately from the *K.* to the *H. H.* who have voted an answer to it; God grant it may be for Peace, the onely *Aqua-vita* to restore this fainting Kingdome. I hope it is not yet  
with

with us, as it was once in *Persia*, when there was a Law made against Peace; though I know subjects seldome draw the sword against their Sovereign, but they throw away the scabbard. I forbear to say more, because I know not whose hands my letter may go through; such is the misery of our Times. that *Burglary* in this kind was never more practis'd. nor less punish'd: Nay, *Lyes* are more tolerable now in *Print*, than loyal *Truth* in *Writing*: Yet fear I not who sees and knows that I profess my self (as I am)

*Sir, your devoted Servant,*

T. F.



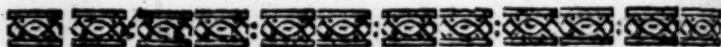
To Mr. T. F.

*Sir,*

NOT having had the happiness to see you of late, and hearing that you intend to let the Country ingross your company, I thought good to visit you by this *silent*, yet (to make it a *Paradox*) *speaking* messenger, and I had rather you should imagine the cause; yet, if you will not, I must be bold to tell you, that I much wonder I should all this while hear no noise of my *Viol*. Seriously, Sir, I had such a confidence of your reality to your friends (in which number I esteem my self one) that I could not believe the  
con-

contrary, though it were strongly infligated to me. And Sir, whether your usage of me hath been answerable to my expectation of you, I leave yourself to judge. I cannot imagine that you should think I would sell my — for the mending or lend it, with an intention to lose it. I should be very sorry, that that which was made for *Harmony*, should be an *Instrument of Discord* between friends; it lies in your power to prevent it: I am willing to believe you will; give not, I pray, my good opinion of you the lye, because I desire to remain,

Sir, your Friend,  
T. F.



To Mr. J. A.

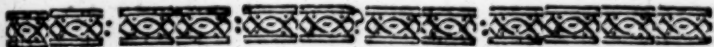
Sir,

Since your departure, the cruel Fates, intending thereby to make me truly miserable, have robb'd me of a *very friend*, and that by the irrecoverable hand of *Death*; and, as if they intended me the *sole object* of their envy, have protracted, if not put off the performance of your promis'd courtesie; so that now I am left alone, solitarily pondering the complaint of old *Erasmus*: *Amicorum meorum, alii moriuntur, alii mutant animam*. Me thinks I am depriv'd of all my Senses, since I can neither see you, nor hear, either of, or from you. Knowing  
not

not the reason, I am ready to believe the best, and have *Charity* (which *Erasmus* in his time compar'd to a *Friers Cowle*, because it covers a multitude of sins) enough to hide all surmises, till *Time*, the son of *Truth*, shall discover all things in their perfect colours. Me thinks I have the fortune of some children, who having lost one arrow, shoot another after it, hoping thereby to find it, and not seldom lose both : However you shall not Him, that will resolve to continue

Your entire Friend,

T. F.



To Mr. N. C.

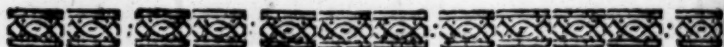
Sir,

I Have sent you as many Letters, as there are Graces, and now, I hope, I may lawfully desist, and I have the old rule for my warrant : *Si ter pulsanti nemo respondit, abito*. I have long look'd, and attentively listned for that happy word, which should at once put a period to your silence, and mine expectation. Happily you may thereby tacitly instruct me of the unwelcomeness of my too forward scribbling ; but I shall end with this, lest I fall under the lash of the *Italiau Proverb* : *Chi scrive à chi non risponde, ò è matto, ò hà di bisogna* : He that writes to one that answers not, either he is a fool, or has



has need of him. Your silent action makes me remember the conceit of one, that going in the street, and seeing the Signe of the *Golden Cross*, would lay a wager with him that went with him, that he would make the Master of the shop (whom I very well know) to pull down his Signe without speaking a word to him: The wager being laid, he pulls off ~~his~~ his hat, and drops half a dozen legs to the Signe; first, on one side, and then on the other; which the Master of the shop seeing, thinking to prevent his future *Superstition*, suddenly pulls down his Signe, which is now supplied with the badge of the *Gilded Trumpet*. Enough this time, when I have subscribed

Yours, T. F.



To Mr. R. R.

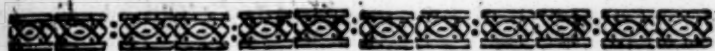
Sir,

I Am so ambitious of continuing our ancient friendship, almost as old as our selves, that I cannot omit the least occasion, that may *increase or preserve* it. And although, me thinks, I hear you tell me, that my *sounding* on so slight a *knock*, doth but argue me the *empter vessel*, whilst you who are more *full fraught*, give no answer, though with much *importunity*; I have no other excuse, but to tell you, that I do it, to let you see, I had rather seem to be a *troublesome*, than a *forgetful* friend. Truly sayes our English Proverb: *He loves not at all, that*  
*knows*

knows when to make an end. And the *Italians* are not amiss, who say, *L'amore senza fine, non ha fine.* Love that has no by-end, will know no end.

For my part, I profess no other end in my affections, but your *service*, for which I once gave you my *Heart*, and now my *Hand*, that the World may see whose servant is

T. F.



To Mr. C. H.

Mr. Ch.

AS I was going to Church, to keep the *Fast*, your Letter encounter'd me, and (as good reason) turn'd my *Fast* into a *Feast*; but such a one, as my *Senses* were more employ'd on, than my *Palat*: It rejoyc'd me exceedingly to hear of that ingenious *Fl.* though I expected to have heard from him before this: But I see

*Non factis sequimur omnia quæ loquimur,*  
I am sure, *Non passibus aquis.*

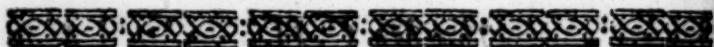
To those *Poësies* you tell me of, I shall only answer them with expectation, since the *Instructor* of the Art of Poetry tells me;

*Nec verbum verbo, curabis reddere.*

And to return you something for your *Newes*, I can only tell you this, that our streets abound with *Grashoppers* silenc'd by our great *Hercules*; and others, that look like horses  
L thrown

thrown into a certain River in *Italy*, which are consumed to the bare bones. For your desire to be made merry, I must confess, *Lata decet letis pascere corda jocos*. But for you to desire it of me, seems to be a jest it self. I doubt to be tedious, and well know *Seneca's* rule, That an Epistle should not *Manum legentis implere*. I onely take time to subscribe my self

Your true Friend, T. F.



To Mr. S. M. at Barbados.

Friend,

I Received your as welcome, as unexpected Letter; of which I will say, in the words of *Seneca* that famous Moralist, in an Epistle to his friend *Lucilius*, *Exulto quoniam lego Epistolam tuam, implet me bonâ spe: jam non promittit de te, sed spondet*. And God forbid that I should be so uncharitable, as not to believe it: Yet, let me tell you, that without the reality of the actions, it is but a *dead letter*; nay, 'twill prove a *deadly*, for, should you neglect to do, what you there promise, or speak there, more than you do, that very letter will one day rise up in judgment against you. Pardon my plainness, and think never the worse of the Truth for my bad language; Truth may many times have bad cloaths, yet has she alwayes a good face. It is a good mark of the moral Philosopher, that sheep do not come to their shepherd, and shew him how

how much they eat, but make it appear by the fleece that they wear on their backs, and the milk which they give. I will not wrong the sharpness of your judgment by applying the Moral. I have read of two famous Painters, who, to shew their skill, the one drew a bunch of grapes so lively, that he cozened the Birds; the other drew a veil so perfectly over his grapes, that he deceiv'd the Artificer himself: Could we draw the colour of our good works never so lively, as to cozen every mortal eye, and draw so fine a veil over our evil deeds, as to conceit our selves into a conceit we had none, yet is there an All-seeing eye, to whom the darkest secret is most apparent: Did we but truly consider this, it could not chuse but hinder us from committing those things we would be ashamed to do in the sight of Man, which we daily doe in the sight of an Omniscient God. Therefore the advice of the Heathen Philosophers, may be made good Christian practice, who advised to set the conceit of Cato, or like Grave man, alwayes before us, to keep us from doing what might mis-besit their presence. It is a Character of the wicked man, drawn by the Divine hand, that in all his wayes he sets not God before his eyes: There is also another witness within us, that can neither be brib'd, nor blinded. *O te miserum, si contemnis hunc testem!* Have a care to offend that Bird in the breast, that must one day sing, either your joyfull Epitaph, or more dolefull Dirge. Camden our English Historiographer, tells us of a place in Staffordshire, call'd Wotton, in so dolefull a place, un-

der the barren Hill *Weaver*, that it is a common Proverb of the neighbours,

*Wotton under Weaver,  
Where God came never.*

But alas! there's no such place on Earth to be found; yet can I tell a place where his pure Spirit abhors to enter, namely, into a person contaminated and defiled with sin, and thereby made the *harbour* of *Satan*, and *barred* of the most *High*.

Whereas you tell me you are fain to *labour*, let me comfort you with this, that it is as *universal* as *unavoidable* a Fate laid on us by the mouth of *Truth*. *Man* is born to *labour*, as the *sparks* to fly upward: As if *Man* and *Labour* were *Termini Convertibiles*. But that you take more pleasure now in *Labour*, than you did before in your *Pleasure*, it much comforts me, assuring me that you are now sensible of that which the *Romans* taught by placing *Angina*, the goddess of sorrow and pain, in the Temple of *Volupeia*, the goddess of *Pleasure*; as if that pain and sorrow, were the necessary consequences of pleasure: Whereas on the contrary, *Goodness* is like the Image of *Diana*, *Pliny* speaks of: *Intrantes, tristem; Euntes, exhilerantem*. How wretched therefore is their condition, that have their portion in this life! Well may we be *strangers* in this worldly *Egypt*, so we may be *inhabitants* hereafter of the *Heavenly Canaan*. And you, and I may say in the words of *Seneca*, *Satis multam temporis sparsimus, incipiamus nunc in uasa colligere*: We have spent time enough  
al-



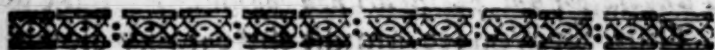
already, and 'tis high time now to save the rest and to make the best of the remnant of our life, because we know not how short it is. It was a wise caution of *Eleazer*, a Jew, who being demanded, *When it would be time to repent, and amend?* Answered, *One day before death.* And when the other replied, *That no man knew the day of his death.* Begin then (said he) even to day, for fear of failing. *Hoc proprium inter cetera mala, hoc quoque habet, stultitia proprium, semper incipit vivere, quid est enim turpius, quam senex vivere insipiens.* Give me leave, not to instruct you, but to tell you what counsel I desire to practise; for it was an envious disposition of that Musician, that would play so softly on his Harp, that none could hear but himself. First, 'Tis my care not too much to indulge my body, as knowing that those things the body inclines to most, are of the world, which is enmity with God; and what the Spirit prompts to most, must needs be best, because the Spirit is heavenly, and more of kin to the Deity. *Honestum ei vile est, cui corpus nimis charum est;* said one, that knew well what he said: 'Tis not for nothing that our inward spirit is alwayes most sad, when our outward man is most merry. In the second place, 'Tis my desie to avoid ill company, because, as 'tis said of the Tyrant *Mexantius*, *Corpora corporibus iungebat moribus vivis.* In that the Living rather putrefied by reason of the Dead, but the Dead did not revive by the Living. Such is the nature of man, saith St. Gregory, *Ut quoties bonus malo conjungitur, non ex bono malus meliorerit, sed ex malo bono contaminetur.*

*natur.* It is a good caution therefore St. Bernard gives (in his 48th. Sermon in *Cantic.*) writing upon these words, *As the Lilly among thorns, &c.* *Vide* (saith he) *quomodo caute anchulas inter spinas.* I speak this the rather, because I presume you walk there among thorns, and I know not whether there be a place there like the street in Rome, that was called *vicus sobrius*, because there was never an Ale-house in't. And, as Socrates said of Alcibiades (that miracle of his time) when he saw him among Gallants, *I fear not Him, but his Company.* Now the number of this Company, should not be a meanes to make us run with them, but rather to run from them. And to this end, 'tis necessary for a man to be ever resident on his Calling, lest he be turn'd out of his Living, or at least of his well living, for non-residency. Out of a mans Calling, out of Gods Protection. 'Tis an Apothegme of a late Wit, That he who counts his Calling a Prison, shall at length make a Prison his Calling. But whither do I straggle? Me thinks I hear you say, as Queen Elizabeth once did to an Ambassador, who made a long Oration before her in high terms, She answer'd him, *Expectavi Legatum, Inveni Heraldum*; I expected an Ambassador, but find an Herald: So, me thinks, I hear you say, *Expectavi Epistolam, Inveni concionem.* I must confess, I might have learn'd so much modesty from Roscius the Roman Orator, who was ever mute when he din'd with Cato; and the Thrush never sings, if the Nightingale be by. I might very well have spar'd this labour, it being perform'd so well by—yet if I have done amiss,

it shall satisfie me, that I did it to satisfie mine own conscience. Now might I *relaxare animum*, recreate your mind, by making you some *mirth* with the *discords* of our Times; but truly they appear to me a fitter subject for our *tears* of sorrow, than of *mirth*. Assure your self, I had not thus far transgressed upon your patience, did you not know me to be

Perfectly your Friend,

T. F.



To Mr. A. E.

Sir,

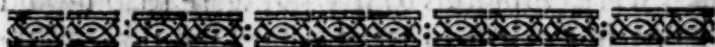
**T**HOUGH I have not had the happiness of late to be so propitiouly be-friended by occasion as to write to you,; yet am I so confident of your wonted ingenuitie, that you will not attribute it to any neglect of mine; which if I were conscious to my self were so, I should judge it a crime so great, that I should not forgive my self. But the truth is, I find more danger in the *conveying* of Newes, than in the *hearing* of it: Nay, my misery is, I cannot, or dare not at least, inform you of more than every Pamphlet can; to such a height of suspicion are we now arrived. Besides so barren is each day of Newes, that 'tis not worth *doing penance in a sheet*: yet, because you are desirous to know (and I as willing to satisfie your desire) what's done in the *Assembly* and *P.* I

will venture to tell you in an old story. 'Tis this: Mr. Popham, when he was Speaker, and the lower House had sat long, and done, in effect, nothing, comming one day to Queen Elizabeth, She said to him, Now, Mr. Speaker, what hath pass'd in the lower House? He answered, If it please your Majesty, seven weeks. You need fear no danger in this, for 'tis Nothing; and the Treaty is come to as much, both Parties being not like to meet, standing still at their former distance. This was prettily Emblem'd by two Sphærical bodies, touching onely in *Puncto* with this Motto, *Pungere possunt, pacificari non possunt.*

Thus, Sir, you see, amidst these dusky clouds, Friendship dares mingle flames in a *Convex*, though not in a *direct* line. Ascertain your self of this, That as it shall ever rejoyce me to hear of your health; so it shall be my endeavour alwayes to be

Your unfeigned Friend,

T. F.



To my Father.

Sir,

**A**fter the remembrance of my duty, which at all times wants not in my *will*, though sometimes in my *power*. I lately saw Mr. M. but cannot tell you whether with greater joy, or grief. It rejoyc'd me exceedingly to hear of your health, but grieved me more to hear of my Mothers grief, for a false information, that

I was a *Sectary*, and a *Malignant*. Give me leave therefore to say something, whereby I may at once recover her right opinion, and my reputation. And first for the *Sectary*. Should I say nothing, my *practice* were enough to testifie, that I do as much *shun their Companies*, as hate their *Tenents*. I count them as *molees and warts*, nay, *wens* in the face of the *Body Politick*, which, if not timely lanced, will in time not onely *deface*, but *destroy* our Common Mother the *Church*; Neither do I love to run into those *by-ways* of *Sects* and *Schismes*, but rather keep the *safer road* of the *Churches practice*. There is but *one Way*, *one Truth*; and I account all those (not one better than another, but) *all out of that one Way*, *all opposites* to that *one Truth*. I esteem them but as *wilde beasts* broken into the *Vineyard* of the *Church*, the hedge of our Government being pull'd up; but as *nettles and weeds*, (sown and water'd by that envious man) grown up to such an height, that will in time, not onely *o're-top*, but *o'return* the good corn. They are true *vipers*, a beast, whereof *Naturalists* report, that first the *she-viper* biteth off the *he-vipers* head, and so she conceives with young, and those young gnaw a passage through their *dams* belly; so that their life is the death of both Father and Mother, as I may so speak. This story I onely relate, not apply, the *Time* and *Times* will not permit me. But that these Vermin do daily encrease, is as true as *lamentable*; and they go on with that impudence, that they dare to quote Authority for their false actions. It this be not enough

to



to evince my integrity in this particular, I here protest, that I am so far from *falling*, or *leaning* after any of these wayes, that I utterly abhor and detest them. I come now, to wipe off that other aspersions of a *Malignant*; a term that hath as much *simplicity* as *malice* in't: For indeed, it is a name fitter for the *Devil*, than a *Christian*; nay, the *Devil*, in *French*, is call'd *The Malignant Spirit*: And, according to the true signification of the word in our language, it signifies one that bears malice, or grudge to another. Now, if this be the thing is meant, I thank God, I bear no man in the world the least grudge or spight; therefore, in that regard, I am no *Malignant*: But, if this be not their meaning, for my part, I doubt of knowing it, whilst they are ignorant of it themselves. Well, I see I must, like children, frame a Baby of clouts to shoot at, fancie a conceit in my brain, which I must confute. If then, by a *Malignant*, is meant one that opposeth the *Parliament*; be it known, that I never, in the least word or action, did, or will do any thing to *adoption* me to be a *Malignant*: Or, if by it is intended such a one, as will not run with the *giddy multitude*, that run before they are sent, and are for that (with less simplicity, though as much malice, term'd *Round-heads*) that is, one that in ever turning, is never settled. And, indeed, I know not how they should otherwise but wander in the *Labyrinth* of Errors, not following the *Cloud* of the Churches practice: whereas, it is the Character of a good man, to be like the *Timber of Noah's Ark*, which was (not round, but)

but) *four-square*, and would, therefore, not  
*move*, but abide *firm*: If to be so, be to be a Ma-  
 lignant, I care not to profess my self one. It  
 is with men in these Times, as I have observ'd  
 in a Company of Souldiers, upon any motion,  
 those that are skilful and tried Souldiers, it is but  
 taking a step with *one foot*, whilst the other *stands*  
*fast*, and the motion is performed; whereas such  
 as are ignorant, run to and fro, perplexing them-  
 selves, and putting the whole company *out of*  
*order*, before they get into *theirs*. So it is with  
 us, we move not without the word of Com-  
 mand, and then we shall, without molestation,  
*face about*, if our *Leaders* think fit: Holding in  
 this particular, the Politicians rule; *However*  
*we admire what's past, to submit to what's present*.  
 It were easie to be infinite in this discourse.  
 To shut up all, when I know better what it  
 is to be a *Malignant*, I shall be ready to give  
 an account of my *judgment* and *practice*. In  
 the mean time, I beseech you to believe, that I  
 am neither *Secretary*, nor *Malignant*: But

Sir, your dutiful Son,

T. F.

To Mr. E. B.

Ned,

Give me leave to tell thee a truth in the  
 words of that witty *Martial*, to his Friend  
*Prisens*.

Cnm

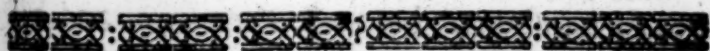
*Cum te non noſſem, dominum, regemq; vocabam,  
Cum bene te novi, tam mihi Priſcus eris.*

I will not venture at a *Translation*, leſt it ſhould loſe by't. But let me tell thee, I ſuppoſe more friendſhip in that *Monosyllable*, than all the ſwelling colours of abuſed *Rhetorick*. 'Twere a needleſs *Tautologie*, to tell thee thy Letter was welcome to me; *Diu deſiderata dulcius veniunt*. Thou doſt enhance my value of them by their ſcarcity. But, for mine, alas, poor *ex tempore* things! I make them as common, as they are eaſie; and yet am careleſs of my credit, that I may not ſeem careleſs of my friend. Thou needſt not beg ſuch a trouble, that is as certain as the Moons courſe. I am glad thou haſt got a witty Companion there, for 'twas long ſince (here) turn'd out of the *Line of Communication*. Commend me to L C. L. and tell him, his name ſhould ſpeak him my friend; for, really, I am more beholding to that name, than any one I know. But I need not goe ſo far about, 'tis ſufficient he is thy friend, and then he cannot chuſe but be mine; for, among friends, all things are common, and why not friends too? Really, I am ſo taken with that witty companion (and I knew thou wilt not be-lye him) that if he will honour me with his name in a piece of paper, I will keep it as a *Relick*. And if I have run into an abſurdity, let my fault be excuſable, in that it is in relation to that thou calleſt *Wit*; and

If Cloris doat upon her face,  
The fault is in her Looking-glass.

But for Newes, I know *your eyes* out-strip my pen, and, me thinks, I see thee *first* look for the *Newes* at the latter end; that thou readst my Letters, like *Hebrew*, backward. Yet, this time, thou wilt onely finde, *what's no Newes*, that I am

Thine, T. F.



To Mr. C. F.

Sir,

**R**esolving, not alwayes to act the *Eccho* onely in single Answers, to your welcome Letters. No longer ago than the last night (my thoughts were wholly imploy'd upon a more pleasing object than sleep it self) in a serious contemplation of you, my *Second-self*: The result of my thought, after a full consultation, were, to visit you by a more real *Proxie* than my rambling fancie: For, though I have read of a *Gentleman*, who, going to the *Spittle*, to hear one of those annual Sermons, it seemes his slownesse had shut him out of all hope of hearing, and al-

almost seeing the Preacher ; till, remembering he had a *Perspective glass* in his pocket, thereby drawing the Preacher nearer to his sight (to prove a communition of the Senses) the story tells me, he heard him audibly. I never tried the experiment, but I dare affirm, that by the *Perspective-glass* of Fancy, I have both visibly and audibly enjoy'd your wished presence. You know the old maxime is, *Ubi a-mat, ibi animat* : 'Tis therefore no *Paradox* to affirm, that I have often been in the *New Forest*, (which your sweet presence converts into a *Paradise*) although I was never there. But I fear, this is no better than *Crambe* *bus costis*, and so nauseous, I quit it therefore, and return to my first purpose, which was to tell you, that your last letter really prevented my resolved intentions, which yet I am (and ever shall be) glad of, to be thus intercepted, as professing it to be more proper to my weak pen to be *Respondent* ; which you will not doubt of, if you consider, that *Trumpeters* love to sound near *Fordy* places, where the *Eccho* ules to be most *solvibly Respondent* : But I talk of an Answer, and return none.

In brief then, thus : I begin where you end, and here desire to erect an *Altar* of thanks to the protecting providence, that shielded you (and in you my self) from that first *imminent*, then *eminent* danger ; as knowing the truth of that saying, *That Blessings often ravel out, for want of hemming by thankfulness*. I cannot speak my mind fuller, than he has done to my hand : Now, to your desire, I cannot yet return you  
other



other answer, than that the utmost of my endeavours were long since devoted to your commands : And for—I expect him daily in Town; when he is, I shall acquaint him with your intentions to him. I hear that he is already turn'd *Predicant*; me thinks 'tis something too soon, to spend his small stock of parts, which, I fear, will make him *Mendicant*. But I had forgot to tell you, that I cannot but apprehend, that Providence in your late delivery, hath plainly given you a *Caveat*, that *you*, at least *your Credit*, will be most safe in your own house. Prethee pardon me if my affection make me thus (if not too) bold, to tell thee, that you betray that precious jewel of your credit to the rape of every *felonious tongue*, which would be far more safe in your own House. I could say more, but *verbum sat*, &c. Take it as the counsel of

Your really endeared Friend,

T. F.



To Mr. E. B.

Honest Ned,

IF there be one, whom the necessitie of my *Stars* compel me to love, 'tis thee : But besides this, I find my self entangl'd with a double tye ; first, of thine unparallel'd *Love*, as the tree ; and now a gift, as the *fruit* of that : And, how willingly am I imprisoned with these fetters!

ters! which, certainly if I could, I would not break; a three-fold cord is not easily crackt. Well, I acknowledge my self, not onely thy *Debtor*, but thy *Prisoner*, and count it my onely *Liberty*. Expect no such *golden-mouthed Letter* from me, as yours was, nor any *silver-tongued Complements*: Believe me, where I see most *complement*, I suppose least *friendship*. Let me onely affirm, that though our bodies are severed, our souls still meet; though we are *divided*, we are not divorced; but like this *Virgin-widow*, still flourish, though in the All-deflowring Winter. Take it therefore, not as a *Token*, but an *Embleme* of our Love. I presume it cannot be unwelcome; if not for the *Senders*, yet for the *Author*, and the *Subjects* sake. And for the other, if there be a *Sympathy* in *Friendship* (as I believe there is) then cannot that be unpleasing to you, which was so superlative pleasing unto me. However, I have aimed onely at a supplying you with what (I conceive) your Countrey is defective in. Sure I am, the offence cannot be great (if it be so) the gift it self being so small; especially from

Your fast Friend,

T. F.

To Mr. R. R.

Worthy Friend,

With how much joy I received your exquisite Epistle, is easier for you to imagine, than me to relate. You know me too well to expect the like Return from me; yet shall I desire to follow you,

*Tamen non passibus aequis.*

And to pay you your Golden Royals (if the comparison be not too mean) with my farthing language: Yet, hoping it may be Current among friends; for, I dare assure you, they carry the stamp of the Heart.

*My Tongue's not tip't with Complements, which be —  
But like green leaves to screen Hypocrisie,  
With words as false as fair. Who Fucus laves  
Over her face, It's homeliness betrays.  
Nor skill I of the powerful charms of Art,  
But I can speak the Language of the Heart.*

I admire others Neatness, but practice Reality, which I esteem so much the more, as I find it less used. I think the *Publique Faith* has devoured all *fidelity*, and the *Sword* cut that (supposed) indissoluble knot of friendship, cancell'd the *Bond* of all *Obligations*. Henceforth, shall they be onely *Names*, and *successings* Ages not know what they meant. But to your

M

Let-

Letter, and my *Answer* ; which when I consider I cannot but apply that proper Speech of the deep *Putean* to his Friend ; *Scribere ego pœnè impudentiam, silere tu delictum censeas*. Yet know I not of any letter that lies by me unanswer'd ; for, I hold it a *breach* of the *Articles* of Friendship, not to be punctual in Returns of this Nature. If you accuse me of *breach* of promise, I cannot but tax you of *delay* in yours ; though I count this but *Billingsgate* policie. Proceed, then, my Friend, and let our friendship be a Particular Exception from the General Rule of the worlds falshood. Our sweet Flower is transplanted to a remote soyl, near the Isle of *Wight*. Pardon me, if I be covetous of your learned lines, to supply the *vacuum* of his absence : Nor is this covetousness unlawful ; for I dare pronounce it (in *Seneca's* style) *Avaritia Honestæ*. And, hoping your fair *Cham* will not disdain the silent whispers of a shallow *Forde*, assure your self, you shall not hereafter complain for want of this kind of trouble : Although, to deal ingeniously with you (as I would have my friends to deal with me) I have so long discontinued this practice, that my pen is grown blunt, and my ink thick : But some of your *Academick Flames*, may contribute much to the *sublimating* of my settled fancy, which shall wholly run in Channels of your commands : For I am

Sir, your ready Servitor,

T. F.

To L. C. L

Sir,

YOU are pleased to style me your *Honoured Friend*, which I must confess to be too *high* a style for my *low* deserts to *climbe*, did I not consider, that my *Honour* consists onely in your *Honouring me* with so unmerited a Title. 'Tis a *Maxime*, *Honor non est in honoranti, non in honorato*. Sir, I protest I intended nothing that might occasion a blush; if it were, it was more proper for my self: yet, having such a *mirrour*, I was bold, against the rules of *Maiden-modersty*, to look a stranger in the face. And truly, though I have no skill in *Palmistry*, yet, by those fair lines of your *Hand*, I dare, without fear of flatterie, tell you, that *Ned* nothing wronged you; for, I assure you, I discover in them a great deal of ingenuitie. But, to cast off all terms of distance, that we may meet in a closer conjunction, believe it, Sir, in plain English, that I love you with an *implicite* love; and shall count my self not a little happy, if those seeds of friendship, sown in Winter, may flourish in the Spring, and out-date time it self. This shall not be wanting, either in the desires, or endeavours of

Sir, your as real as unknown

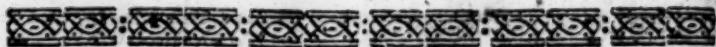
Friend and Servant,

T. F.

M<sub>2</sub>

To





To Mr. E. B.

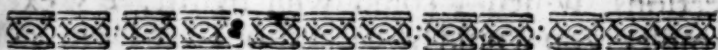
Dear Ned,

I should scarce believe there were such a thing *in rerum naturâ*, as what we call a *Friend*, did not you come in, and convince me that *you are one*; and, what's more, *Mine*. Go on, and let the world see, there is yet living that flame of *antique* friendship, which the *Ancients* boast, and we despair of. I heartily thank thee for thy last letter, though by the hand of a left-handed man-midwife it mis-carried in the delivery; and (as bearing the fate of the Author) is gone on Pilgrimage as far as *Exeter*. I much lament the loss, and should more did I not think the kinder Fates did it out of love to me, lest I should have perished with too much joy. Hast thou not heard? I am sure I have read of many, that have been smothered with too much Happiness. *Alexander*, when hearing that he was at once made Father of a Son, and Conquerour of his Enemies, desired the gods to qualifie it with some cross. It were ealie to be copious in this subject, did I not write to one, that may read to me in *History*: And, truly, my last letter had the fate to be out-dated long before I could get conveyance for it; wherein it much resembled the worm (in *Pliny*) called *Multipoda*, or many feet, and yet hath a very slow pace. Ned, I wish thee often here, yet am I never absent from thee: For, since that friendship

ship incorporated us, it is no *Paradox* to affirm, *Hoc memorabile est, ego tu sum, tu es ego, unanimi sumus*. Neither mayst thou think, that distance, or cold can sunder me, but I shall *burn* in friendship by an *Anteperistesis*. Things are now at the Height, that we expect a sudden crack: I will not make my paper guilty of relating any of it, you will see it in Print. What effects 'twill produce, I will not *Prophecie*: But you know, *The Philosopher that looked too high, fell into the ditch*. Farewel, and continue to Love

Thy constant Friend,

T. R.



To M. C. F.

My Alter Ego,

MY last was in answer to yours of the 18th of September; since when, I have been forced to recreate my fancie, with thoughts of thee my second self, as *Dido*, in the Poet, did her *Aeneas*:

*Illum absens absentem auditque, viditque.*

Which I find well paraphrased to my hand, thus:

*Whilst absence sever'd them apart,  
She saw, and heard him in her heart.*

If my thoughts were so satiated with a meer  
M<sub>3</sub> conceit,

conceit, what would your real Letters doe? which I know to be fraught with *profitable pleasure*, the perquisites of a true Epistle: And though mine be not equal to ballance yours, yet I shall endeavour to recompence in *number*, what they want in *weight*.

*Tours* are rich wares, *mine* poor baggatels,  
*Tours* Orient Gems, *mine* rugged oyster-shells.  
 Yet Tokens, with the true stamp, may  
 Be currant, though of base alloy.

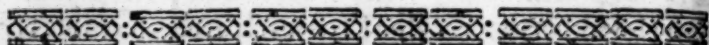
Sir, *flattery* is no part of *friendship*; *Non amo quemquam nisi offendam*, said a wise Heathen. Give me therefore leave to tell you, that you are too careless of your credit: I hear you have thereby lost much ground in your P. affections, which I could wish by Mr. E's. example, you would be careful of; for I can assure you, in these times, the *peoples affections* are but a *fickle foundation* to build ones hopes on: 'Tis a thousand pities, that the *best ground* should be the *dirtiest*, and the *best work-men* the *worst husbands*; especially one of your colour, who ought to walk not onely *caste*, but *caute*. You know who sayes, *A Ministers Doctrine is like a candle*, if not guarded by the *lanthorn* of a *cautious life*, will soon be blown out by the *wind* of *detraction*. The Egyptians *Hieroglyphick* God by an *open eye*: He is *totus oculus*; and I am perswaded, there is no colour so much in his eye as *black*. Enough of this: I am not willing to run into the common error of the Times, to usurp *Moses Chair*. If my zeal to your welfare has already committed a trespass, let it be sufficient,

ent, that it was out of perfect friendship. It is said of *Gerson* (that famous Frenchman) that he took not content in any thing so much, as in a plain and faithful reproof of his friend: And, it is the note of that venerable *Bede*, that *Semper optimos sapientum ut dictum majorum auscultent, aliquando minorum*. And I will not onely suffer, but thank you, to deal so with me. Concerning Newes, I am of the *Italians* mind, That *nulla nuova*, is *bona nuova*; the least newes is the best newes. Take it briefly thus: His Majestic doth lay aside his own Interest wholly, that He may (if possible) comply with his Conquerors; that I may truly apply to him that saying of an undaunted Captain, slighting the insulting braves of him that took him, thus: *Thou holdest thy Conquest great, in overcoming me, but mine is far greater, in overcoming my self.* 2. Death is grown as insatiable a Country *C. M.* for he hath of late swallow'd all the living creatures, men, women, dogs, cats, &c. in a whole Citie in *Spain*, not leaving one alive to relate it. But I forgot your business. I mention'd it to *Sir Ch.* who is no *Orderly man*, nor willing to receive it: I have mention'd it to others, with as much earnestness as you can imagine, but the great distance of place, makes them not meet my desires. Though I have used this (as I thought perswasive) argument, *The farther out of sight, the more safe*: For I am confident, many a mans *Good Living*, and not his *bad life*, has entitl'd him to a *Prison*. Therefore count I you wise, in *sequestering* your self, to avoid a *Sequestration*. Sir, I hope you will

not judge of my endeavours by the success, but  
believe me to be

*Yours as real as obliged Friend*

*and Servant, T. F.*



*To Mr. E. B.*

*Bad, wicked warr. Anagr.*

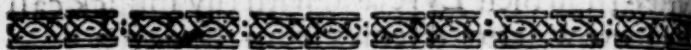
*Honesty,*

**N**OW must my wearied fancy undertake  
A tedious task : to seek *I know not where,*  
Whom I shall find, alas! *I know not when :*  
Yet on I must, bound by a thred of love,  
Which happily may prove a *claw* to guide  
Me in this wide Mæandring Labyrinth.  
So have I seen (as groping in the dark)  
An arrow shot at randome, hit the mark.  
On then, my Pilgrim-pen, mask'd in the weeds  
Of blackest sorrow ; and with big swollen eyes,  
*Seek* him thou canst not *see* : make hills & dales  
Resound with thy loud voicing of that name,  
Whose Eccho stands in competition with,  
And far out-vies the musick of the Spheres :  
At whose sole sound my duller senses dance  
A Galliard ; but that failing, liteless stand.  
Like that strange Lake, that whilst the musick  
founds,  
Doth flow in measures ; and then ebb as fast,  
When that doth cease. Or like the stones & trees  
That



That danc'd attendance on *Orpheus* Harp.  
Strike thou blest Lyre, and with thy musick call  
My sorrow-fetter'd senses from the grave  
Of lumpish grief; which Resurrection must  
Only be wrought by thine all-charming pen:  
Or else, as great *Augustus*, in a kifs,  
Surrender'd up his latest breath unto  
His dearest *Livia*; thereby making her  
Sole Heir to that surviving part, which long,  
By transmigration, lived in her breast.  
So must my starved Hopes surrender to  
Those long and fierce assailants, which besiege  
Me, with their troops of fears, and pale despair,  
If not relieved by thy timely quill.  
But fear, like to a cunning enemy,  
Doth labour to perswade my jealous thoughts,  
That thou art not in a capacitie.  
Now, therefore quickly, my *Terpander*, come  
With thy Harmonious layes, allay these stirs,  
And civil broyls, in my perplexed thoughts,  
For fear they mutinie, and me betray.  
Delay not, now, to give my fears the lye:  
For, spinning out the thred of time, will make  
But a sad woof to cloath my sorrows with,  
And turn my Tragick verse to Elegies.  
And thus my many, feet have almost run  
My fancie out of breath: Here I must rest,  
And *Tantalize* with weary expectation,  
Till mother-time (thar's gravidated with  
A dubious issue) be deliver'd of  
A masculine, white boy of mirth, or with  
A female Negro of grief; which will be  
Strange welcome to

Thoue Servant, *Allégre*.



To Mr. S. M.

Sir,

IT is reported by *Pliny*, that *Apelles*, that famous Painter, was wont, when he had finished any piece of work, or painted table, to set it forth in some open place, or thorow-fare, to be seen of Passengers; and himself would lie close behind it, to hearken what faults were found in it; in that, preferring the judgment of the vulgar, before his own, imagining they would spie more narrowly, and censure his faults more severely than himself could. Having exposed this homely piece to publick view, I have, with *Apelles*, lien unseen, and to that purpose, unknown, that thereby I might the better learn what others opinions were thereof: Not trusting to my own, as knowing that *Elia* was not the onely indulgent Father to his own Off-spring. And, as it was his aym to relie upon the judgment of the most judicious (of which number, I esteem your self none of the least) it had been presented to you in the first place, had I not been deterred, as not daring to approach the scorching rayes of your severe censure: Like him, that being in the presence of *Augustus* the Roman Emperor (who had a piercing Eagle-eye) turn'd away his face; the Emperour demanding the reason why he did so? He replied, *Quia fulmen oculorum tuorum ferre non possum.* The like may I affirm: Lime

*lumen tetigi, terq; recedi.* Oft have I been about it, and as oft repulsed by the consciousness of mine own unworthiness: Yet have I, at length, adventured, in confidence that you have, as well charity to pardon, as judgment to find out errors. With such a hope therefore, that you will screen your severer censure with a veil of charitie, I have, at length, presumed this into your presence: The rather, because I do hereby but return you the Hony, made from the various flowers of your own garden; where, I hope, I have not (as some that do, *Spinas librorum colligere*) weeded books; but crop't their blossomes, and yet left never the less behind me. *Naturalists* (those Clerks of Natures closet) report of the *Peach-tree*, that it receives the qualitie of the soyl where it is planted. In *Persia* it is *poisonous*, elsewhere *nutrimental*: Such is the condition of our nature, that it ever reteines the favour of that liquor wherewith it was seasoned in its youth. It hath been *my care*, and is *my hope*, that I may one day affirm that of the Philosophers scholar, *Me mihi melior reddidit, quam accepit*. Another obligation there is also, which hath occasioned in me this present boldness, and to you this present trouble: That you are one that do not *scanam servire*, but are truly sensible of the irregular actions of those, who would be thought the line of Truth. I think the Poet Prophesied of our age, when he complain'd,

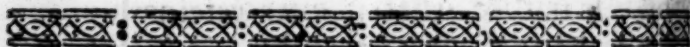
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*Vieta jacet pietas, & cedit viribus æquum.  
Non metunt leges, stat pro ratione voluntas.  
Omnia pro tempore, nihil pro veritate.*

Comines complains, that many mens Offices and Lands were taken from them for running away (in the Battle between Lewis the 11th. and the Burgundians) and given to those that ran nine miles farther. But I have made too long a Parenthesis in your more serious occasions; and, me thinks, I hear Apelles his *Ne sator ultra crepidam*, rounded in my ear. I here cease, though not from being

Your faithful Servant,

T. F.



To Mr. C. F.

Sir,

YOUR Letter of the 2d. of November, came safe; and though late, yet at last I return you an answer: For, though the Apostle saith, it is the duty of a good servant *ut answeret* not answering again: yet I think, it is no part of a good friend. Whereas you tell me, it is no Newes to hear of the theft of felonious tongues, but that it were a greater wonder, if they should turn honest, it puts me in mind of a facetious speech of the grave Cato: When one asked counsel of him soberly, what harm he thought boaded

boarded him, because *Rats* had gnaw'd his *Hose*? He answered with this jest: That it was a strange thing to see that; but it had been much more strange, *If his Hose had devoured the Rats*. Now, to be serious. If you will needs know from whence that smock came, I must tell you, it arose from the *New Forrest*, but I discover'd it at *London*; and finding it might forewarn a storm, I was bold to forewarn you of it, because, you know, *Pramonitus*, *pramunitus*. Neither ought you (I suppose) to despise it, (especially coming from a hand aimed only at your safety. Great ships have been cast away by a little leak unlook'd to. I remember the Fable that the *Butterfly* asked the *Owle*, *How she should deal with the fire that had scorched her wings? Who counselled her, not to behold so much as its smock*. And, because you will know of me where this vapour did beat in; Truly, I was informed, you were like to ruine your fortune, and that by one whom I know you esteem your friend. Therefore was I bold to advise you to provide an *Ark* against the *Deluge*: Not like the merry Scholar in *Chaucer*, that he might lie with the *Carpenters* wife. But I talk idle. Really, I had not said any thing, had I not been confident, you would take it with the *right hand*, as I gave it; and the rather, that I might thereby engage you to deal with me in the same manner: For, *Hoc officium* (as I take it) is *Maximum beneficium*. And now, would not my very excuse increase my fault, I would Apologize for my (I fear) too tedious prolixitie. I will onely add, that I shall

be



be very glad your more urgent businesse would permit you to punish me in the same kind: Who am, not quaint, nor quick now, but still

Your entire Friend,

T. F.

Poste.

The *Fratres Gladiferi* are still predominant. People were never so poor, nor never so brave, as if they would be proud by an *Antiperistasis*.



To Mr. J. W.

Sir,

THat you accost me with the name of *Friend*, I am not a little joyful, but more to be yours. It is a term used *by all*, understood by *few*, but practised *by none*, that I can find. But I will not build my credit upon the ruines of others: It is sufficient, that I can boast of this, that I am yours; and I hope you will still deign to be mine. And now Sir, I shall return an answer to the several particulars of my Letter, *Ordine quisque suo*. First, You tell me you are solitary and Hermetical. I could hardly forbear envying of your Happinesse: 'Tis a life as much *desire*, as I little *hope* for. But, *Sive pluit Jupiter, aut non pluit, non omnibus placet*. And so I quit that, and am arrived at your desire, which to me is a sufficient command. 'Tis

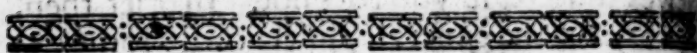
Newes

Newes you desire, and it would have been Newes indeed, if you had not. In brief then, *Kent* is, for the general, quiet, onely some excepted places: But, to make you laugh, *Prophet*, *Hunt*, the other day, at a full *Exchange*, came crowding into the middle, with a joynt-*fool* upon his head; which, when he had set down, he stood upon, and cried, *O yes, if any man in the Town, or Country, can tell me what good the Parliament hath done these eight yeares, let him come, and speak, and I'll sit down and hear him;* and, that you may know the truth of it, he is in *Bridewell* for his labour. And now I meet with your *Cordial*, which is *Cordiality*, well may we invent new terms to signifie realitie by; for I think, hereafter the old will not be understood. I have remembred you to as many as I suppose your friends, and have only in return, Mr. *Th. E's* service. The rest, not concluding you aymed at them in particular, since you onely shot at *Rovers* in the general. The second part of your commands, I have performed onely upon your welcome Letter, and have sent this to kiss your hands. If this may contribute any thing to the delivery of your expectation, I shall count your acceptance a sufficient reward. But I will not add feathers to the wings of time, which I know you put to lawful usury. Here then I take my Rest, and resolve to remain,

*Sir, yours ready to serve you,*

T. F.

To



To Mr. W. L.

Will.

LET my *Hand* now speak for my *Heart*, and know, that the *lines* of the one, is the *language* of the other. But I will not tire thee with a pre-  
amble, lest it might be suspected for a piece of *Rhetorical* insinuation; but abruptly tell my er-  
rand, without respect so much as to a civil  
Complement. Will. How really I am obliged  
to thee in my affections, my engagements  
thereto, by thy many multiplyed courtesies,  
may sufficiently testifie: And for that reason  
(to make short work) I am resolved to give  
thee that, for which, from another I should  
have expected, and happily have had a price.  
You cannot imagine me so little *Man*, or that  
to cost me so little *paines*, but that I must con-  
ceive it worth as much as every puny Pam-  
phlet; or (grant it were not) think me so sim-  
ple, as to run the *Gantelope* of the worlds censure  
for *Nothing*. Yet is not any, or all of these  
strong enough to draw me from dispensing  
with mine own profit, or credit, when they  
stand in competition with a friend. In brief  
therefore, if you can imagine it worth your  
acceptance, or but enough to strike off the least  
notch from the tally of mine engagements, tis  
yours. I refer it, and my self, wholly to your  
dispose. Some (you cannot but think) I must  
bestow

bestow on some friends; and I should be loth  
to buy, what I did not sell, or have and must  
give away. My short stay here, will not ad-  
mit any long delay. Let thy answer be like  
my time, and my departure, short and shortly.  
I am still

Your long-lasting Friend,

T. F.

To Mr. J. W.

My friend,

Or so I presume to call you, because, if your  
Tongue and Heart were *Relatives* when you  
wrote your last kind Letter, you were pleased  
to dishonour your self with that Title. To  
lay aside all terms of distance, that we may  
close, and mingle soules in the flame of friend-  
ship, pardon me hereafter, if I lay aside the name  
of Mr. as incompatible with that of friendship.  
But let me tell you, that I can scarce think  
your invective against *Complements* to be real,  
since you cannot compleat your Letter without  
them. Tully once told a Lawyer, pleading a  
bad cause: *Tu nisi fingeres ne sic ageres.* For  
your *Complements* you bestow on me and  
mine, I shall onely assure you, you struck the  
ball to an ill hand, if you look for a rebound.  
Your quibble upon my name, would have  
marr'd me exceedingly, had you not married  
and so marr'd it with so dis-agreeing an Epithet,

N

thate,

thire, as to call that *deep*, whose very name speaks it but *shallow*: So that by styling me *deep*, you have taken away my name of *Fords*. But if you will have my Etymologic, it is this; *Vadere* à *vadendo*, from going; and so it tells you, that I shall never be wearie of travelling in your service. Or, if you will, it is *πάροχον* à *παίω*, *transcere*, to pass over, and so I pass it by. That that poor draught has satisfied your thirst, I am not a little glad; but it seems, it was of the nature of salt water, which makes the drinker but the drier. And truly, I question not but you are, if you keep your promise, and not drink till the return of this, which I wish may be answerable to your expectation. For your complaint of want of Books, I conceive it needless in you, who are a walking Library. Now will I relate what they here tell for truth. One *Rapin* (something near *Ravillac*) a Shoemaker, had plotted to have brought his Majestie to his *Shop*; but (as Heaven would have it) he prov'd but a *Cobler* at it, and so was discovered. Your Letter which mine was *big with*, is safely delivered, by

Your Friend and Servant,

T. F.



To Mr. E. B.

My best of Friends,

Blinding friendship to be as cold as the weather,  
 we thought to repel it, by celebrating this  
 present time with the remembrance of thee;  
 when we turned thy *Aurum Palpabile* into *Au-*  
*rum Potabile*; and I dare affirm it was *Cordial*.  
 We did remember thee *Plenis poculis*; and be-  
 cause two make no musick, we engaged two or  
 three other *Consorts*, to compleat our *Harmony*.  
 And that thou mayst see, we did not only drink  
 like irrational animals, I will tell thee (if my  
 memory fail me not) the *Original of Healths*.  
 When the *Danes* Lorded it over our Kingdomes  
 (whence by corruption they were termed *Lur-*  
*ones*) they were quartered in several Houses,  
 (a word, I must confess, I understood not when  
 I read it first; but since, the Times have in-  
 structed me with a witness.) They were so im-  
 perious, that no man thought himself secure  
 in their presence: and knowing the advantage  
 men have of one that is lifting his hand to his  
 mouth in drinking, they used (which after  
 was a custome) to drink to one at the Table,  
 who was thereby engaged to be their pledge,  
 or surety for their safety, whilst they were  
 drinking; and some of our Countries do still  
 retain the original, in answering, Sir, *I pledge*  
*for you*. To this I doubt not but the witty *Waller*  
 alludes in his *Poems*, where he sings,

Wine fills the veins, and Healths are understood,  
 To give our friends a title to our blood:  
 Who naming me, doth warm his courage so,  
 Shews for my sake what his bold hand would do.

Newes is so confused, that I know not where to begin; yet where should I, but at home: and that's in the Church-yard that you may know, *In nomine Domini incipit omne malum.* Our yard is a place of Rendezvous, a Bridewel, an Execution-place, &c. Here the gallant Pitcher went to Pot: I mean, was broken, by the merciless blind bullets; or (if thou wilt have it in plain terms) was shot to death. I could not name him without an Elegie, but that I think my Muse is run away, to seek a better Master in these hard times. And indeed, the *Muses* may well be *Maids*, for they are commonly farthest off, when most intreated. *Mary* was once the hate and burthen of the City, and the name's but Anagrammatiz'd; but they are as weary of their *Physicians*, as they were before of their disease. I cannot resemble our rich Citizens better, than to some *Hogs* I have read of, that were so fat, that *Mice* made nests in their buttocks, and they felt them not. But now they have pretty well eaten through their fat, and are come to the quick, and now they begin to be sensible of them. Here are some desperate Members, that gape wide to devour their Head, and there is nothing can rescue him but a miracle. And now, I hope, the largeness of my Letter will excuse me from adding any more

No

No wonder my Letters are so *big*, being so *old* before they come to hand. Let me onely add that I am still

Dear Ned, Thine,

*usque ad aras,*

T. F.



To Mr. C. F.

*Friend, or Brother, chuse you whether,  
Natures bonds are strong in either.*

THOUGH I never knew the happiness of a Brother, I count that want infinitely supplied, if not out-gone, by the adoption of some friends : of which number, I need not now tell you, you hold a chief place. You may easily imagine how welcome your last was to me, the rather, because it assured me of your, not onely receiving, but accepting mine ; which (seriously) I doubted, when afterward I read *Seneca's Caveat* : *Vide, non tantum an verum sit quod dicis, sed an ille cui dicitur veri patiens sit.* But, believe me, it was pure friendship that precipitated my pen ; and in friendship, those are great faults, that are not *venial*. And now — lies in your power only, to make those poor papers a true glass (as you are pleased to call them) in a reflection of my own face, without partiality ; and indeed, this was the chief intent of my designe at first : and you cannot think

how I will hug it, nay, *out-date Narcissus* himself. I hope, though you have entertained the *Graces*, you have not quite cashier'd the *Muses*: For, though the Times be hard, yet they are no *chargeable* retinue. But, I know you expect some *Newes*: and truly, here is *Nova*, & *inaudita rerum facies*. Here, they that count *Stables* as good as *Churches*, have made our *Churches* *Stables*. But enough of this, and for this time, when I have styled my self

Your diligent Observer,

T. F.



To Mr. L. C. L.

Noble Sir,

THE last clause of your last ingenious Letter, has proved a Prophecie: For, you are pleas'd to tell me, that you long for my answer, and truly I have made it a long answer, though a short letter: and that, till it come, every day's a moneth; and I am sure, it will be a moneth every day e're you have it: yet be confident, it was not for want of love, but want of leisure. You know, *Parvus amor loquitur, ingens stupet*. Great love (like great grief) must move *gradatim*. Sir, that you tell me, since you saw my lines, you are grown womanish, and long for a view. I dare not think it flatterie, because from a friend; yet am I not a little proud on't. Thus have we the happiness (like Princes) to

wooed by Picture, and wed by Proxie. For though I have hitherto been an Atheist to female love, yet have I thus often wooed, and as often won a second-self; for so's a friend, as well as a wife, and the marriage of the minds, is no less firm and honourable, than that of the body. And I will assure you, Sir, I am more ambitious of that happy visit you are pleased to promise me, than some Amoretto would be of his Mittris. In the mean-time, I shall hope to see you in those lively Images of your ingenious self. To those unmerited Encomiums you are pleased to bestow on my unworthy Poeme, I will answer nothing, save that I will make it an argument of your love to me; for 'tis a Symptome.

*Quæ minimè pulchra sunt, ea  
Pulchra videntur Amanti.*

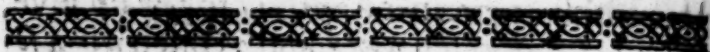
If now you expect any Newes, I must deceive your expectation; for here is none, save what you will see by the Printed Papers: and truly, I am afraid this cold weather will usher in a hotter Summer. You'l spell my meaning, though in a mysterie; because, *Plura literis committere, nec vacat, nec tutum est.* But that I am

Your most affectionate Friend

T.F.

71





To Mr. C. F.

Sir,

I Received your late ( I think last ) Letter, fraught with *Flowers* : and, credit me, with as welcome a countenance, as we behold those *early violets*, the first fruits of the Spring, after a long and tedious *Winter*. I heartily congratulate your entrance into the *Bond* of Wedlock, for 'tis a *bond*, though a *sweet one*, and question not but you have a fit yoke-fellow. Now are you a *Compleat Man*, which the *Rabbins* say no man is, till he have his female *Rib* restor'd him; which before he wanted. That you have match'd one of my name, I cannot account any other than an act of the Divine Providence, to make our *Friendship* grow up into a *Brotherhood* : So that now it shall be no longer as you say,

*Friend and Brother, chuse you whether,  
But Friend and Brother both together.*

Hereafter shall I be not a little proud of my name, that it may be serviceable to the production of such *sw et Flowers* as your self. Wonder not now, that in stead of *greeting* you with an *Epithalamium*, I *grace* you with an *Elegie*. Indeed, I must acknowledge, that *mourning* is not fit for a *Wedding garment*, yet most fit for me at this present, being really sensible of the death of the general Father of our Country,  
and

and fearful of the death of my own dear Father in particular. And to express my self in the words of the Poet,

*Hei mihi difficile est imitari gaudia falsa,  
Difficile est tristi fingere mense jocum.*

Give me leave onely to present your Wife, my Sister, with my as hearty, as invisible salutes; and so I take my leave of you both, with that of the witty Catullus:

————— Boni  
*Conjuges bone vivite, &  
munere assiduo valentem  
exercite juventam.*

This is the hearty wish of him that is proud to be accounted

*Your glad (though sorrowful  
Friend and Brother,  
T. F.*

*To Mr. E. B.*

*Ned, dear N. my N.*

**A**S I was going to write a Letter to thee, came thine to me; and, believe me, with no little welcome. I thank thee for thy Letter, more for thy Verses, but most of all, for thy constant perseverance in friendship. Go on, and let us (if possible) draw the knot of our

our love yet faster. I dare presume thou wilt, and for me, may the *Muses*, or what's more, the *Graces* hate me, when I cease to love thee: For thy superlative wishes, may they rebound a thousand times multiplied upon thine own head. But for the particular of Trading, truly, I shall chuse (in these times) to *sit down*, rather than *set up*; not daring to put to Sea, while this Tempest lasts. Me thinks, we wander still as in a night of miseries, and yet see no *Hesperus* of any comfort appear, that might be the welcome Harbinger of a more with'd for, than expected Sun: We still like (the *Andabates*) fight blindfolded. No sooner has two Parties conquer'd one, but they oppose each other: and yet, as if the Tragedie were ended, the Souldiers have routed the Players. They have *beaten* them out of their *Cock-pit*, *baited* them at the *Bull*, and *overthrown their Fortune*. For these exploits, the Alderman (the Anagram of whose name makes *A Sink*) moved in the House, that the Souldiers might have the Players cloaths given them. *H. M.* stood up, and told the Speaker, that he liked the Gentlemans motion very well, but that he feared they would fall out for the *Fools Coat*. But you know who has Acted that part, and may very well merit that, among the rest of his gifts. Ask me no more for Newes, for now I am careless how things pass, as setting down this resolution, that nothing can happen well, nor worse than has. Being stun'd with that fatal blow, I am not sensible of any thing else: only that I am still

Really thine, T. F.

To L. C. L.

Sir,

Leaving the inclosed to speak for it self, and indeed the *muteness of grief is Eloquence*. I am sorry that our infant-friendship should finde so sudden a grave of forgetfulness; but I hope it is not *dead*, though *sleeping*; Let this be as the *Trump* to awaken it to a *Resurrection*: For, assure your self, it will be as welcome to me, as a dead debt to an Usurer. We are fallen into Times (like those the Father spake of) *Inquitibus non erat quandum vivere*. And truly, these speaking pictures of my friends, are the onely *Scene* of mirth to me in this deep *Tragedy*. Pardon me Sir, if I now claim a debt of you; for a promise is a debt, I mean an *Elogie*: I'll assure you I have expected it long, and I know it will not come short of mine expectation: I know you have delay'd it all this while but to *subance* its value; but there needs no art to make me prize a wel-writ Poeme, and such I dare not but think yours to be, *Fortes creantur fortibus*, &c. I dare not flatter my self into so high a presumption, as to merit it by any thing of mine, yet may this serve as a challenge; and though I lose my credit, I shall account my self a gainer by the bargain.

*The last, though not the least  
of those that honour you,*

T. F.

To Mr. C. F.

Sir,

SO willingly could I have born the Bearer  
 my company, in so pleasant a *Pilgrimage*, that  
 I cannot but at once complain of my *hard hap*,  
 and envy this papers *Happiness*.

*But though my body be confin'd*

*To time and place, so's not my mind.*

For with my nimble fancie I out-run both this  
 and them, and salute you, as the Food *Nessus*  
 did *Pythagoras*, and called him by his name, as  
 one admired for his *flood* of wisdom, if we  
 credit the faith of *Ælian*. And I dare not sus-  
 pect but you feed your friendship with equal  
 flames, that it may be like the *Vestal fire*, per-  
 petual. Nor can I think your pleasant *Forde* will  
 prove a *Lethe* of forgetfulness, to drench the  
 remembrance of our friendship. I have read  
 of a mountain so high, that what was written  
 in the ashes of one years Sacrifice, was found  
 legible in the next: So, hope I, the Characters  
 of our friendship *indelible* by ought but *Death*. I  
 am now changing the air, but not my mind of  
 being

*The admirer of your worth,*

T. F.

To



To Mr. J. P.

Sir,

I Received your Letter, and that with as much welcome as *Penelope* did her *Ulysses*, after an Ages absence. Seriously, that I have not hitherto writ to you, was not either for want of Love or Leisure, but blind-folded by ignorance of the place you make happy with your presence, I knew not how to find you out. Believe me, Sir, you, with my honest *Lightfate*, are so deeply fixed in the fastest of my affections, that I shall sooner forget my self to be, than you to be my friends, or my self your servant. And think not this a complement, but a lively Image of my thoughts; which, though I want your Art to give it colours, yet is as really decypher'd in this poor black and white, as in the richest tincture. Sir, I pray let the shortness of my time (at present) excuse the shortness of my Letter, and be confident, that my next answer shall be more answerable to your desert, and my desire; the height of whose ambition is but to continue

Your Th. Forde

To



To L. C. L.

*True Philanax,*

**N**OW have I found a way to try thy yet un-  
question'd friendship; 'tis this. See here a  
poor Pamphlet shrowding it self under the pa-  
tronizing wings of all that dare style them-  
selves the *Authors friends*. My absence from  
the Press, has fill'd it with an innumera-  
ble company of unpardonable *Errata's*: So  
that, besides the *principal* of pardoning the irre-  
gularitie of the thing it self, there arises an un-  
expected *score*, for unlook'd for *Errata's*. Well,  
it cannot now be help't: 'Tis the Image of  
thine unknown friend; and, though much dis-  
figur'd in the limning, if thou canst but discern  
a *Real Honour*, 'tis all I wish for. Read it over,  
*tell the errors*, and *tell me* of them, so shalt thou  
truly approve thy self, what I would be loth  
not to believe thee. You know, *Cecus amor  
proci*. Parents eyes are blind to their own, they  
read with the multiplying glass of self-love,  
which sees a *spark of fire* through an *heap of ashes*.  
Do me therefore that real part of friendship, as  
to send thy most rigid censure of it: And in  
so doing, thou shalt (if possible) yet farther  
oblige

Thy T. F.

To Mr. E. B.

Ned,

Being now reduced to my primitive condition, I have for the present shaken hands with the world, and retired my self into my cell: there will I lie *perdu*, and laugh at the madness of the Times, without envying their state. May they have as much as I contemn; 'tis riches enough for me, to lose as little as I can, which whatsoever it be, I am able to make up with thoughts of you my real friends. Excuse my present shortness, and measure not my love by my lines; but ascertain thy self I honour thee as an unparallel'd piece of real friendship. I cannot question my farther distance will any whit turn the edge of thy *quondam* constancie, for what need words among friends. Ned, This unworthy piece will adventure upon thy charitie, seriously, not without the shame of the Sender; For, besides the Errors of the thing, the Printer has filled it so full of gross *Errata's*, that I cannot give one without an Apologie; and I cannot devise one good enough to equal the badness of the Press. However, draw the veil of thy friendship over the errors, and where thou findest them, pardon them. But one thing more, send me thy severest judgment of it; lay friendship aside, and tell me truth, without respect of person: Then shall I boast to have been

Thine Eternal Friend, T. F.

To M. C. F.

*My double Flower,*

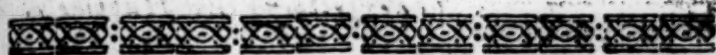
A T length have I found a way, whereby this poor brat may bless the Author with the happiness of kissing your hands. 'Tis *Freeborn*, though begot in servitude. But I dare not venture upon your more judicious brow, without an Apologie; not so much for the *Printing*, as the *mis-printing*. I must needs say, whilst I was at the press to overlook it, I durst own it; but as soon as I was gone, the Printers so disfigured it, that I knew it not again, when I saw it. Had I been with them, I should have serv'd them as the *Philosopher* did the Potter, reading and *mis-reading* his verses, he brake all his earthen ware: The Potter demanding his reason, he answered; You break my head, and I break your Pots. Seriously, I think I should break their pates as miserably as ever was poor *Prisians* by any *Pedantick*. But, prethee exercise thy friendship so far, as to send me a perfect Anatomy of it: I mean, thy judgment, without hands or eyes. Shut out the name of *friend*, whilst thou censurest it, and send me that censure, as to one that is no whit indulgent to his own. Then shall I boast to have vowed my self

*Thine absolute Friend,*

T. F.

One

One thing I forgot to tell thee, the Printer has rob'd it of its *Letters of Credence*: But you must put that upon his score.



To Mr. J. W.

Grace.

AND now I dare promise my Letter a welcome, marching under, and with so good a Grace. But I long to hear whether thou hast given thy Grace a *Sirname* yet, for I cannot find it among all the Catalogue of *Virtues*. Perhaps I mistook the *Index*, and should have looked for *W.* but I could not so readily hear of my *Gloves*. Thou seest I have found a way to whisper my yet unparched friendship, though at a distance. I have read of a place called the *Hall of Gyants*, in *Mantua*, which hath this strange and unusual Art, that how low soever one speak, at the *Corners* 'tis intelligible to be heard, whilst those in the *Midst* hear nothing. Me thinks, it fitly resembles our intercourse by Letters: Hereby shall we be able to conquer distance, and live together, though far asunder: Friendship hereby works like weapon-salve, at a distance, and undiscernable. But I intended a Letter, not a Character of Letters: Now, having in part paid my debt promised, it will not be unmannerly to demand yours; for promises are debts: and I love as little to be indebted



debted in *courtesie*, as in *coyn*. If thou searchest the *File* of thy promises, among other particulars, thou wilt find this, *Item*, A Letter to

*The expecter of that Happiness,*

T. F.



To Mr. E. B.

Dear Ned,

With thy Letter I received an Answer to my Search. 'Tis too long, and my time too short, and my wit too weak to return a Reply. Be contented onely with an acquittance for the receipt of it; the rather, because I would not fail your expectation; for I hate abortives of that nature. But before I give you a discharge, I must quarrel with you, for some bad coyn. Tell me of *History*, *Quotations*, and *Comments*! What *Galilean*-glass didst thou use for Spectacles, when thou read'st my letter? *Your Comment* has bely'd my *Text*: And what argument hast thou to prove me a *Poet*, except *poverty*; and perhaps, an *ill face*, with *Hipponax*, who was no *Painter*, as you make him, but a *Poet*, with so ugly a face, that two Gravers in stone set out his Statue to the world, and him to the derision of the beholders: At which he was so enraged, that whetting his Pen with anger, he did so thick discharge his Porcupine-quills, and his Badger-*Jambicks* so bit, that (as the Stories  
(say)

(say) for very anger made the two Gravers hang themselves. Newes I can tell thee none, but that Trading, which before was wounded, is now dead. That the Army have now done what the King all this while sought for, namely, put a point, if not a period to the perpetual Parliament. And having seized the King in Hurst-Castle, have possessed themselves of the major part of their Masters, and thrown them into Hell. But now I begin to grow as tedious to thee, as the time of thy absence will be to me: In detaining thee too long from that name

So much obliged to you,

T. F.



To Mr. W. L.

Honest Will.

THE Romans had a custome, that after any one was dead, one hollowed three times in their ear, and after the third call, pronounced, *Conclamatum est*, He's past recovery. I have called three times without an answer, yet I dare not pronounce a *conclamatum est* of our friendship, I know it is not dead. Thy last was in answer but to a part of mine. Dost thou mean to Comment upon my Letters in *Tomes* and *Volumes*? Certainly we shall make excellent *Harmony* with the several notes of Musick, in *Longs*, *Briefs*, *Semi-briefs*, *Minims*, *Quavers*, and *Crotchets*. But *J. H.* acts a part, (or rather no part) which

which, I think, is beyond the Musicians *Ela*: I find no name for it; but let not *them* overhear me, and I'll call it a *Pause*. Well, this conceit is neither *Meane* nor *Base*, but, if you will, *Treble*, because we are *three*. Send me word what fortune my poor brat finds in the world. how it goes off, and is relished: And do it as forgetting me to be the Author, or

*Thy Friend, T. F.*



*To Mr. J. H.*

*My best of friends,*

**L**ittle less than infinite will number mine engagements to thee; and when I shall quit scores with thee, I know not; yet may it shew a willingness to pay, in him that confesses the debt. I am glad of such an argument of something good in that worthless piece, as the dislike of the world will draw for a Conclusion. Really, I never intended they should like it, and should have suspected it, if they had: For he that will please the Times, must go attired — in a *Fools coat*, not a *Scholars habit*. Didst thou never hear of the *Philosopher*, that when (in an Oration) the people applauded him, turn'd about to some of his friends, and asked, *What he had said amiss?* Thy Newes of the Hangmans so untimely death, when he was at the full game of one and thirty, drew this *ex tempore* Epitaph from me.

*Here*

*Here lies the Royal Headsman, who in's time,  
Of the Court-cards hath cut & drawn the Prime:  
But oh sad fate! death thus should Trump about,  
And now at one and thirty put him out.*

But I haste to subscribe my self

*Thy much engaged Friend,*

T. F.



*To Mr. T. P.*

*Sir,*

**I** Had hitherto fully resolved, that the name  
of *Mecænas* now lived onely in *Horace* lines;  
but your late *Largess* has made me recant my  
humour, and believe that there are yet some that  
dare patronize the *Muses* when grown poor:  
But as the scarcitie increases your honour, so  
would it my shame, if I should be so ingrate-  
ful as not to acknowledge it; though I must  
confess, my *retribution* will be as *bad*, as my  
mind is good, to erect a *Pyramid* to your singu-  
lar example in this Age. Not that I intend  
any *Panygerick* of your praises, that were fit-  
ter for the Pen of *Pliny*, or the Mouth of *Cicero*,  
Give me leave only (without a blush) to acknow-  
ledge my many engagements to your merit, lest  
I should meet with the obloquie of the *French*,  
who (the *Historian* sayes) remember good turns no  
longer than they are in doing. Sir, when I seriously

consider your *large* reward of so *short* a desert, — methinks (had I *Plutarch's* art) I could *parallel* it with the bounty of *Artaxerxes*, who return'd precious gifts to poor *Sinatas* for his handful of water: Or, if that be too small, to *Alexander* the Great, who returned doubly to *Anaxarchus*, for a small gift he received of him. Thus rich grounds yeild *double flowers*, for *single seeds*. Or yet, if these be too low, to *Streton*, who studied to excel all other men in *Liberalitie*. And might it not bethought flattery (to praise a man to his face) I would tell others, that your Generous disposition is a miracle in this Age) equal'd, if not excel'd one, of whom the Ancients boast, that was readier *to give*, than others *to receive*. But I fear to offend your modesty, & will therefore *silently admire*, what I cannot *safely speak*, knowing there is also an eloquence in silence. Yet would I not altogether have my thankfulness (like men near the River *Ganges*) *without a Tongue*. Alas Sir! what worth was there in that plain piece, that should cause so rich a recompence! Truly, Sir, besides the reverence (which as a dictate to natures law) I alwayes bare you, your many favours, but especially the last, will exact from me (without a complement) the speech of *Furnius* to *Cesar*, *Efficiat ut viverem & morer ingratus*. Excuse the relating it in it's proper *Idiom*: For, though it be said, that the *Tuscan* Speech sounds better in the mouth of *Strangers*, than of the *Natives*, I think not so of the *Latine*. You have so obliged me, that (to use the expression of a Father to his friend) I owe you, *Et quæ possum, & quæ*



*non possum.* So that, did I not hope to meet with a merciful *Creditor*, I must break without hope of *compounding*: However, though you have cast your gift into a shallow *Forde*, yet it is so transparent, that you may see it, without fear of being covered with any *Lethe* of forgetfulness. Nor have you cast your coyn on so soft a nature, that you should not hear it *gingle*, at least in an *Eccho* of Thanks: Although, when I have done all, my Thankfulness must be like *Timantes* his Pictures, wherein was more to be understood, than there was *express*. Thus, Sir, assuring you here is nothing, but what is the immediate *Transcript* of my Heart, I crave leave to boast my self,

Sir, your solely engaged

Servant, T. F.

To Mrs. J. H.

Honesty,

**T**Hy Letter was as welcome to me, as ever was rain to the parched earth. I thank thee infinitely, but that's no payment. Well, set all upon the *Tally*, and 'tis possible we may one day *cross scores*. Excuse my shortness at this time, and let this Country Newes supply the defect. 'Tis this: That *Phæbus* (now) courts the Lady *Flora* as rudely as he did his Mother, that bit off her ear, when he should have kiss'd her.

That the *Quadrupled Animals* fare deliciously, for they feed on *Roast-meat* every day.

That the Sun hath saved the Husbandmen a labour of mowing and making their Hay; for it now grows *Hay*, like him that sowed *Mals*, to avoid the charge & trouble of making it of *Barly*.

That the world being turn'd *Round*, our Climate is exchang'd for *Spain*, or some more sweating Country; That we here know no reason of this unparallel'd *Heat*, unless it be because we have now so many *ruling Suns* in the Sphere where there used to be but *One*.

That, if this weather hold, we are like to have no *rain fish*, but all ready *boyl'd* before taken, and all our drink *burnt-wine*, or *vinegar*.

That the poor *Ephemeris* suffer *Martyrdome* every day.

That, at night, when *Sol* is with our *Antipodes*, we feel his heat through the cracks of the earth.

That this extreame heat makes the Heavens sweat a little sometimes, in stead of rain.

Item, That my *Ink* is converted to *jet*.

Item, That there's no more *Newes*.

For 'tis none that I am

Your T. P.

To Mr. R. R.

Sir,

I Dare not pretend to so much *Philologie*, as to criticize upon your term of *Infinitiores gratia*; your adopting (by your using) it, is sufficient to patronize it, and pass it through the guards of the strictest enquiry. Here could I well cease, and, instead of *answering* (which I shall never) *admire* at your Elegant Letter you were pleased to honour me with: wherein, what *streams* of Eloquence! what *flames* of Love! what Rhetorick! what Realitie! nay, what not! So that, were all *Epistles* like yours, I would not wonder that *Learning* and *Letters* are terms convertible. I honour the *presence* of my friends; but may it ever be supplied by such *Letters*, and I shall never complain of their *absence*. Before, I loved you as a friend, but now, I honour you as a *wit*. But how easily doe passions exalted transport us! And how willingly do we yield the *cloak* of our resolutions to the flattering *Sun* of praise! But I am too conscious of mine own unworthiness, to admit those large *Encomiums* your flourishing pen hath adorned me with. 'Tis a *Poë* of rare beauty; but I dare not accept it, lest there should lie a *snake* of flattery, under those fairer *Flowers*: And I wish you have not shown your *Wit*, and hazarded your *Judgment*. When I read —  
your

your neat lines, really I cannot but love them for their gallantries, and pitie them that, they had no better a Subject. Methinks, they seem like rich cloaths upon a poor man (that do not *sure*) or like the *Kings Saddle* upon the *Millers horse*. Who will not suspect your eyes blindfolded with love, that have made *Paris* choise, and extoll'd a *homely face*, for an *Heavenly beauty*. Well, since my deserts are too short to *scale* them, I shall (I'll assure you) keep it by me, as too rich a cloth for my meanness, and shall lay it before me, as a *pattern* of what *would I be*, rather than a *picture* of what *I am*. Now, to your *Why*, let me return a *Wherefore* I have (to use your expression, and who can use better) masked my self under the single letters of *T. F.* that being unknown, I might more freely hear the worlds censure. I remember a facetious tale of a *Frenchman*, that had printed much, concealing his own name: One asking a man that brought his Copies to the press, *Who the Author was?* He said, *'Twas one that desired to serve God invisibly*. My humbler ambition flies no such pitch; 'tis enough for me, if it may but reach to the service of my friends, or which number, I know you to be so intensely one, that, as 'tis said, that *Plutarch* once being named, the *Escho* answer'd, *Philosophy*; so should I call *R.* (I doubt not but) it would return *friendship*. This is the Happiness of him that cares not to sacrifice his credit to your worth,

T. F.

To Mr. R. R.

Sir,

THAT my late lines have produced your later Letter, I am not a little glad; but that they should occasion a quarrel, I should be more sorry. If the exception be my fear of flattery, know, that it was not the *Height* of your expressions, but my own *lowness*, that frightened me into such a fear. Would not a little *David* think himself mock'd, to be proffer'd a *Goliath's* armour? But, for my part, your merits are *cauent* sufficient to keep my words from the least suspicion: And the *construction* of my words will be best made by the *Grammar-rule* of friendship; for I was never guilty of so much *Rhetorick*, as to tell a *learned lye*. My tongue and my pen (if I deceive not my self) are always *Relatives*: Because *Favorinus* praised the *Leaver*, should not we praise *Health*? And because some *Romans* sacrifice to *that*, might not others to *Aesculapius*? 'Twere more shame to *deny* praises where they are due, than to admit them where they are not. Why therefore are you so bashful? as if those parts (something above the degree of admiration) had crept into your bosome unawares? And though your modesty is such, (as may silently shame my forwardness) that you will not shew your self to the world, like that *plant* in *Pliny*, which buds *inwardly*, and shooteth out no bud, blossome,

or



or leaf *outwardly*; yet give us leave to admire it, though you bury your worth in the ore of obscuritie. We count him a rich man, that has his wealth in his *chest*, not on his *back*; yet excuse me, if I think it an envious disposition, in him, that would play so softly on his Lute, that none should hear but himself. But whether is my pen stragled? Surely as far from the matter of my first intentions, as the answers of the two deaf persons were from one another, that pleaded before a deaf Judge in the Greek Epigram. To return therefore from my digression to your Letter. How shall I interpret those expressions, of *exact*, *ingenious*, and *learned Comment*? *rare*, *transcendent*, and *incomparable Answer*, not to say of *flatterie*, but of very large *Hyperbolies*!

But you have made me amends for them, when in the next sentence you handsomely call me *fool* under the name of the *Indians*: where you tell me, I look on my self *afar off*, through a perspective, and upon you *near hand*, &c. Me thinks, I cannot obtain of my self to believe, that I am farther from my self, than I am from you; and therefore the multiplying glass must go with the greater distance: But I am afraid I have turn'd the *wrang end*, and rather *over-seen* than *over-valn'd* your crescent parts. To your desire of seeing some other pieces of mine, I must onely answer, that I am very much unprovided of any, for my store lies in a *Chaos*, as yet unformed, in mold *unmelted*, or *unmined*; but such as I have will be proud of your *Sight and Censure*. And for a continuance of  
this

this literal correspondencie, know that I cannot be so much an enemy to my self, as not to desire it; and with as much affection as I am

*Your humble Admirer,*

T. F.

*To M. J. H.*

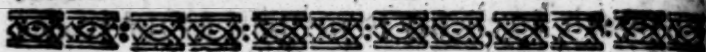
*Honest Jack,*

THE ancient *Romans*, who made a Deity of every thing, yet sacrificed not to death, because from death are no *Returns*. For the same reason, should I not write to *London*, and by consequence, not to your self. *Trumpeters* love to sound where there is an *Eccho*, and I love to write whence I can hear an *answer*. Seeing once a Weaver at work, I observed, that by casting his shuttle from one side to the other, he finish'd his web: Therein I saw a lively Embleme of friends correspondencie by letters; if either fail, the web's imperfect. I make it now my employment, that the ball should not fall on my side. I must confess I have been from home of late, but now I am returned to that, and to my custome. Letters unanswered, like meat undigested, breed no sweet breath. Well, I shall expect an answer as long as the time I have waited for one, till when I shall resolve to be

*Your most assured Friend,*

T. F.

To



To Mr. S. M.

Sir,

O Bliged by your *courtesies*, your *command*, and my *duty*, that ingratitude must be more than *Herculean*, that could break this *three-fold* tie. I have resolved therefore now, to be rather *presumptuous*, than *ingrateful*; that I may tender you thanks for the engagements you have laid upon me, though the very act increase them; and to assure you, that I am nothing of the nature of that beast, that is so forgetful, that though he be feeding never so hard and hungrily, if he cast but back his head, forgets immediately the meat he was eating, and runs to look after *new*. And if my silence seems to accuse me, believe me, Sir, it was meerly out to self-consciousness of my own unworthiness to present you with any thing worth the reading; yet also remembring, that the great *Alexander* would admit a return of Epistles between himself and *Publius* his Bit-maker. I am a little encouraged you will at least pardon my poor scribbling; it not for it self, or the sender, yet because it carries thanks in the front, and they are currant coyn, and in which the poorest may be rich, without fear of a *Sequestration*. That word that ham-strings all industry, and makes men embrace the *Stoical* saying for a *Maxime*, *Benè qui latuit, benè vixit*. And truly, for my part, I think we are fallen into *Nero's*

age;

age, in which *Tacitus* saith (*Inertia, sapienti<sup>a</sup>*  
(*ms.*) Sloth was a virtue. When the Ship of the  
Common-wealth is steer'd by a Tempest, 'tis  
best lying still in the Harbour: But I intend  
an *Epistle*, no *Satyre*. I am

Sir (without a complement)

your very humble servant

T. F.

To Mr. J. A.

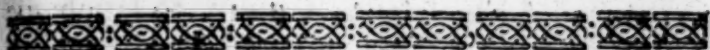
James,

Pardon the familiarity of the Title, I use  
no complements to my friends; nor do I  
think them my friends that use them to me.  
The *Italians* speak out of experience, *The more*  
*tongue, the less heart*; and you know their Pro-  
verb, *La penna della Lingua si dove tingere nel in-*  
*chiostro del cuore*. I could wish that all the let-  
ters of friends were like *Tullies*, *Epistola Famili-*  
*ares*; and the *Polite Politician* tells me, that the  
greatest ornament of all *Epistles* is to be with-  
out any. James, I love thee, I honour thee, and  
that *sine fuco, sine fallaciis*. I would have my  
letters like the *Herb Persica*, which the *Egypti-*  
*ans* offer'd to their god *Isis*, whose fruit was like  
an heart, and the leaf like a tongue. Hereby do  
I talk with thee, now absent, and if thou wilt  
vouchsafe me the like, thereby shall I see thee.  
Pardon me, if I challenge, nay, expect your  
pro;

your promise, which if you perform not, I shall suspect your humour something of kin to that of an excellent Archer, that would rather lose his life, than shew a trial of his skill. Letters are like those mutual pawns the Grecians gave as Symbols of their friendship; like Dido's little *Aeneas*, to supply their absence. Hereby are they present in *England*, *Spain*, or *France*, all in an instant, and at once. Let it not be thought a *Paradox*, for *Love* goes beyond *Art*. But what do I talk of love and friendship in this Age, wherein fast friends are gone on pilgrimage, and their returns uncertain. But I grow tedious: 'Tis the fault of parting friends; and now, like one in that extasie, I know not what to say next: whether to commend thy diligence, in outvying *Ulysses*, in that which the Poet says made him wise. Whilest I am like the silly *Grasshopper*, that lives and dies in the same ground: Or shall I fear thy danger, and with *Charonidas*, wonder not at those that go to Sea once, but at those that go again: Or shall I dare to assume the presumption, for me, who am no Traveller, to counsel thee, that art; no, I dare not. Yet let me remember thee of the Speech of one that was; *That a Traveller must have Eagles eyes, Asses ears, the tongue of a Merchant, a Camels feet, a Hogs mouth, and an Asses back*. In a word, mayst thou measure, thy happiness by the Ell of thine own desires, which shall not exceed the wishes of

T. F.





To Mr. J. H.

Sir,

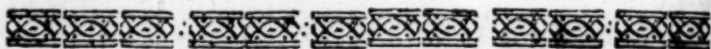
YOur Letter was as *welcome* to me, as your absence is *tedious*. Complements suit not the reality of my intentions; but imagine all the meer complemental expressions of flattering Courtship put into truth, and all fall short of my affections. To obey your command, if your patience will pardon the tediousness, I will give you as brief an account as I can of my present estate. I have read, that one *Philostatus* — lived seven yeares in his Tomb, to acquaint himself with Death. Truly, I have conversed above two seven years among the *Dead*, for so are our Authors esteemed; and indeed, our Shops may not unfitly be resembled to a Charnel-house: and there, and thus, have I gotten such a familiaritie with those faithful and unflattering Counsellours, that rather chose to lie in the *valley* of obscurity, than to climb the dangerous *Alps* of aspiring greatness, so long as the wind blows so high, and the stream runs so swift. Rather had I sit still (by their persuasion) than rise to fall; or to fare hardly, than feed on others bread: And, me thinks, I find my self very well decypher'd by the *Embleme*, which represented certain *Grasshoppers*, that suck the dew, and pass their time singing, with this Motto; *Di questo mi contento, è meglio spero*. With this I am content, and hope better, when

P

God

God shall so order the tide of occasions, and the blasts of my friends favour, to lanch me from the poor harbour, where I now lie wind-bound. Thus, Sir, I hope I have made you reparation for my late silence, not doubting but you will make it but a *Parenthesis*, which shall break no sence in our friendship: And this I shall esteem a very great addition to your former *Engagements*; to all which, I shall without scruple *Subscribe*

T. F.



To E. W. Esquire.

Sir,

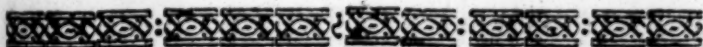
COULD my messenger have delivered his errand in but *intelligible non-sense*, I should willingly have spared you this trouble: But since it must be so, I shall endeavour to make a *virtue of necessity*, and from hence take occasion to tell you, that so *many* have been your favours, and so *few* the returns of my thanks hitherto, that they have rendred *mine ingratitude* as superlative as *your goodness*. Though you write your courtesies in *running water* (to which a *Forde* is of very near kin) I desire to write my thanks in *marble*; and had I so advantageous an occasion, I would make the whole world the *Witness* of mine *Obligations*. To this purpose, I could wish this poor paper immortal, that my gratitude, at least, might rival your bounty. But, Sir, you have endeavoured to make me  
live,

*live and die* in your debt, which I shall rather resolve to *suffer*, than to *slander* your nobleness with a thought of my *slender* requital. Now, Sir, if you please to honour me with the additional courtesie of your *Cambden*, you shall hereby infinitely add (if they surmount not that piece of *Arithmetick* already) to your former *favours and my engagements*. And may this serve for my *Surety*, that I will keep it carefully, use it warily, and return it speedily. Thus, Sir, kissing the hands of your fair *Venus*, and her three *Graces*, I humbly take my leave, who am proud to wear the livery of

*Sir, your and their*

*most obliged Servant,*

T. F.



*To Mr. E. H.*

*Sir,*

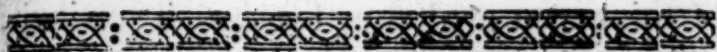
HAVING armed my self *cap à pe*, with patience to receive as you promised, your most rigid censure, I finde, in stead of *arms*, you encounter me with *flowers*, and, like *Paris*, make me stoop to your *golden ball*. Nor do I less wonder at it, than the poor *Norwegian* did, the first time he saw *roses*, who durst not touch them for fear of burning his fingers, being much amazed to see (as he supposed) *trees to bear fire*. With little less wonder, do I behold your learned lines, nor with less amazement, to see *flames*

of love, and streams of eloquence so Homogeniat.

To your Letter, I shall return nothing, but only tell you, that what I understand is excellent, and so I believe, and admire the rest. Your *Allegory* of the *Cook* is neatly dress'd, but except you be pleased to tinde one of his *lights*, I shall fear to remain in *darkness*, and discover no farther than his *superficies*. The censures of those blind-minded *Jewes* you speak of, I shall account my greatest commendations: Like *Crates* the Philosopher, who, having received a blow on the face by one *Nicodromus*, a man full of base condition (and as base conditions) was contented, for revenge, to set these words on his wound, *Nicodromus faciebat*. To those large *Encomiasticks* you bestow on my poor Pamphlets, I shall only say I am sorry they had no fitter subjects; yet am I glad I was so happy to afford you any ground for your nimble fancy to work on, and shall here promise you, that if you please to continue this literal commerce, you shall not want a *whetstone* to sharpen your *sythe*, as you are pleased to desire; and this property I may have (like the *whetstone*) though blunt my self to sharpen another. Nor need you fear that you can use too much ingenuity to me; for I am no whit affected with the *heresie of the Times*, which count learning and wit (as you say) the scum of the bottomless pit; but know how to honour it as much as I want it. In a word, Sir, I thank you for your Letter, more for your Verses, but most that you please to style me

Sir, your very Friend,

T. F.



To Mr. R. R.

Sir,

I Return you your *New-Forrest*, with as many thanks as it merits, and that's infinite; which submission to your better judgment (from which I would no sooner dissent, than from truth it self) I conceive *this* not at all behind the *first part*, but in time; it appearing to me of as fine a thred, and no less curious workmanship. Happily the others, being chequer'd with forreign flowers, may render it more delectable. But why should we think a forreign garden of flowers, and perhaps some weeds, better than an *English Forrest*? Well may it be more *lightly*, but, I'm sure, 'tis not so *serviceable*. Scarce can I hold my pen from glutting in his praises, wh<sup>o</sup> is far above it's highest flight, did not the *Italian proverb* check me, and tell me truly, *La Lode nascer deve, quando è morto chi si ha da Lodar*: That praises should not be *born*, till the praised be *dead*. I will theretore content my self to say, that I hope such *pleasant groves* are not *superstitious*; and could wish, that the whole Kingdom were so turned to a *Forrest*, and the Author the *Ranger General*.

*That's body might not be confin'd,  
Who's a free Monarch in his mind;  
One who wish's Majestick Pen,  
May give the Law to other men.*

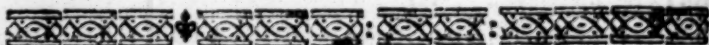
Sir,



Sir, I have sent you a *Clavis* to it, not that I think you need any, but that, if you invite any friend to those pleasant walks, they may have an entry of understanding, without picking the lock by a false construction. It was done at a *heat*, and I have not time to *file* it over, but such as it is, 'tis yours. If you please to send me the last Edition of the Kings learned pieces, I shall keep it *carefully*, return it *speedily*, and remain continually

Sir, yours to command,

T. F.



To Mr. W. L.

Sir,

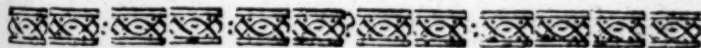
I Must esteem it an happinesse to hear of you, though I cannot hear from you : and that I heard nothing of your *sickness*, till I heard also of your *recovery* ; so that now to tell you I am sad or sorrowful for your sicknesse, were as preposterous, as to grieve for your death after your *resurrection* , or to bid you *good-night* in the morning when you are *risen*. But like the trembling needle between two equally attractive Loadstones, so am I between the two different passions of joy and sorrow : Joy for a friends recovery, and sorrow for a friends restraint. Not to be joyful for your recovery, were to envy a publick good, and I might justly be accused for an enemy to the State, in not rejoicing at a hap-

happineſſe ſo common, that deſerves a day of Publick Thankſgiving. Then, not to be affected with the ſorrows and ſufferings of a friend, and ſuch a friend as *E. B.* were as great a crime as his whom the *Romans* condemned to death, *For wearing a Crown of Roſes in a time of common calamity.* I long to hear how our honeſt friend ſtands, ſince the High Court ſits; which if I do not now from thee, I ſhall think, that whiſt thy body ſuffer'd under the fire of a *Feaver*, thy friendship was ſick of an *Ague*; that though the *Dog-ſtar* reigned in thy blood, thy affections laboured under *Capricorn*. But, ſince thy ſickneſs is in it's *Declenſion*, I ſhall expect thy friendship to be again *Ascendant*, that before did *Culminate*. And for my part, think not that thirty miles diſtance, cold raines, or your ſilence, can make me forget you, or that I am

*As much as ever*

*Sir, your Friend,*

T. F.



*To Mr. J. H.*

*Sir,*

HAVING hitherto waited with ſilence, to hear—  
of your receipt of my Letter, and finding none, makes me fearful that it miſcarried in the *delivery*; and I am not ignorant, or inſenſible of the many *abortives* of the Carriers *Mid-wifery*.

*wifery.* But I hope your candor is sufficient to dispel all clouds of suspicion that might seem to eclipse my realitie, or to think that I am so much foe to my self, as not to desire, or at least not to endeavour the gainful commerce of your letters. I am not ignorant that all kind of Learning hath been wrapt up in *Letters*: And I assure you, Sir, I shall, in the enjoyment of yours, think my self little less honoured, than I do *Lucilius* by *Seneca's*. Nor shall I be a little proud, that I may be any wayes (though but occasionally) instrumental to you, to exercise your excellencie in this way: Neither do I altogether doubt of the pardon of my rude scribling, because I am

Sir (without Complement)

your very humble Servant

T. F.



To Mr. E. H.

Sir,

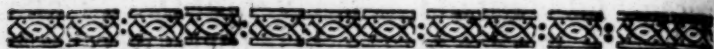
**T**Hough I have paid the *Principal*, in returning your books, I am still indebted for the *Interest* you were pleased to lay on them, in giving you my account of them. For your *Cassin*, I return you thanks, in stead of censures, wishing that he were now alive, that our late *Tragedies* might be acted over again by his high-flying quill, and be thereby committed to incredulous

credulous posteritie. The *Novum Lumen Chymicum*, I understand, is lately Translated; and indeed it were a wonder, if there were any *New Lights*, that we should not have in *English* in these Times. But, because you told me you lent me that onely to *laugh at*, I shall only tell you, it no whit failed your intention, or my expectation. Now for your *Vaughan*, be pleased to take notice, that he is since answered by one *Moore* learned and better famed than He; and therefore I shall let that Answer be *mine*: Yet withal, that I serve such Books as the good *Bishop* serv'd *Persius*, when he threw him on the ground with a *Si non vis intelligi, debes negligi*. Thus, as the *Hollanders* sometime made money of *past-board*, I make my payment in *Paper*, and in this *coyn* I shall pay you liberally for your *Arithmetick*. Believe me, Sir, 'tis *Homers* *llads in a Nut-shell*, and so handsomely compacted, that the doggedest Critick cannot fasten on it; onely let me tell you, it is *deficient* in one thing, and that is, that it is not able to help me to *number* the Engagements you have lain upon

Sir, your unmeriting Friend,

T. F.

To



To Mr. R. R.

Sir,

HE's a bad debtor that payes by *halfs*; but he's a worse that *never payes*. That I may not be guilty of that superlative ingratitude, I have sent you two Books of your three. And for *Bacon*, I pray think it not long, if I should keep it till *Lent*; for I mean, to all his *Experiments*, to add *one more* of your friendship. If you expect an account of your *Low Bas*: know, it is far above my censure, as my praise; I go to that, as to my *Bible*, yet something in *Alliance*. Certainly, that Portraiture was drawn by a Divine hand, and wrote with a pen pull'd from some Angels wing. If there be one that wrote by divine inspiration since the Apostles times, 'twas *He*, when He pen'd those Meditations. Henceforth his *Pen* shall be his *Scepter*, His *Book* his *Throne*, and the *whole World* his *Empire*: There shall he *live* and *reign*, and be as *immortal*, as some of his enemies malice.

Take a more particular account of your *Balzack* thus: I undertook the reading of him, rather for *penance*, than *profit*; but having read him *once*, that induced me to read him again, and the *second time* drew on a *third*, and the *third* a *fourth*; and now I send it you home, lest if I should keep it a little longer, I should transcribe the whole Book. A better Character cannot be given of him, than he gives of himself,

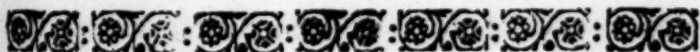


self, take it therefore in his own words, *That his Writings smell more of musk and amber, than of oil and sweat.* But to save time, I have sent you a Pamphlet, that may serve as a *foyl* to set off *Balzack* the better : Wherein expect neither *Cicero* nor *Seneca* ; neither *Howel* nor *Balzack* ; neither Learning nor Language ; nor any Letters beginning with the ambitious title of *My Lord*, or *Madam*, they are more proud of the name of *Friend*, and, carrying that stamp, they presume to be *currant*, though they be but *brass*. Not that I intend to make my *private* Letters *publique*, but onely to advance a communitie in friendship, and to fulfil a command of yours in a letter (in that particular) yet unanswered, of seeing some *pieces* of mine. And truly, these are no other than *pieces* ; yet, as in the several pieces of a broken Looking-glass, you shall in every one see the perfect reflection of

Sir, yours in all Offices

of Friend(hip,

T. F.



To Mr. E. B.

Honest Ned,

Rather had I accuse the Carrier with negligence, than thee with forgetfulness : Nor can I think the requesting of a friendly *courtesie*, could scare thee into an unfriendly *silence*. Sure  
ye

ye are all struck dumb at *London*, or your *ink*, if not your *affections*, is frozen. The serious thought of which, hath made me almost believe, that the name of *friend* is but the fabulous birth of some Philosophical Poets, or Poetical Philosophers, and fitted for Sir *Thomas Moore's Utopia*, or *Plato's Common-wealth*; not for an *Iron Age*, or the dregs of Time. If thou art silent because thou hast no *Newes* to write, write that thou hast none: However, let the world see there is one *dares* call himself a friend, though in such an Age as *this*. And believe it, that the all-self-devouring teeth of time shall never eradicate the name of *B.* from out the heart of him, whose onely pride is to tell the world who is

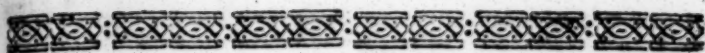
Ned, *thine inseparable Friend*,

T. F.

### Postscript.

You may, if you please, communicate this to all those that call themselves my friends, and tell them, that till I hear the contrary, I shall suppose their *practice* of silence intended for my *pattern*.

*Vale.*



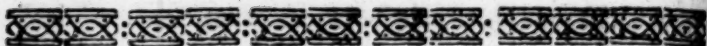
To Mr. W. L.

Will.

NOR will I accuse *your* silence, nor excuse my *own*; 'tis sufficient I have broken the Ice, and adventured to tell thee, 'tis possible to be a friend, and silent; nor do I despair to hear the same from you: In confidence of which, I say no more now, but tell you, I expect it. To your *Father* thus much. Concerning the re-printing of my *Characters*, and augmenting them, I have had some serious thoughts, and the result is this. I find them, upon perusal, not suitable to the present *State*, being Calculated for the Meridian of a *Kingdome*, not a *Commonwealth*, they are now like old Almanacks out of date. And to go to them with the *Arithmetick* of Addition and Substraction, with the *Penfil* and the *Sponge*, were to make my self guilty of what I there condemn. Besides, they were then my resolved (and not yet retracted) thoughts: So that I hold it not safe for you to print, or me to enlarge them, nor this. farther than to tell thee, I long to hear from thee, and of our dearest *Ned*. I have a Letter hath been designed for him a long time, did I but hope there were a crevise in his close prison, that I might peep through to assure him that I am his (as thine)

Still constant Friend,

T. F.



To Mr. E. H.

Sir,

Y<sup>O</sup>ur last Letter I met on the way, as drawn thither perhaps by *Sympathy*, like the Magnetick steel, to meet her loved Loadstone. I know love and friendship work *miracles*, and act in *Paradoxes*: It makes the enjoyers thereof *flame without consuming*, present and distant (if that word may be admitted in friendship) all at once. By this I see my friend, when *invisible*, and hear him, though *silent*. Like the *Philosophers Stone*, of which the *Chymists* so much boast, *Contraria operatur, sed semper in beneficium natura*. This is (if any thing) the true *Sympathetick powder*, that works truer, and at a greater distance, than *weapon-salve*. Willingly could I lose my self in this pleasing *Meander*; but I will rather commend the *Theory* to your more active Pen, and resolve to act the *practick* part my self. For your Verses, I will rather remain in your debt, than pay you with bad coyn. I assure you Sir,

*I have no vein in verse; but if I could,  
Inclose each word a Mine, believe't I would:  
I onely Court her that drops Elegies,  
Whilst others Muses sing, mine onely cries.*

Yet shall I not refuse what your injunction shall lay upon me, because I am

*As really your Friend,*

as T. F.



To Mr. T. P.

Sir,

FOR me to attempt an *Answer* to your Letter, — were to venture at the flights of an *Eagle*, with a *Sparrows* wing. The *Italians* tell me in a *Proverb*, *The higher the Ape climbs, the more he shows his nakedness*. And truly, should I endeavour to reach the *pitch* you have set me for a *pattern*, I should rather imitate *Icarus* in his fall, than you in your *flight*. It is enough for me to admire and applaud the happiness of your undertakings, that can at once captive *Apollo* and the *Muses*, and make the *Triumphs* of former Ages, the *Trophies* of your Pen's victories. Where you profess your self *Darius*, I must confess my self no *Oedipus*: Giving you therefore the libertie the *Civil Law* allows (and I should be uncivil if I should not) to interpret your own words, I will guesse at your meaning, and return you, not onely an *Answer* to your Riddle, but the *reason* of it. Sir, if my lesse comprehensive *Genius* deceive me not, you like not *Latine lace to an English suit*; and herein you have light upon an humour, that I have long since retracted, and esteem now as too *pedantical*. But you may perceive they favour of the *ferula*, and imagine my then regnant humour; like young stomachs, that like *raw fruit*, better than *roasted food*: Yet must I farther confess, I have been so conscious of mine own inabilities, and  
so



So confident of the Ancients worth, that I have preferred to use their *more refined* lines, than my *unfiled* language: So that I discover in my self the fancie of the Painters boy, who thinking to supply the defect of his skill, by the richness of his *colours*, had loaden *Venus* picture with *gold* and *silver*, in stead of native beauty: For which he met with this censure from his *Master*, that he had made her *rich*, whom he could not make *fair*. So have I embroidered my courser cloth with others ends of gold and silver. It onely remains that I tell you, that I cannot tell you how much you have won me by that one act of dealing freely with me; and to assure you, that you could not have studied a way to oblige me more. And that you may believe my realitie herein, be pleased to inform me of the Author of your *Utinam nesciro Literas*; and if it prove the speecch of that *Negro-black Tyrant*, you shall find my submission as *humble*, as your conquest *noble*. If you think the Frontispiece discrepant to the following leaves, I shall conform the *printed Title* to the *written Book*, not the *written Book* to the *printed Title*: For I resolve not to change their name, nor alter their propertie of Familiar Letters, for my *private friends*. But I hinder you too long, from what I onely intended, to acknowledge my self

Sir, your conquer'd Servant,

T. F.

To



To Mr. T. P.

Sir,

THat that poor grain of mine hath produced me so sudden, and yet so large a return, argues the fruitfulness of the Soyl wherein 'twas cast, not the goodnesse of the seed, or of the Sowers les skillful hand. Hereafter shall I believe, what before I took for a fable, *That there is some ground so fruitful, that the husbandman reaps at night, what he sowed in the morning.* Your Christning my fancie with the name of a Thrush, might very well teach me the modestie of that volatile, who is said to be silent, whilst the Nightingale (chief Chaunter of the aiery quire) produceth her more clear and tuneful note, did I not hope by my plain Song to gain your more artificial descant. Your proclaiming my attempt rather *Pheatontick* than *Icarian*, is no more (pardon the boldnesse of my ignorance) than for a man to be killed with a *silver sword*, rather than an *iron dagger*, the only preeminence being in this, that he perished like the other, but with this addition of honour (if it be so) of falling under the burthen of more bold attempts. Where before I but *confess'd*, I now *profess* my self no *Oedipus*, nor made I any riddles, but guess'd onely at the meaning of yours, and therefore am not apprehensive of your Analogie of the *Cobler* (whom I leave to maintein his more ambitious title of a *Translator*)

Q

tor) unlesse you intended your picture of your friend, like *Horace's* monster, which begins with a fair womans face, and ends in a foul fishes tail at last. But it was your *Phaetons* fate, to meet with so dangerous a fall, from the Chariot of the Sun to a Shop-window. Nor need we any *Sphinx*, to unriddle this repugnancie in terms, whose part it was to make them. At what words of mine you admire, I know not, 'tis my endeavour to avoid that *Solecisme Augustus* found fault with in *M. Antony*, of writing such things as men should rather wonder at, than understand. I applaud the happiness of your *Geminus*, who can coyn words with your own stamp; onely I suppose, that of *unæpodize*, would be no whit lesse currant, were it shorter by the first syllable. Of that *Socratick* vice you speak of, I have not so much in me, as to defend it: Far be it from me, to adopt the quarrel of those great *Clerks*; it is enough for me, if I may boast myself their, and *Learnings* unworthiest servant. To your confirmation of *Nero's Utinam*, I now yield my full belief, and should do so, you affirming it, though all *Historians* denied it, and withal, my promised submission: Only give me leave to cleave the hair, and tell you, that it was the speech of *Nero*, though not then a barbarous tyrant, having then but newly entered his *Quinquennium*, so much by all extoll'd, whilst reteining his Master *Seneca's* more than Philosophical instructions. And so I leave him, when I have told you, I shall accept those unmerited *Encomiums* you impose upon me (with that then good Emperors speech to the Senate giving

giving him thanks) *Cum memento*. Sir, I do, and shall (I think) persist in confining those poor papers from the eye of the world, not daring to let them goe abroad in this super-fine Age. in so homely a dress; nor herein can I apprehend my self guilty of that *ὕψιστος ἁγορευόν*, you *Prophecie* me guiltie of, unless it be, in that I have answered your letter *before* I had returned you the due thanks & praises the worth of that would justly exact from the most sullen ingratitude. Believe me, Sir, you are Master of an *Imperial* pen, and would you once break through the veil of derogating silence, your beams would be sufficient to create a day, even in the nightie *Chaos* of my duller intellect. to cast a cloud upon all former names, and benight posteritie. But I shall rather chuse an admiring *silence*, than an undervaluing *commendation*, because I desire to make good to a tittle the title of

*Sir, your faithfull Servant,*

*and not unfaithfull friend,*

T. F.



*To Mr. T. L.*

*Sir,*

THAT you may see how willing I am to comply with every occasion that may put me in a capacitie of serving you, I shall now answer your command, with my opinion of *Speed*, and

Q<sup>2</sup>

his

his *History*. For the *History*, it is a work of deserved commendations, and without any exception. For the *Author*, I cannot so well assure you; but if *Speed* be not too much wronged in the relation, he was but the *Journeyman-Taylor* in the business: It was (say some) *out* by abler workmen, he onely *made it up*, and in that hath merited the commendations of a *very good workman*, besides what we are indebted to him for the *fashion*, the *lining*, *facing*, and *pressing*; but for the last, I believe we are more beholden to the *Printers press*, than to his *goose*. This presents me with a fair occasion of presenting you with a Copic of Verses, not unworthy your reading, upon *Speeds Chronicle*, sent from a Son to his Father.

God be my Speed, so I began, 'tis true,  
 And now 'tis time to wish a Speed to you:  
 Then briefly thus, as long as life endures,  
 God be my Speed, and let my Speed be yours.  
 If great books be great evils, loe a shift,  
 To turn this Speed into a lesser gift.

Take but some vowels out, and then 'twill be  
 but an Epistles Preface, S. P. D.

Excuse me, for once, if I make it the *Epilogue*,  
 and with it conclude my self

Sir, your real, though  
 remote Friend,

T. F.





To Mr. C. F.

*Parvus amor loquitur, ingens stuper.*

Sir,

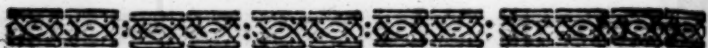
WOULD you measure my love by my silence, you could not pronounce it *short*. Oft hath my pen been on the paper to write to you, and as oft been taken off, with a consideration of the rudeness of my *rustick* scribbling, which is now *worn* into such an *habit*, that you will willingly *retract* whatever suspicion you have formerly had of any *ingenuity* in me. However, lest a continued silence should cast me *in* (and *out* of) your affection I am resolved to say something, though it be but to confess my self guilty of that most unpardonable offence in friendship, *Ingratitude*. Yet am I not without some excuses, which would be ready to *plead* in my behalf, did I not rather wish to receive a *new* life, of happiness by your pronouncing my *pardon*. I am your *prisoner*, deal with me as you please, onely grant me my *liberty*, without which, I cannot make good, as I desire, the title of

Sir, your though rude, yet

real Friend and Servant,

T. F.

To



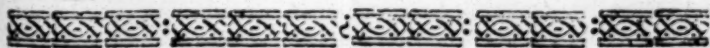
To Mr. D. P.

Sir,

PRESUMING your goodness will pardon the rudeness of the address, I have sent a brace of Pamphlets to kiss your hands. Being conscient to themselves of their own unworthinesse, like trewant Scholars, *they durst not appear without an Apologie*; neither should *they*, or *this*, but that I know you daily meet with such *Exercises* of your patience, and that I know you have indulgent charitie enough to cover the faults of those you love. Please you to suspend your severer thoughts, and to make a small truce with your nobler employments, I shall humbly beg their pardon in a very few words. That they came no sooner, was out of necessity; that I shall crave you will vouchsafe to indulge; that they come now, is out of duty, and that I shall promise my self, you will deign to accept. Sir, I hate to be officiously injurious to my friends, and therefore I will not increase my fault, in excusing theirs: only let me impetrate one thing more, which, I conceive, will deceive your expectation. It is not that you will correct their faults, *that the world knows you can do*; nor that you will forgive them, *that your wonted candor flatters me you will doe*; but, that having attained your hands (which are the bounds of their ambition) they believe they have obtained their end, and they desire not to out-live that hap-

happineſſe ; but that you will condeſcend, as I have made them an *offering*, to make them a *ſacrifice*, be you the *Prieſt*, your harth the *Altar*, and their *Urne* ; and beſides the courteſie you ſhall do your ſelf, in ſaving the reading of ſuch *nugacities*, you ſhall thereby answer their *deſert*, and my *deſire*, who am ſo far from craving their *reprieve*. I would my ſelf be the haſtener of their puniſhment. Here would I ceaſe, but I am loth to leſſen the noble office of your mercie ; by what impuſſe of ſpirit I know not, but ſuch is the tendencie of my deſires, to expreſſe the realitie of their profeſſions to your ſervice, that to ſay I love you, is beneath the ardor of my affection : I am ready to profeſſe, with that *old Roman*, who proclaimed, he was not onely in love with *Cato*, but *in-chanted* with him. Onely here is the defect, that, as the *Italians* ſay, *He that paints the flower, cannot paint the ſmell* : So, in profeſſing my ſervice to you, I cannot diſcover the realitie farther than you will pleaſe to give me credit, and believe that I am

*Sir, your moſt real Friend,*  
*and Servant, T. F.*



*To Mr. T. J.*

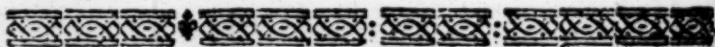
*Sir,*

What in Superiors is counted *gift and bounty*,  
 in Inferiors amounts to no more than *ho-*

*mage and gratitude*: And well it is, if, in stead of *abating*, it *increase* not the *audit* of their *Obligations*. Such is the nature of the present; and though it pretend not to acquit the least part of that debt your civilitie hath involved me in, yet shall I hope it may arrive at the tender of a grateful acknowledgment; and I wish my thanks may prove but as *large*, as you were *liberal*. Think it not strange that I have been thus long silent, nor account me an unclean beak, if I still chew the chud in a thankful remembrance. Sir, the noble entertainment you vouchsafed to me, a *stranger* hath cherished the inclosed pamphlets into a confidence, that you will deign them not onely a favourable acceptance, but that your goodnesse will also grant them the benefit of the late *Act of Pardon*, without which, they will seem as much strangers to our Common-wealth, as their *Author* was to your self, who should now too much wrong your noble nature, if he should not professe himself,

*Sir, your most indebted*

*Servant, T. F.*



*To Mr. C. A.*

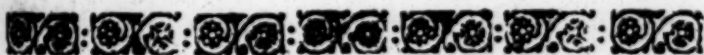
*Sir,*

**I** Being of late *arrested* at the suit of some importunate occasions, which would willingly be called *necessary*, I have been so much their  
pri-

*prisoner*, that till I had satisfied the utmost minute, I was so far from a possibilitie of being your *servant*, that I was not my own *Master*. Now must I *compound* with you, and intreat, that if my so long silence deserve not to be answered with a repeated act of that dormant pardon you long since pleased to grant me, yet, that you will at least, accept of this as *Interest*, till opportunity shall enable me to discharge the *whole*. I shall now begin to turn the weekly hour-glasse of our Commerce, and hereafter measure my *life* by my *letters*: For, though I have intermitted my constant course, you are in no more likelyhood to be rid of this trouble, than you have hopes of losing your *Ague* by the alteration of the *fits*. It *friendship* be the incorporating of two bodies, by an union of souls making but one of two: Me thinks, this constant correspondence fitly answers to that deservedly applauded notion of the *Circulation of the Blood*. It shall be my care, that no stop be made on my side, that we may preserve the life of our Friendship, during the life of

Sir, your Servant,

T. F.



To Mr. T. P.

Sir,

BESIDES the natural *Antipathy* of my *Genius* to Controversies, I have been of late so divorced



ced from my self and my own thoughts, by the motion of an higher wheel than my own occasions, that I am altogether discouraged to give you any account of this piece, upon so transient a view, that I fear I shall give you as ill an account of it, as he did of *Venice to King James*, that told him, He knew nothing of it, for he rode post through it: Yet, to satisfie your command, against all these discouragements, I shall adventure a few hasty lines to your more settled judgment. Sir, did not the *Authors* worth out-poize those petty exceptions that might be taken in advantage, as the scarce sense of the *title*, and some other inconsiderate expressions in the *whole*, that seem to clash one against another, I shall onely commend to your consideration these few thoughts. The Proverb is common (wherein wit and experience club, to say much in a little) *That marriages are made on Earth, but matches are made in Heaven*. I am easily induced to believe, that the omniscient providence, which descends to take care of the *falling of a sparrow*, and the *number of our hairs*, should much more take care of that grand *Climacterical Action* of a mans life, the *restoration of his lost rib*: I shall therefore not fear to affirm, that a man hits not upon his mate by chance or casualty, but by the undecidable fate of Gods *præ-determination*: And having laid down this for a ground, I shall adventure this *Superstructure*, that it is not in the power of a man to dis-joyn himself from the companion which providence hath joyned him to, in so indissoluble a link of amitie, that one member is not more

more truly a part of a mans body than his *Wife*; and therefore he ought rather to *undergoe* with patience what God hath ordained him, perhaps for other reasons than he can understand, than to *forgoe* it with wilfulnesse. I remember it was the resolution of a compleat man, *That he took the untowardness of his wife as a School of patience.* Yet, to pursue the *Allegory*, though I would not have a man to cut off a limb for a curable disease, yet if it out-face art and nature in a remedy, then *Ense residence-dum est.* And having done so. I cannot suppose it lawful (though I should grant all his assertions for indisputable truth) that such a man should admit another member, *like a wooden leg*; and, if I mistake not (to help him a little) the weight of our Saviours argument, lies in the last clause, that whosoever puts away his wife for other cause than adultery, commits fornication, *If he marry another.* To come as near therefore as I can, to comply with your Author, I shall lay down this *Position*, that it is altogether unlawful for a man or wife to divorce, *If both parties be not equally agreeing to it, and if either of them marry again.* And to this I shall add this *inconvenience*, that being parted, they must not expect that the *Devil*, who is the *Father and Factor* of divisions, will be less active in so wide a breach, that is so ready to widen the least cranny of discontent into his advantage: He that will creep in when the doors are *shut*, shall we imagine him to be lesse willing to enter when they are *wide open*? This farther, I must confess, there are some natures so *Hetrogenious*,

genious, that the streightest, and most gordion knot of Wedlock is not able to twist, of which the *Epigrammatist* speaks my mind better than I can my self:

*Non amo te Sabide, nec possum dicere quare,  
Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te.*

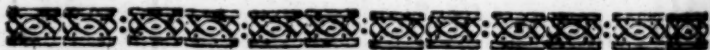
Take the English, is the words of a Gentleman to his wife.

*I love thee not Nel,  
But why, I can't tell:  
But this I can tell,  
I love thee not Nel.*

So that I must confesse I cannot but afford them my pitie, that are thus joyned in you know whose phrase, like a *Spread-Eagle*, with *one body, but two heads*: But whether this *division* ought to make a *Divorce*, I had rather subscribe to your judgment than tell you *my own*, who am

*Sir, wholly at your dispose,*

T. F.



To Dr. S.

Sir,

NOT to confess your favours, were a fullness beyond the sin of ingratitude; they were too late to be forgotten, and too large to be requited: Civilities, that might very well constitute a *Turkish Paradise*: A debt beyond my mean-

meanness to discharge, so that you have paid me *before-hand* for all the services I shall ever be able to do you : And it shall be my endeavour, that my performances of your commands, may be as *swift* as *Lightning*, or the flights of that *Bird*, which is happy to make his nest in *your Arms*. My thanks will bear the better *weight* (for they are too *light* of themselves) if you please to tender them to Mr. L. whom it were a Solecisme to put *last* : To your self *varied*, and your self *multiplied* : And give me leave to kisse *your hands*, as I give you *mine*, that I am

*Sir, your much obliged Servant,*

T. F.



*To Mr. C. A.*

*Sir,*

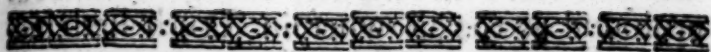
**I**T was once *my miserie*, and *your good fortune*, that I have had, of late, no leisure to discharge my weekly tribute, which indeed amounts to no more, upon your *audit*, than the *product* of a constant trouble. Assure your self, I take no pleasure in being my own enemy : For how many rare fish might my course bait happily have taken ! But truly, I have been so *cramp*t, or rather *crippled* with some not unnecessary diversions, that

that my pen hath been forced to *wander* from the *direct road* of your service. Now, having *retrived* an opportunitie of inhappying my self, by this literal exchange, I shall take leave to tell you, that I will not forgive my self, till you pronounce my pardon. And I cannot but indulge my hopes, with confidence that you will once more exercise that noble virtue, from the many repeated acts of which goodness, I am apt to plead *prescription*. Though, having dealt so unworthily with you, I am something suspicious you will retract that title of *worth*, your friendship hath formerly fastened on my *unworthiness*, and no longer vote those lines for *jewels*, which in the midst of Summer, present you with conceits as *cold as ice*, or our *modern charity*. However, in obedience to the Sovereignty of your Judgment, I shall resolve to estimate my self by your valuation of me, and make your opinion the *Standard*, whereby to measure my abilities to your Service. And, as we measure our hours by minutes, and those by the minuter atoms of sand, may my several Letters burrun into *Syllables*, by which together you may read me (though imperfectly)

Sir, your very faithful

Servant, T. F.





To Mr. C. F.

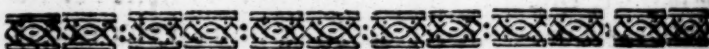
Sir,

Pardon the bashfulness of my Pen, that hath been hardly drawn to the presumption of endeavouring an answer to your ingenious lines. Had *my* fancie been *better*, or *yours worse*, you had long before this time received an *Answer*. But such is the unequal fate of the *greatest* merits, that they alwayes meet with the *least* returns; stupendious worth exacting from our *surprized* senses, but *admiration* (at best) in stead of *praise*; and admiration is never so well *dress'd*, as when 'tis cloathed in silence. Sorry I am that you should waste your so *great* respects upon one that deserves so *little*, and that hath nothing to *return* you, but the *protests* of a most real affection. The *Gentleman* you speak of, I have not yet seen, nor heard of, but in your relation: Whenever he comes, assure your self he shall be as welcome as his own worth and your commends can render him: But he shall pardon me, if I wish rather it had been *your self*. It is an *Age*, me thinks, since I enjoyed you, and I grow old in my unhappiness: 'Tis in your power to create a *Spring* in my soul, and to make those faculties live again, that have hitherto been buried in a silent grave of negligence. One line of yours will be *strong* enough to draw me from that depth of dulness into which some late melancholly thoughts

thoughts have thrown me, though it were as profound as the pit wherein Truth lieth hidden. The *fire* that shines in your expressions is onely able to call forth that *quondam* ingenuitie you accuse me of: If ever I *enjoyed* any such thing, 'twas when I enjoyed you; and that *left me, when I left London*: Like *insects* in Winter, retired to their first nothing, as resolving to enjoy no life, in the absence of the *Sun* their Father. Since I cannot encircle you in *person*, let me embrace your *picture*, and let your *pen* supply the silence of your *tongue*. If you will sometimes vouchsafe me this happiness, I shall quit *scores* with my wishes, and resolve to be no happier in this unhappy Age. Thus, because you have expected it *long*, I have at length returned you a *long Letter*, to assure you that I am, and most sincerely

Sir, your Friend and Servant,

T. F.



To Mr. C. A.

Sir,

**T**His Letter must *begin*, where yours *ended* because, what you commend to me as an *object* of my pitie, hath been the *subject* of my thoughts; for it is impossible my friends should suffer any loss, and my self not be sensible of, and sorrowful for it. If the stream of your grief may be *subtracted* by *division*, I refuse  
not,

not, and that willingly, to take my part, that yours may be the less. The cause that challengeth our grief (for now 'tis *mine* as well as *yours*) speaks it self in the loss of a *Friend*, of a *Mother*. To begin with that ends all, *Death*, me thinks, I can find as little cause to lament, as to wonder at it, it being so general a necessitie, that none ever *did*, or ever *shall* avoid it. We were born to live, and live to die. It is the onely thing we can here expect, without a *for-  
tasse*, the onely *certainty* of which we cannot be deprived. *Epictetus* wondred no more to see a mortal man dead, than to see an earthen pitcher broken. And as wise a *Philosopher* as the former, entertained the newes of his Sons deaths, with no more but a *Scivi eos mortales esse natos*: As being a greater wonder that they should have *so long*, than that they died *so soon*. Why should we wonder, or grieve, to see one goe before us, the same way that we our selves must follow. *Vale, vale, nos te sequemur*, was the solemn leave the Ancients took of their deceased friends; and, if we believe the *Gram-  
marians*, from thence we call a Funeral *Exequie*, the same being noted not without a silent lesson in our common custome, of the Coarse's going before, and the attendants following after. It is *Seneca's* observation, Nature hath ordained that to be *common*, which we account so heavy, that the *cruelty* of the fate may be lessened by the *equality*. But 'tis the death of a *Mother*, and here nature and affection will put in a *plea*, and plead *prescription* for our grief; yet may we entertain our fortune with dry eys.

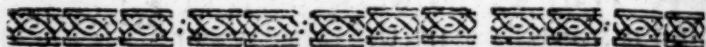
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We know she was *mortal*, and so liable to the common fate; a *mother*, and so by the order of nature to goe before her children: She was *before* them, that they might be *after* her. It was thought *ominous* among the *Jewes*, and not without the re-mark of a punishment, *for the Father* to burie the *Son*, as if it were an inversion of the course of nature, and not to be seen without a *Prodigie*. But I remember what the Schools teach: *That an Angel of an inferiour, cannot enlighten a superiour Hierarchy*: Yet I presume you will excuse the rashness of the attempt, since it proceeds from the affection of one devoted to be in all relations

Sir, your ready servant,

T. F.



To Mr. C. A.

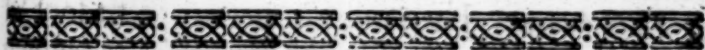
Sir,

**T**Hat a discourse of *death* from a *sick* person, and *firm* arguments from an *infirm* and shaking brain, should have the good hap to rout, or, at least, to prevent the triumph of your sorrows, was certainly to be ascribed to the benevolent *Planet* that co-operated in their *production*; or rather, to your own more favorable *Aspect*. I shall not pursue a *flying* enemy, nor torture that argument to a *martyrdome*, that is already a willing *Confessor*. Your quoted Author hath expressed himself *Fuller*, than the  
small-

smallness of my reserve pretends to. That the death of *one*, breaks *another's* heart, is not safe to contradict, since it hath obtained the general vote of a *Proverb*. But I shall humbly adventure to lay the Scene at a greater distance, and date it from that *Golden Age*, when hearts were so entwined, they could not part without breaking, when that *Gordian knot* of amitie was not to be untied, till it were cut by the Sythe of him that out-conquers *Alexander's* sword. Were it not to *upbraid* the present Age by the *comparison*, I could willingly venture at a *Character* or *Encomium* of that venerable *Friendship*, the *Imitation* of former, and *Despiar* of later Ages. But I shall do the subject more right to commend it to your more commanding Pen, and study always to make good the precise value you are pleased to put upon

*Sir, the meanest of your servants,*

T. F.



To Mr. D. P.

*Sir,*

Whether this should be an *Apologie* for my former, perhaps too frequent *visits*, or my later, as uncivil *forbearance*, I know not, since both have been equally liable to the piquant censures of detracting tongues; and in so loud an accent, that I question not but they have long since arrived your cares. It is not my intention,



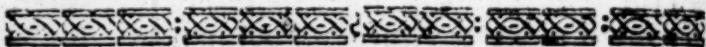
on to make this paper guilty, by relating those stories which would be *tedious* for me to write, and *troublesome* for you to read. Had they been vented with as much *innocence* as *falsehood*, I could have looked upon them as some pretty *Romances*, and at once both *laugh'd* at the Relation, and *pried* the Relator. But finding them so loaded with the over-weight of *scandal*, as well as *slander*, I should belye my own thoughts, if I should not say they have touched the most sensible part of my soul. That I have hitherto been *silent*, and contented myself to be an *auditor* onely, was, that so, if it had been possible, they might have found a *grave* in their *birth*: And it is a common saying among the *Jewes*, *That lyes have their feet cut off*; they cannot stand long to what they say. But since I see (by what designe I know not) that they have already *out-lived* the common age of a *wonder*, though I know you are too wise to take up any ware upon trust from such *walking-pedlers* (for so I am informed the *original* speaks a *Tale-bearer*) I am not altogether diffident of your pardon if I shall enter my protests (which is all the *re-actiō* I shall endeavour) that whatever some have *fancied*, or others *reported*, I never propounded any other end to my self (either in a direct or collateral line) in my approaches than to make my self happy by the enjoyment of your *societie*. This was the cause that *inducted* me into your acquaintance, and I am not conscient to my self of any *Apostasy* from my first resolutions, or that those real intentions have suffered any *disapidations*. I must  
con-

confess, 'twas my ambition to rival your goodness. and to make my respects (if it had been possible) as infinite as your merit; and I have read, that excesses in friendship are not onely tolerable, but laudable. But that what I thought obedience, should be interpreted impudence, is a false construction of the Syntax of my intentions. 'Twas not your fortune, but your favour, that I have courted; were you as poor as Cædus, I should love you no less than I do; and were you as rich as Cæsus, I could love you no more. I conceived my self obliged by my Profession to wait upon you as a Scholar, and by your courtesies, engaged to love you as a friend; and if this be a crime, I blush not to confess my self guilty in a very high measure: But if any of my words have been wrack'd by others, to make them depose any thing contrary to what I here profess, believe them not. I list not to enter the pitch'd field of a dispute; nor will I retreat to the common intrenchments of excuses, I lay down my Arms at your feet: And, as I can have no other witness, I will have no other Judge but your self; resolving to be either innocent, or guilty, as you shall pronounce me. It was no small commendation Paternulus gives of Pompey the Great, where he affirms, that he was *Amicitiarum tenax, in offensis exorabilis, in recipiendâ satisfactiome facilimus*: Of this I believe your continual practice an exact Translation. What though the Comical Speech of Florence be Canonical, *Mulier aut amat, aut odit nihil est tertium*; it would be as falsely applied to you, as truly to the Sex 'tis spoken of. And  
for

for my part you shall do me but *right* to believe that I ever was, am, and will be

Sir, your Friend and Servant,

T. F.



To Mr. C.

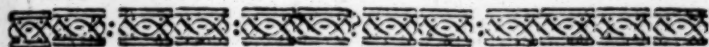
Sir,

NOT out of any uncivil *dis-respect* to your commands, nor any *unwillingness* to serve you (so far as the *too short line* of my abilities will *stretch*) have I hitherto been silent. Could I have wrought my self to that *height* of presumption, as to think any thing of mine of merit enough to *arrest* your sight, you had *long since* had an answer, and perhaps *as long as your expectation*. It was not that I thought a letter *lost* to me, but because I knew it would be *lost* to you; and hereof this is too sufficient a witness. Yet, Sir, lest you should think I am either too full of *business*, that I cannot, or of *idleness*, that I will not write to you, I have sent these lines to kiss your hands, and to assure you, that you have infinitely obliged me by your late letters you vouchsafed to honour me with: So full fraught were they of your wonted ingenuitic, that (to tell you the truth) I could spare no time from reading of them, to return any answer to them. But now, since you are pleased to descend so far below your self, as to *entreat* for what you might *command*, I shall no longer

longer *dispute*, but *obey*: Yet will I not tire my self with *troubling* you, farther than to re-assure you that I am

*Sir, your very humble*

*Servant, T. F.*



*To Mr. C.*

*Noble Sir,*

HAVING already confess'd the debt, your late ingenious Letters have engaged me in, I shall take leave to pay you (since you are pleased to grant me that favour) as *unsolvent debtors* do their *patient creditors*, by small tuns weekly. I would willingly speak my *gratitude* in as loud an accent as you have done your *goodness*: But, as you have honoured me beyond the utmost of my wishes, and placed my meanness on so high a pinnacle of happiness, as my most ambitious thoughts durst never aspire to; so you have onely left me modestie enough to blush at my own unworthiness, and to promise you, that I shall hereafter lay hold on every handle of time, and court all opportunities to serve you. But, Sir, I wish you have not *undervalued* your judgment, by *over-valuing* those loose lines you undertake to call most choise *jewels*; which ('tis my fear) will prove but *pebbles*, or *Bristow-stones* at best: If they carrie any thing of *jewels* in them, it is onely this, that they have nothing of *worth*, but what your *valuation* puts

upon them. However, since it cannot be admitted as *History* of what I am, may it prove a *Prophecie* of what I may be, and that my endeavours may overtake the mark your charitie hath already anticipated, that you may not repent that you have owned me for

Sir, your very Servant,

T. F.



To Mr. J. S.

Sir,

SO long it is since I received your Letter, that I should be ashamed to confess it, did I not believe that I have hitherto done you a *courtesie*, by not troubling you with my rude lines: yet dare I no longer maintein that opinion, lest you should vote that for a *neglect*, which I have thought a *favour*. You would *pardon*, if not *pity* me, did you know how I have been rack'd with diversions, neither *pleasant*, nor *profitable*, but as vexatious as the tediousness of the *law*, and the much business of the *Lawyers* could render them. But, I am now in hope that my Cause will hang in suspence no longer than till the next Affizes. The old rule was, *Inter arma silent leges*: I shall alter it, and say as truly, *Inter leges silent litera*. I must hope my friends will forgive me the *Lawyers* faults, since they have rob'd me of the most necessarie functions of my life: nay, I am in doubt whether I may put this last year

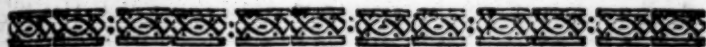
into



into the account of my *life*, since I have not had time to tender you the services and respects due from

*Sir, your humble servant*

T. F.



*To Mr. C. M.*

*Sir,*

YOur civil reception of the tender of my endeavours to your service, hath made me presume, that your goodnesse will maintein your *first* favour with a *second*; and, if occasion serve, to mention my desires to those noble Gentlemen in *conjunction* with you; from whom I cannot despair of a favourable *Aspect*, being represented by so happie a *Medi-um* as your self. But I should be too injurious to the *publick good*, to detein you longer from your more noble employments. I shall onely beg the happinesse of a room in your memorie, in qualitic of

*Sir, your most humble*

*Servant, T. F.*

To



To Mr. T. P.

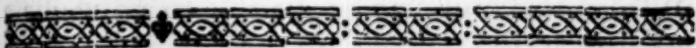
Sir,

**H**AVING long since received your Letter and not receiving *any answer*, you might justly think I either *not received*, or *slighted* your command. But, when you have read this, you will believe that my silence was neither out of *sloth*, nor *sighting*; it being much against my will that I have deprived my self of the pleasure I take in serving you. The reasons that obliged me this delay, were *more just* than I wish they had been: For, this *vagrant Pamphlet* that now attends you, was *stragled* from me, and much time pass'd before I could procure a *Pass* to send it home to the place of its birth. Since when, I understood that your occasions called you to a greater distance, which rendred me uncapable of serving you. Thus, Sir, you see it was not out of any covetous or envious humour, or a fear of the expence of a few lines; which when you have them, are so *worthless*, that I might have done you a greater *courtesie* to have *forborn them now*. Onely this rudeness may serve to let you see how much I esteem you my *friend*, in that I have taken no more care to entertain you with that studied respect which I should, to any but my *Familiar*. I shall not Apologize for the rudeness of this undrest Pamphlet, which now waits upon you in obedience to your call; nor tell you, that I  
desire

desire you would read it to *your own ears onely*; nor that I shall long to see it again: But onely desire you to remember what place you hold in the number of his *first friends*, who is

*Sir, your old Friend and*

*Servant, T. F.*



*To M. C. F.*

*Sir,*

I Have heard of those *men-moles*, that *Nero-like*, rip up the *entrails* of their *Mother Earth*, to plunder her of her hidden *Excrements* (who many times dig so long under ground, that they meet with their own graves before they are willing) though none of the *best men*, yet have they this *good* qualitie, that they are continually calling and talking to one another, that if a sudden *damp* should surprize any of them, the rest may speedilie be readie to help and assist them. It is no shame for the *best* to learn what's *good*, though from the *worst* of men. Considering therefore the many clouds and vapours that continually are readie to overwhelm and stifle us in this *vault* of earth (where we are but *day-labourers*) it is a necessarie dutie of friends to be frequent in these Offices of friendship. How unhappie had I been, had that boisterous wind blown down your earthlie tabernacle, and deprived me of a *friend* without any warning! And though my *eyes* and *ears* were late-

lately the happie witnesses of your recoverie. Yet, me thinks, I know not how to credit them, till you vouchsafe to give it me under your *hand and seal*, and confirm to *me* the continuance of *my* health and happiness in *yours*. Certainly, there is more intended in these visits, than common custome and complement. *Letters* are the lawful *Spies* and *Intelligencers* of amitie; the honourable *Leigers* to continue a good correspondencie amongst friends. And if, as our late Physicians hold, most diseases and distempers of the bodie are occasioned by the stopping of the bloods *circulation*, surely, the omitting of these correspondencies, breed no good blood, but, like the *intermitting pulse*, proclaimeth the *decay*, if not the *death* of friendship. It is not enough that you are *alive* and *well*, unless you *tell me so*, and communicate *your* happiness to *me*, by the information. I cannot safely say I *am well*, unless I know *my* friends are so, who are *myself*. Let your Letters sometimes tell me how I do, and be at once my *physick* and *Physician*; and I shall duly pay you the *Fee* of being

*Sir, your officious servant,*

T. F.

To Mr. S. S.

Sir,

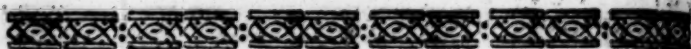
HAVING founded a *retreat* to my self from my former, perhaps too familiar converse with the world; being able by experience to confirm the wise mans censure, that it is not only *vanity*, but *vexation of spirit*. I have confined my self to my own home: Yet, because man is *Animal sociale*, and God himself thought it not fit for Him to be *alone*, I have undertaken (that lawful *Negromancie*) to converse with the dead; the best and most impartial instructors. I shall make bold (in obedience to your command) from your well-furnished Market, to borrow some supply: For knowledge is truly *pabulum Anima*, and Books the best *Caterers* of that entertainment. Had I time, I would venture at an *Encomium* of those best of *Companions*. But the messenger stayes, and I cannot. Let me therefore (without a Preface) crave the privilege of your *Fuller*; from whose *Pisgash*, I am ambitious to take a view of that *Holy Land*. for which, and your many former favours, I must subscribe my self

Sir, yours obliged,

T. F.

To





To Mr. T. L.

Sir,

**A**Mongst the ill turns of my cross fortune, it was not the least, that I could not attain the happiness of seeing you, when last in *London*; though your goodness often endeavoured it, and I was not idle in the like returns. If you will pardon me my *City-misfortune*, in recompence, I will enjoyn my self the penance, or rather the *happiness* of a twelve miles pilgrimage, to kiss your hands, at your *own home*, when the weather and the way shall so far be-friend me. In pursuance of that service I owe you, I have now sent, &c.—I suppose you expect, and I presume, as good and as cheap as you could have bought them: For I would willingly obtain your belief, that my service to my friends is not *mercenary*; and that I look not to be paid again for those acts of dutie which your courtesies have paid me for *before-hand*. This is no complement, but the real, though *ex tempore* dictates of my Heart.

Sir, your humble servant,

T. F.

To Dr. S.

Noble Dr.

THE ingenious *Italians* have three significant phrases whereby they character a work exactly done. They say, it was performed, *Con diligenza, con studio, & con amore*. Without any ambition, I must crave leave to tell you, that in order to the content I take in serving my friends, and especially *your self* (to whom I am bound by so many repeated acts of friendship) I have not failed in any of those particulars in my search for—. For, to have enjoy'd the pleasure of satisfying your expectations, I used all the diligence and care that could be thought on: For I think I left not a shop unvisited, though yours were my onely errand, and, but for one place, I must have returned with a *non est inventus*. Sir, your goodness makes me apt to believe, that you will not censure the *Act* by the *Issue*; and I shall live in hope, that some other command may render me more happy in the performance. Let the shortness of my time and paper excuse this abrupt tender of my thanks and service to your self, your good bedfellow, and the rest of your happie Familie; and do me the *favour*, or rather the *justice*, to believe me to be

Sir, your very ready and  
real servant, T. F.

To



To Mr. S. S.

Sir,

AS needie debtors pay one sum, but with an intent to borrow a bigger; so I send you home *three* Books, with a request to borrow a *fourth*. Thus doe I link your courtesies, and my engagements together; and knowing the undoubted fertilitie of your friendship, I shall make every former favour the *Parent* of another. So that, if it be a fable that *Pliny* tells of some Mice in *Caria*, that are so fruitful, that the young ones are with young in their Dams belly: The pregnant acts of your Friendship may be the *Moral*. I shall therefore request the use of your *Plutarch's Morals*, which (I doubt not) will instruct me how to return you due thanks for your many courtesies, whereby you have so many times bound me to be

Sir, your thankful Friend

and Servant,

T. F.

To

To Mr. C. F.

Sir,

OF all pleasures, reading is the best: of all readings, those *Antelucanas Lestiones* are to me the most pleasant and profitable. And surely there is something in it, that *Lectus* and *Lectio* are of near affinitie. These are the onely *Curtain-Lectures*. Not long since I fastened upon Sir Richard Bakers *Soliloquie*, or, as he calls it, *Pillar of thoughts*; deservedly so styled, for the *solidity* of the composition, the *rareness* of the materials, and *height* of the fancie. There, amongst other choise notions, he falls upon the *immortality* of the Soul, and hath so well discharged himself in it, that he hath left no place for a *Sceptick* to rest in: Onely I could not see (for indeed my candle is not of the largest size) how he doth clearly evince the *Original* of the rational soul, but (with St. *Augustine*) refuseth to determine whether it be *propagated*, or *infused*. I dare not *resolve*, where so great men *doubt*, and wherein the soul it self is ignorant, or silent; as if it had drank of *Virgils Lethe*, before it came into the bodie, forgetting how it came there. Weighing the arguments of both sides, my reason holding the *ballance* with an equal hand, the arguments for the *Traduction*, in my eye seem to be most weightie. Perhaps because I know not how to answer them. When I consider the births of *bastards*, and other such

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like

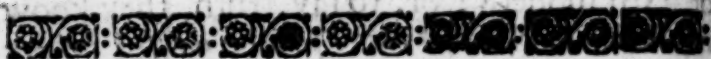
like irregular productions (the *Anomalies* of nature) I cannot (me thinks) salve Gods *justice*, who, if the soul be not *ex traduce*, must favour those irregularities, so much against his *Holiness*: And what hath the poor innocent soul done, to be imprisoned in a sinful polluting bodie? For, if the soul be not *propagated*, then the *bodies* of Infants *onely* have sinned, and are *onely* liable to the punishment of *Original sin*. Now certainly, it cannot be properly said that the *bodie* sinneth, for the bodie is but the *souls* instrument, and what evil hath the soul of a young dying Infant committed, if his soul were not *derived* from *Adam*? And if the soul be *infused*, who doubts but that it comes *pure and unspotted* from the hands of God? It was an error reckoned upon the score of the *Arrians*, that our Saviour took onely *flesh* of the Virgin, but not the *soule*: But it is the opinion of the *Church of England*, that Christ took *mans nature* upon him in the Virgins womb; whence it must necessarily follow, that he took *both body and soul*, since either, without the other, make not perfect man. Yet, if this be evaded, as extraordinary, in the Historie of the Creation, when God took *Eve* out of *Adams* side, it is not said, that He *breathed into her* the breath of life, as before He did to *Adam*: Perhaps (and if silence may be interpreted consent) to intimate that her *soul* was derived with her *body* from the man. But, that the soul, which Philosophers call *Anima*, composed of the *vegetative* and *sensitive* faculties, is *ex traduce*, is yielded; the onely question being about the *Spirits*, which, they say, is the  
breath



breath of God, infused in the third, or fourth, or sixth moneth; or, to say truth, they know not when. Now, if this Spirit be infused before the birth, why see we not the effects and workings of this Spirit? But it seems as dull as the body is feeble; whereas, experience tells us, *Chickens as soon as hatch'd, fall to pecking, ducklings to paddling, the colt falls to sucking as soon as foal'd, the lamb as soon as fawn;* whereas this Spirit in man is not seen, till almost the third part of his life be spent, and perhaps not at all. Let a child be brought up in a wood, or a wilderness, what difference will appear between him and a beast? So that this Spirit seems to be increased by, if not derived from civil society, and liberal education; whereas, if the soul be infused by God, that it must come perfect from his hands, who makes a question? These things my faith can easily leap over, and turn these mountains into mole-hills; but my reason is at a stand, and craves the favourable assistance of your courteous hand, because I know you will do it, and that dexterosly. If you have the good fortune to rout these light arguments, which I send out as my forlorn hope, I have yet a reserve left, which may tell you, that a man may be *victus in praelio*, and yet *victor in bello*. But I leave you to your good fortune, with assurance that your enemy is no other than

*Sir, your Friend and Servant,*

T.F.



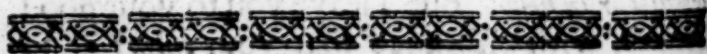
D. P. B.

**I**Nfandum (Philippe) jubet renovare dolorem. Dolorem sub sigillo silentii signandum esse, vel lachrymis potius quam verbis exprimendum. Nefanda illa nocte, flagranti amicitia. fluenti eloquentia, medio de fonte leporum, surgit avari aliquid. A Cacumine montium sum dejectus, à Paradiso ejectus; in orbem iturus, rediturus nunquam: sceminæ linguæ gladius versatilis regressum prohibet.

Heu! quæ nunc tellus, quæ me æquora possunt accipere, aut quid jam misero mihi denique restat? Silentium olim pendidit Amyclas, jam vana loquacitas perdidit Amicos. Nunc serio, ah nimis fera! illud Comici, Mulier aut amat, aut odit, nihil est tertium. Tu tamen vale & constanter Ama.

Constantissimum tuum Amicum,

T. F.



To Mr. S. S.

Sir,

➔ **C**Hristian moderation is the best reconciler of all controversies; for it hath been too often found by sad experience, that in the heats of dil-

disputations, men have sought *victory*, rather than *verity*, Truth being often lost by an over-hot and hasty search : Witness the many, and too eager Disputes concerning *Admission to the Lords Supper* ; to which some men, by a too hasty, and less charitable *zeal*, have excluded *all*, though never so worthy, lest they should lose the authoritie of *Examination*, which the Scripture no where *commands*, nor hardly anywhere *allows* ; it being not possible for any man to know what is in man, but the Spirit of man which is within him. The *Apostle St. Paul* therefore layes the injunction upon every man to examine *himself*, not sending him to another to usurp the power of *Auricular Confession*, which they condemn in the *Papists*, yet would exercise *themselves*. I denie (under submission) that any man can shew any one direct place of Scripture that commands or enjoynes the Minister to examine his Parishioners ; it being his Office to teach them their duties, to reprove them *for*, and convince them *of* their errors, and it is left to the people to examine and reform themselves by that glasse which the Minister holds out unto them. We accuse the *Romanists* (and justly) of *grand Sacrilege*, for denying the *Cup* unto the people, whilst we are deprived not onely of *part*, but of *all*. How justly, let the *Scripture*, and the practice of all Ages (till ours) shew. It is denied that *Judas* received the Sacrament with the other disciples, though *three* Evangelists absolutely relate it, and the *fourth* doth not denie it. It is also denied, that the Sacrament is a *converting*

Ordinance, because the Scripture doth not say so in expresse terms: By better reason we say it is, because the Scripture no where denies it, and reason it self speaks the use of it to be *verbum visibile*, it setting forth Christ and his Passion to our eyes, as the Word preached doth to our ears; and we have alwayes been taught, that the Eye is the aptest Scholar. If it be not a *Preaching action* now, it is because we have it not to see; else to what purpose did our Saviour command us to use it in remembrance of him? That all should receive the Sacrament of the Supper, because all have been Baptized, is an argument framed onely by the Confuters thereof; for none (that I know) who plead for a *free admission*, but make some *exception* from this *general rule*, as *infants*, *fools*, and *excommunicate persons*; for that all have a right to eat, is an argument never maintain'd, the onely question being *who have this right, and who have not*? That *Infidels*, *Idolaters*, and *Children* have not, all agree, for reasons too plain to be questioned. That *scandalous persons* have no right, we denie not neither, onely say, they are not to be accounted so, till *excommunicated*: Nor can that man be lawfully accounted *guilty* in the sence of the Law, till proofs have convicted, and sentence determined him to be so: For to denie a man the priviledges his birth allows him, till the Law determine that he hath forfeited them, is an injustice, and no command of Christ or Scripture. Sure I am, the Master in the Parable reprov'd not his servant for admitting him without the wedding garment, it was

was their part to *invite* all, and if any would presume to come unfitted, it lay upon *himself* to bear the sentence of their Lord; the *Apostle* telling us, as it is a dutie upon every one to examine himself, so he comes upon his *own* peril, to eat and drink his *own* damnation. And because he that eats and drinks unworthily, eats and drinks his own damnation; yet it followeth not that the Sacrament should be denied them: For who knows not, that though a man *have been* loose and careless in his conversation, yet God may work a change in him in *an instant*, even in the *very act* of Administration: And certainly, no meanes ought to be denied any man, that may *conduce* to, if happily not *produce* that good end for which all the Ordinances of the Gospel are ordained. But I forget, I intended a *Letter*, not a *Dispute*, since *without controversie* I am

Sir, your Friend and Servant,

T. F.



To Mr. S. S.

Sir,

I Am not at all infected with that *itch* of Disputation; how contrary it is to my more peaceable temper, all that know me can witness. But having routed the *main body* of your arguments, I shall now scatter your *reserve*. It is — said the Church of Ephesus is commended for



trying and judging of men : But it is clear by the next words, that this trial was of their *doctrine*, not of their *lives* ; and that they were found *false Apostles*. Neither can this (if it were as is pretended ) authorize a *particular Minister* to that, which may be lawful to the *Church*, it being too tender a thing to be trusted with *one man alone* to determine ; for what inconveniences would thence follow, may easily be imagined. The *Priests* indeed (as you say) were commanded to make a separation between the *clean and the unclean*, but it was of *beasts for the sacrifices*, as the Texts express themselves. And St. *Peter* saith God had shewn him, that he should not call any man *common and unclean*. And St. *Paul* tells the *Corinthians*, that he had no power to *judge* them without. That *Christ* gave the Supper *onely* to his *Apostles*, is plain, but it is as plain that one of them was a *Judas* ; and what *select* company was ever in this world, wherein was not some close *hypocrite* ? and *no Devil to the white Devil*. I have done with your arguments, and shall now sound a *retreat* to my self, and resolve to *draw* my pen no more in this quarrel : For I know not whether this kind of *duelling* be not forbidden by the *late Act* ; if it be not, I wish it were, for I love not to *contend* with my friends with any other *weapons* than love and service. When you conquer me at *those weapons*, I must forget your merit, or that I am

Sir, your friend and servant,

T. F.

To

To Mr. T. F.

Sir,

**H**AVING lately (not without pleasure and profit) read your *Church-History*; by which, you have not only indebted our Church in particular, but the whole Common-wealth of Learning in general; my memory continually upbraided me with ingratitude, till I found out this way to convey my resentments. For, though our *Returns* of thanks ought to be large and universal, as your merit, yet your goodness (I hope) will not refuse the single gratitude of private persons. In that number (though the last, and the least) I am bold to tender my *mise*. A task indeed better befitting a more equal pen, since none is able to do it but your own. But I know your *modesty* is as great as your *merit*, the *highest* worths being always accompanied with the *lowest* humilitie. May your name ever live, who have rais'd so many to life, and rescued their memories from the tyranny of oblivion. Amongst many others, I am particularly obliged to your courtesie, in the remembrance of that good man Mr. *Udal*, whom by kindred I am something related. One, of whom we have this tradition, that he was the first man King *James* asked for when he came into *England*; and being answered, that he was dead, the King (whose judgment was an exact standard of learning & learned men) reply'd, *By my sal, then the greatest Scholar in Europe's dead*. And certainly, by his own party (if they may be admitted for com-

Competent Judges) it is not yet resolv'd, whether his *Learning* or his *Zeal* were greatest; and they think they justly boast him a *Confessor*, if not a *Martyr* for that *Cause*, which since hath paid those scores with *Interest*. Now, though I am no heir to his *opinions*, yet a small affinity to his *Person*, makes me embrace the opportunity of proffering you that *Intelligence* you complain to want, the rather, because (perhaps) no man can now do it but my self; and I have a *Relation of all his Trials, Censures, and Sermons, written by himself*; which (I doubt not) may give you a satisfactorie account in what you desire. If you please to command it, I shall be ambitious to serve you, and the *crush* therewith. But I could wish you would review that passage in the 31 Sect. *After the Execution of Udal, &c.* for he died at the *White-Lyon* (just as his pardon was procured) and was buried at *St. Georges Southwark*. And so I leave him to his Rest, wishing his *good name and doctrines may survive his discipline*. Sir, you have not onely engaged *Learning*, but *Religion*, to perpetuate your labours. Fame is much in arrears to your Desert, and therefore cannot in justice but continue that veneration in *length* to your memories, which it yet wants in *breadth*. Those *Religious Houses*, erected by a better devotion, than that which destroy'd them, are more beholding to your Pen, than to their Founders, or Materials; you having made them a task for the remembrance and admiration of future Ages, so long as Time shall hold a Sythe, or Fame a Trumpet. I would say more, if the univer-

sal applause of all knowing men had not saved me a labour. And (to pay you in some of your own coyn) *It is no flattery to affirm, what every cannot deny.* Did I not fore-see that the relation would swell my discourse beyond the limits of a Letter, or the length of your patience, I should assume the libertie to inform you, that my neighbourhood to the place, acquaints me with some *Relicks of Religious Houses*, at and near *Maldon*, bearing still the name of an *Abbey*, a *Friery*, and a *Nunnery*. And, if we may judge of *Hercules* by his foot, of the whole piece by the remnant, and of them by their Remaines, I should suppose them not behind many in *England*. As yet, I know little of them, but their ruines; but, if you vote it convenient, I shall endeavour to improve my present ignorance into a discoverie of them. I suppose it will be no hard task; I am sure it shall not, when in relation to your command. I must now take pitie of your patience, which had not run this hazard of abuse, did I not know I have to do with so great a Candor, from which I can expect no less than pardon. And in that presumption I crave your leave to be, as I subscribe my self

*Sir, your most assured servānt,*

T. F.

Ta



To M. —

Madam,

WERE I sure of the *cause* of your malady, I could easily hope the *Cure*; but, being to *guess* at the *one*, it will be no wonder, if I *miss* the *other*. Of all *diseases*, those of the *mind* are worst, of those, that of *melancholy*: of *melancholies*, the *religious*. I know not by what unhappy wit, the badge of melancholy hath been fastned upon the spirit of *Calvin*, that Patriarch of *Presbytery*. This I know, since that unhappy Planet hath reigned over us, we have too sensibly felt all those unlucky effects that an ill-boading Comet could produce. What wars, what blood shed, what ruines have we seen in the State? What factions, what factions in the Church? What envy, what hatred, what divisions amongst private persons? What doubts, what fears, what distractions in all mens minds? In a word, what not?

Gladly doe I remember those happy dayes (now happy onely in the remembrance) that *Golden Age*, wherein we had but one Truth, but one Way, wherein men walked lovingly together, without contentious justling one another. When those *Silver Trumpets* of the Sanctuary gave no uncertain sound; when the way to Heaven was, though a narrow, yet a plain and direct path; not block'd up by envious censures, by distracting clamours. But now



now I sadly see, and sigh to say, our *Rents* are like to prove our *Ruine*, and our *distractions* our *destruction*. I remember a *Storie* of a *knarlish Painter* (so my Author calls him) who, being to make the *Piſture* of some *goddeſſes* for a *Citie* to worship, drew the *Counterſeit* of his own *Miſtris*, and so cauſed her to be *courted*, that (perhaps) better deſerved to be *carted*. I wiſh this *tale* were not too *true* of our times. It is too obvious to conceal the *Parallel*. Do we not daily ſee *Religion* dreſt up in the ſeveral ſhapes of every ones *fancie*, and obtruded upon the eaſie multitude, as the onely *Deitie* for their adoration and obſervance? our *faith* made as changeable as our *faſhions*? And, what's the miſerie of our miſeries, none are ſo eaſily deluded, as the well-meaning, ſimple-hearted, honeſt *Chriſtians*; who, out of an *exceſſe* of *Charitie*, are ready to believe all men mean truly, becauſe they doe ſo themſelves.

If this be your caſe (and I am to ſeek if it be not) let me give you this Caution, Beware of that evil which commeth *near* to the ſhew of good; none can ſo eaſily deceive you, as thoſe *Hyena's*, who have learn'd your voice, to draw you out of the way. Take heed of thoſe ſerpents of the colour of the ground. Let *St. Paul* beſeech you to mark them which cauſe *diviſions* and offences: *Contrary to the Do-ctrine which you have learned*, and avoid them. I am miſ-inform'd, if the ſame word which we read *Contrary*, doth not alſo import *near*. There are no opinions ſo dangerously con-  
trary

contrary to the truth, as they that seem very near it.

Let me assure you, it is the *old way*, which is the *good way*, wherein you shall find *rest*. There shall you find a direct road, without any turnings and windings of private interest or faction: No briars and thorns of quarrelling disputes; no soul-destroying doctrines, under the ostentitious titles of soul-saving truths. It is no such long and melancholy way, as we see now chalk'd out by those who have found out new paths to heaven, that our Fathers never dreamt of. There shall you find *gravity* without *morosity*, and *mirth* without *madness*; Christian cheerfulnesse as well commanded, as commended. Religion is no such frowning fury: *Psalms* and *Hymns* are her daily practice, as well as *prayers* and *teares*. The same Holy Spirit that commands us to *pray alwayes*, enjoyns us also to *rejoyce evermore*. We sin, if we rejoyce not. There is not more errour in false mirth, than in unjust heaviness. Can they be sad, who have a *God to defend*, a *Christ to save*, and an *Holy Ghost to comfort them*. It is for those that know not God, or know him displeas'd, to droop, as men without hope.

An humble practice of those *Common truths*, alone necessary to salvation, is far more safe, more happy, than all the towring and lofty speculations of unquiet Heads, and too busie Brains. There is some reason in the old Scotch *Richme*.

Rob. Will. and Davy,

Keep well thy *Pater noster*, and *Ave*,

And if thou wilt the better speed,

Go no farther than thy *Creed* :

Say well, and do none ill,

And keep thy self in safety still.

Our way is not tedious, nor our burthen heavy ; why then should we add length to the one, and weight to the other, by an unnecessary adnels ? Whilest hypocrisie lies under the clouded brow of a *Pharisee* ; a cheerful countenance is the badge of innocence. It is a disparagement to our Master, and his service, to follow him sighing, I have done. Pardon me this (perhaps unnecessary) length, and believe me, however the *Physick* chance to work, it is tender'd with an hand ayming onely at your happinesse ; and that would gladly wish no better employment, than to strew your way to heaven with *Roses*. This is the height of his ambition, who is

*Madam, your most humble*

*Servant, T. F.*

To M. D. P.

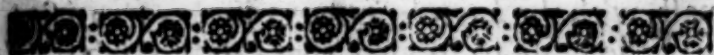
Sir,

**T**He *Italians* say in a *Proverb*, That words are but females, deeds are males. I can allow them to be females, so they be fruitful in these mas-

masculine productions, and not subject to miscarry of those fruits, with which they often seem so big. I have endeavoured my promises should not prove abortive; but it hath staid so long by the Carriers Midwifry, that what you expected as a *gift*, will amount to a *purchase*; for, *a courtesie delay'd, is dearly bought*. Besides, I cannot expect it should arise to the merit of a *gift*, since it will hardly amount to the least mite that I owe you. Your courtesies have been so many, your favours so large, and the continuance so long, that I despair of discharging the *Interest*, should your goodness abate me the *Principal*. But if a thousand thanks, and ten thousand good wishes may pass for *pay*, you shall never have cause to call me ingrateful; for herein I can be as liberal as your self. I remember the *Dutch History* tells us, that at the Siege of *Alcmar*, the souldiers within, being without pay, the Magistrates caused dollers of tin to be coyned, of three shillings a piece, with promise, that the Town being delivered, they would redeem them for good silver at the rate. I will wrap up this poor present with a faithful promise, that when propitious Heaven shall transmute my *tin and copper* into *gold and silver*, payments shall be more proportionate to your merits, and my obligations, by which I stand firmly bound to profess my self

Sir, your Servant,

T. F.



To M. J. W.

Madam,

Neither out of *sloth*, nor *slighting*; not out of *forgetfulness*, nor *unwillingness*, have I hitherto delay'd this debt of duty, which you may justly have expected sooner. Believe me, I have not yet forgot those *many, many* favours whereby you have perpetually bound me to serve you. My silence thus long, hath been not out of *negligence*, but *designe*. I was not willing to meet your sorrow in its full careere, resolving rather to await the turning of the tide, and expect an *ebb* of your passion; lest in stead of a *lenitive*, I had brought a *corrosive*; and in stead of abating, encreased your grief. By this time, I hope, your *Reason* hath subdued your *Passion*, and *natural affection* given place to *Religion*; which, as it allows a moderate sorrow for the death of our friends and relations, so it appoints bounds to our tears, and commands us, *Not to weep as those without hope*. When my thoughts reflect upon your losse of so *dutiful a daughter*, so *good a wife*, so *pleasant a companion*, so *true a friend*, in the fair flower of her youth, in the pleasant Spring of her age; me thinks, I could mingle my tears with yours, and forget what I intended. But when agen I consider the miseries of this life, the troubles of this world, the losses and crosses, the corroding cares, the doubtful tears that attend us here: when I bal-

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lance *our loss* with *her gains*, the *miseries* she is past, with the *happineffes* she enjoys, I can find so little cause to mourn, that I must confess we have infinitely more reason to rejoyce. Alas! what is our life but a sea of troubles, a pilgrimage of dangers, a race, a warfare, a banishment; the world a prisonfull of chaines and captives. at best an Inn, no habitation? Death is our quiet harbour, an end of our journey, a conclusion of our warfare; that brings us from *exile* to our *native home*; that gives us a *Kingdome* for a *prison*, *crowns* for *chains*, and for this poor baiting-place of earth, an everlasting habitation in Heaven. Shall we then grieve for those are gone before us, who are released from the evils *present*, and secured against those to *come*, who are taken from *labour* to *rest*, from *expectation* to *fruition*, from *death* to *life*. Is it not unjust? Is it not envious? The *Philosopher*, who was asked, *Which was the best ship?* wisely answered, *That which is safely arrived.* Shall we weep for those, who have already made their voyage, or rather for our selves, who are still tossed upon the waters of strife, who are still subject to those storms and tempests, which they have happily past? They are not *lost*, but *gone before*; not *perished*, but *perfected*; not *dead*, but *departed*. A long-sick man commanded this *Epitaph* to be written upon his grave, *Here I lay well.* *Fortune* (they say) most *hurts*, whom she seems to *favour*; *Death* most *favours*, those he seems to *hurt*. Nor may we account an early death *untimely*: The fruit which to our apprehension is blown down *green* and *untimely*, is gathered *there*.

thered full ripe in Gods providence. The fairest flowers soonest fade. The Sun and Moon, the most bright and glorious of these heavenly bodies, fulfill their courses in a short season, whilst the dimmer and duller Planets are longer time wheeling about. It is sometimes the happiness of young John, to out-run old Peter to the Sepulchre. This is Gods will, and therefore not to be resisted, not to be repined at. It is their happiness, therefore not to be lamented, Can our teares profit them where they are, or bring them back to us? I could allow you to be lavish of your sighs, to be prodigal of your tears, were they not unfruitful, were they not unlawful. I can easily believe your loss of her, to be as great as your love to her; but your meeting again will be more joyous, than your parting was grievous. But what do I do? I forget that I write to one, whose Christian carriage hath (I doubt not) already prevented me this office; and whose excellent parts are able to anticipate whatsoever I am able to say. Give me leave onely to kisse your hands, and once more to assure you, that I am still as much as ever,

*Madam, the most humble,*

*and the most real of your*

*Friends and Servants,*

T. F.

T<sup>2</sup>

T<sup>3</sup>

To Mr. T. C.

Sir,

IT is informed from several parts, that the Butchers have knock't down the Excise-men, and cut the throat of the Excise upon meat: And they have so generally thrown off that yoke, that it is believed they will hardly be brought to admit the putting of it on again. Whither do these confusions tend! Where will they end! We are like the poor *Ass* in the Fable, who often changed his Master, but always for the worse. Will not all these miseries yet open the eyes of the blinded multitude! I would be-speak them in the words of *Anna*, one of the *Jewish* Priests, inciting the people against the factious *Zealots*; amongst other passages (which you may find in *Josaphat*) he thus questions them, — *But why should I exclaim against the tyrants? Did not you your selves make them great, and nourish their power and authority by your patience? Did not you, by despising those who before were in authority, being but a few, make all these who are many in number, tyrants over your selves?*

When *Consuls* succeeded the Roman Kings, the *Historian* says, they changed gold for brass, and loathing one King, suffered many tyrants scourging their folly with their fall, and curing a fester'd sore with a poysoned plaister. Do we not plainly see the Fable moralized by ourselves? The Serpents Tail would needs one day

day fall a quarrelling with the *Head*, saying, that she would by turns goe *before*, and not alwayes come lagging *behind*; which the *Head* having yielded unto, was the first that repented it, not knowing how, or whither she should goe; and besides, was all rent and bruised, being forced, against nature, to follow a member that had neither *seeing* nor *bearing* to conduct it. Our factions, fractions, and lawless liberty, render us like the poor *Baltrans*, of whom it is said, that they are *Sine Fide, sine Rege, sine Lege*. But whither is my pen running? Since I began with the Excise in *England*, I will wast you over into *Holland*, where it first began, and was invented; there you shall see how ill the *Dutchmen* at first relished this Tax upon their drink: It occasioned this Libel in Dutch, which you shall read in English:

*I wish long life may him besall, —  
And not one good day therewithal;  
And Hell-fire after this life here,  
Who first did raise this Tax on Beer.*

With this *Postscript*, The Word of God, and the Tax on Beer, last for ever and ever.

But it is no wonder the Dutchman should be so angry with this charge upon his drink, since you know it is said, *Germanorum vivere, est bibere*. And they account the turning of water into wine, the greatest Miracle that ever Christ did; which miracle onely made one of them with that Christ had lived in their Country. No more now, but that I am still as always,

Sir, your Servant, T. F.

To Mr. T. C.

Sir,

WE have now (thanks to our Preserver) lived to see those men confuted to their faces, who would needs determine *the end of the world*, before *the end of the year*; and upon no better ground, than I could hear from any of them, than this, because (say they) the old world was drowned in the year from the Creation, 1657. And I find the Learned *Alstedius* fathering of this fancie, because he found the same number of yeares in the *Chronogram of Conflagratio Mundi*. How miserably, and yet how often have the too credulous vulgar been deluded by the vain *Predictions* of such idle *Astrologasters*! I remember *Hollingshed* tells a storie of the Prior of *St. Baytholomews London*, who built him an house on *Harrow-hill*, to secure himself from a supposed flood foretold by an *Astrologer*: But at last, he, with the rest of his seduced company, came down again as wise as they went up. Such is the fate and folly of those *false prophets*, that they often live to see themselves confuted. It is a witty jeer the *Cambro-Britannian Epigrammatist* puts upon the *Scotch Napier*, who more wisely had determined the end of the world at a farther distance.

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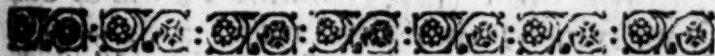
*Cor mundi finem propiorem non facis? ut ne ante  
obitum mendax arguerere: Sapis.*

Thus, as is well observed, by a late and Learned Author, Astrologers have told of a sad and discontented day, which would weep it's eyes out in showers, which when 'twas born proved a *Democritus*, and did nothing but laugh at their ignorance and folly.

Infinite are the Stories upon Record of the madness of those men, and the vanitie and credulity of the easie multitude: Strange, that they should be so grossely, and yet so often cheated with the same bait! But I conclude with a more serious observation of *Ludolphus*, of the two destructions of the world: As the first, sayes he, was by *water*, for the heat of their lust; so the second shall be by *fire*, for the coldness of their love. In hopes that *ours* is not yet grown *cold*, I subscribe my self,

Sir, your loving Friend,

T. F.



To Mr. E. M.

Sir,

*Bodin* the Frenchman, in his *Method of History*, accounts *Englishmen* barbarous for their *Civil Wars*: But his Countrymen, at this time, have no great reason to cast dirt in our faces, till they

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they have wash'd their own. They who have hitherto set us on fire, and warm'd their hands by it, are now in the like flames themselves. It hath been one of their *Cardinal Policies* to divide us, lest our union should prove their ruine. It was the saying of the D. of *Rohan*, a great *States-man*, *That England was a mighty Animal, and could never die, unless it kill'd it self.* Certainly we have no worse enemies than our selves, as if we had *conspired* our own ruine: For *Plutarch* calls the ardent desire of the *Grecians* to make *Civil Wars* in *Greece*, a *Conspiracy* against themselves. But well may the winds and waves be *Pilots* to that ship whose inferior *Mariners* have thrown their *Pylot* overboard. *Dum ille regnabat, tranquille vivebamus, & neminem metuebamus*, said the people of the Emperour *Pertinax*. We remember the time when we lived in peace and plenty, till we surfeited of our happiness; and as our peace begat plenty, so our plenty begat pride, and pride brought forth animosities and factions, and they, if not prevented, will be delivered of our ruine and destruction.

In times past (sayes *Cornelius Tacitus* of our Countrymen) they lived under a *Monarchy*; now, that they are subject to divers Masters, one can see nothing but faction and divisions amongst them. This was spoken of our forefathers; and our Posteritie will think it meant onely of us. The God of union re-unite us, and out of this *Chaos* of confusion, create an happy concord amongst us, before our rents prove our ruine, and our distractions our destruction.

struction. This is the constant and hearty  
prayer of

Sir, your assured Servant,

T. F.

To Mr. T. C.

Sir,

I Must tell you, you are not *justly* troubled at the *injustice* of our new Judges, since they have thereby rendred those brave men *Martyrs*, which otherwise had died as *Criminals*. *Socrates* his wife exasperated her grief by this circumstance, Good Lord, said she, how *unjustly* doe these bad Judges put him to death! What, wouldst thou rather they should execute me *justly*? replied he to her. The *injustice* of the Judges sentence, declare the *justness* of the condemned's cause. It is not the being a Judge that makes his sentence *just*, or the prisoner guilty: There have been those, and we have seen them, who have committed *murther* with the Sword of Justice, and executed *Justice* as a *malefactor*. Nor have the friends of those happy *Martyrs* any cause to be ashamed of, or grieved for their death, or manner of it: *Damnari, diffecari, suspendi, decolari, piis cum impiis sunt communia*: (sayes *Erasmus*) *Varia sunt hominum judicia, Ille fœlix qui iudice Deo absolvitur*. The old Martyrs have accounted *martyrdom* the way to heaven on horse-back. The first man that di-

ed went to heaven, but the first man that went to heaven died a Martyr, suffered a violent death by the hands of a cruel and unmerciful brother. We have lived to see that politick principle of *Periander* put in practice, who being consulted with how to preserve a *tyranny*, bid the messenger stand still, whilest he, walking in a garden, topt all the *highest* flowers, thereby signifying the cutting off, and bringing low of the *Nobility*. Yet will not this do with us; it is but like *Cadmus* his sowing of serpents teeth, which will raise up *armed men* to revenge the quarrel of those brave spirits: For though our *Curfew-bell* hath been rung out, and the fire of our zeal rak'd up in the ashes of *Acts* and *Orders*, yet it is not extinguished: Witness those *Sparky* who have revenged the death of their Sovereign with the hazard of their own *lives*.

By this time, I doubt not, but they who most endeavoured his *Majesties* death, have seen cause enough to wish him alive again, and are ready to engrave that *Motto* upon his Statue (which they threw down with contempt) which was set upon the Statue of the *Roman Brutus*, *Utinam viveres*. It is yet some comfort that we can mingle sighs, and assist one another with mutual counsels and courtesies, which shall never be wanting from

Sir, your assured Friend,

T. F.

To Mr. T. L.

Sir,

Being lately at our *New Court*, there I saw this *Highnose*, so environed with his guard, as if he had been their prisoner, and wondred how he durst venture himself amongst so many dangerous weapons. I was ready to have said unto him, as *Plato* did to *Dionysius* the tyrant, when he saw him compassed about with many souldiers of his guard, *What, hast thou committed so many evils, that thou standest in need of such a guard of armed fellows?* To see the difference betwixt fearlesse innocence, and fearful guilt! *M. Aurelius*, that good Prince, never had any guard; for (sayes my Author) he stood not in fear of his subjects. Innocence is the surest guard, as *Pliny* told *Trajan* the Emperour: *Hæc arx inaccessa, hoc inexpugnabile munimentum, munimento non egere. Frustra se terrore succinxeret, qui septus charitate non fuerit. Armis omnia arma irritantur.*

*White-hall* is now become *Black-hall*, with the smoak of coals and matches: But it would make one sad and sigh to see what havock is made of his Majesties goods and household-stuff, and to whose using his house & furniture is saln. It minded me of a story in *Q. Curtius*, who says, *Alexander* (that great robber, as the petty Pyrat call'd him) sitting in *Darius* Seat, which was not fit for him, but higher than served for his



his stature, his feet could not touch the ground; one of his Pages put a board underneath for him to tread upon; whereat one of the *Eunuchs* that belonged to *Darius*, looked heavily, and fetch'd a deep sigh, whose sadnesse when *Alexander* perceived, he enquired of him the cause? He answered: That when he beheld the board whereon *Darius* was wont to eat, employed to so base an use, he could not behold it without grief. Who can see those brave horses which used to draw his Majesties Coach, now drag in enemies cart, without pity & indignation? But enough of this, and for this time I am,

Sir, your very Friend,

Servant, T. F.



To Mr. E. H.

Sir,

**H**AVING now retrived my rude draught of that excellent, but lost virtue of friendship, I send the picture to you the pattern, that it may be corrected by the comparison. It cannot be expected that it should be an exact piece, or that I should draw it to the life, which hath been dead to us poor mortals; especially having had so little light, and at so great a distance as we are removed from that golden age wherein friendship flourished. I cannot but admire, that so noble a subject hath found so few friends: For, except that *Triumvirate* of Eloquence, the Roman

Cicero,

*Cicero*, our English *Seneca*, and that great *Disseminator* of Learning Sir *Fra. Bacon*. I have found few or none, who have written any just discourse of it: From their *trine* Aspect hath my discourse received some light and augmentation. Yet have I not altogether trod in their steps, nor made any better use of them, than *admire* those I could not *imitate*; neither have I used any gay or painted language, but plain and simple, like the subject I handle. I have laboured to make it *like*, rather than *handsome*. An Embassador comming to Treat with the Roman Senate, having his head powdered, and his face painted; *Cato* told them, they could not expect any *truth* from him, whose very locks and looks did *lye*. I have therefore studied to represent this Lady, *sine fuce*, *sine fallaciis*, without the dressings of any artificial handsonnels or auxiliary beauty. If you like it, love it; if not, draw the curtain of your charity over it, and let it lie, till some abler workman shall take the pencil in hand. It is enough for me, if it can but speak the Author

Sir, your true Friend,

T. F.

To Mr. J. A.

Sir,

Did not the same peremptory businesse that oppressed me *down*, still keep me here, I should (at least) have prevented the Office of this Paper, and not been beholding to

to a mute *proxie* for the delivery of a message I should rather, if not better, have done in person. Since fate will have it thus, let me crave your credence, that what you shall here read, is not so much the *dictate*, as the *transcript* of my heart. Sir, I left not my careful thoughts with your *line of Communication*; they have been, and will be my constant companions. *Hæret lateri lethalis arundo*; and I despair of any other cure, than the *dictamen* of your friendly counsel. I am confident your goodness will doe me not onely the *courtesie*, but the *justice* to believe that my recess was rather *retreat*, than a *flight* from the negotiation we had in hand, A businesse (if my thoughts deceive me not) too weighty to be carried to the end without a rest. Pardon me, if I am willing to *look* before I *leap*.—But after the verdict of my most considerate and serious thoughts, I must profess I have a large and long experience of the *skill* and *fidelity* of you my leader: Nor doe I fear a miscarriage where you are pleas'd to be my guide. To say nothing of other circumstances I am not forgetful of, though silent in, allow me the liberty to tell you, *Spem de futuris foveo: principium liquet*; and it shall not only be my wish, but the most earnest of my endeavours, τὰ τέλη τῶς ἀρχαῖς εὐνοῦμαι. I have hitherto but tythed my thoughts, which should I allow my pen the liberty to write, would be too tedious for you to read. In a word therefore (to doe you the courtesie of concluding) I shall promise, that one line from—(if he please to maintein his *first* favour with a *second*) will easily

ably and quickly draw me from the most ear-  
nest of my engagements to tell him *Vis à vis*,  
that I am what I ever was, and still hope to be  
accounted

Sir, your very very Friend,

T. F.

To Mr. R. H.

Sir,

IN my addressses to my friends, I do always  
intend too much *reality*, to be beholding to a  
*Complement*, in this to you, if an excess of affe-  
ction should unawares transport my pen to an  
extravagant flight, *your* merits to *me*, and *my*  
obliged respects to *you*, may sufficiently secure  
me from the guilt of a suspicious *hyperbole*.  
When I have said all I can, I shall be so far  
from thinking it *too much*, that I must confesse  
it to be *too little*. I could rather have contented  
my self to have been still your *silent debtor*, than  
by the adventure of a few hasty lines to stand  
in need of your pardon. To think to quit scores  
with you, by any thing I can *say* or *doe*, is be-  
yond the most confident of *my hopes*; and had  
not your command exacted it, I should not  
now have put you upon a new exercise of that  
goodnesse, to which I am already so much in-  
debted. In the large Catalogue of those whom  
your repeated civilities, and constant courtesies  
have purchased to be your friends, I dare af-  
firm,

affirm, you have none more seriously sensible of your favours, or that doth more really wish your welfare, than my self. May success and prosperitie wait upon all your undertakings; may health and happiness be your constant attendants; and may the same good Angel that carries you from us, guide you in your journeys, and return you in safety.

Let not your dear Consort (the best of wives and women) think that I have all this while forgotten *Her*: She is too much *your self* to be divided from you in our good wishes. Sir, I am equally, and at once *her* and *your*

Most obliged Friend,

T. F.

---

**FINIS.**

---



LOVE'S LABYRINTH, 159

OR,

*The Royal Shepherdes:*

A

TRAGI-COMEDIE.

---

By THO. FORDE, *Philothal.*

---

*Quid Melius desidiosus agam?*

*Fata viam inuenient.*

*Comica festina gaudet sermone Thalia.*

---

LONDON,

Printed by R. and W. Leybourn, for William  
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of the Black Bear in St. Pauls  
Church-yard. 1660.

31

I

T

Th

Th

Th

To his Worthy Friend Mr. Thomas  
Forde on his

## LOVES LABYRINTH.

**T**Rue Friend, while others me out-vie, and grace the  
(As thou dost them far more) I scarce can trace  
I many thousand miles do wander (these  
Of Pilgrimage in thy Mæander,  
Till by the golden thred,  
Of Love I'm safe through led.

Thy Wit is far beyond the Serpentine ;  
Thy wreathings chequer-work and warp divine ;  
Thy curious inter-woven Plots,  
Rich twine, ty'd all in Lovers-knots :  
Thy Skill is exquisite,  
To untie and unite.

Thy Tent-works in-let pleases me so well,  
We have none out-let : I'd rather dwell.  
I love thy labyrinth, and approve,  
That thou shouldst labyrinth my love :  
There I poor well-hous'd elf  
Might safely lose my self.

As work-women a'n't above workmen,  
How far short comes the needle of the pen !  
Those Damosels, who are so devout  
In pricking little holes in clouts,  
Thy lively Tapestry-story  
Out-strips their painted glory.

*Let spleen it self judge eithers manu-tract : (All.  
Their female Works can't speak, thy male-words  
A drop of this, your art (Sr.) passes  
Beyond an Ocean of † the Lasses † allusive  
Their byas-stitch doth squint, ad gr.  
But thine's down-right in print. θαλάσσιον*

*Nay all thou do'st would be such ne'retheless,  
Though it ne're saw the light, nor felt the press.  
Thy last impression comes behind,  
The first and chief is in thy mind :  
Thou art beyond the rest,  
Thy first Edition's best.*

*None living can (I probably conjecture)  
No not thy self) repair this Architecture.  
Each line's right perpendicular,  
Reason thy Plum, and Truth thy Square :  
Each full-point may be sead,  
A nail driv'n to the Head.*

*But I could wish there were no period,  
That (though all's even) yet something still were odd ;  
That after all Exits might begin  
Still more fresh Intrats to come in.  
The whole frame so divine is,  
Nought vexes me but FINIS.*

*N. C.*

To my ingenious Friend, Mr. Thomas Fords, on  
His *LOVES LABYRINTH*.

163  
*W*Ho truly will thy Labyrinth commend,  
Shall find it hard, both to begin, and end:  
Yet thou hast spun a thred, with which t'untwine  
The wandring Lover, though all things combine  
To stop his passage: Such a flowing Style  
Thou usest too, as did my sense beguile:  
For whilest I read, I neither Scane nor Stage,  
" Could think were feign'd: I saw an *Active Rage*  
" Appear in *Damocles*, which to my eye  
" Not *Acted* seem'd, but real *Tyranny*.  
" *Sephestia's* love and doom; the better fate  
" Of *Pleusidippus*, not more fortunate:  
" For he *Loves Labyrinth* did also tread,  
" And Court incestuously his Mothers Bed.  
" And so her father, husband too (none known)  
" Yet he by sympathy did claim his own,  
" And had a grant, which mov'd the Tyrant's spleen,  
" (Since he could not enjoy her for his Queen)  
" To kill e'm both; their destinies prevent,  
" As loth to have destroy'd the innocent.  
" Yet at the last each thing succeeds with good:  
" Though the foundation seem'd t'be laid in blood.  
" And then the harmless shepherds rural sport,  
" Whose innocence makes every place a Court.  
And all things in so consonant a dress,  
Makes more the seeming, not the being less.  
That (credit me) there is not in't a line,  
(Tis all so rare) but I could wish were mine.  
And as before, so I say now of this,  
Thou hast thy skill by *Metempsychosis*.  
Proceed then Worthy Friend, and may thy Fame,  
Like Laureat Johnson, ever speak thy Name.

Edw. Barwick



## Persons Personated.

**D** *Amocles*, King of *Arcadia*. Father of *Sephestia*.

*Agenor*, King of *Thessaly*. Father of *Euriphyla*.

*Maximus*  
or  
*Melecertus*, } Prince of *Cyprus*, who married  
*Sephestia*.

*Plusidippus*, Son of *Sephestia* and *Maximus*.

*Menaphon*, the Kings Shepherd.

*Doron*, a silly Shepherd.

*Lamedon*, Brother to King *Damocles*.

2 Lords of *Arcadia*.

*Romanio*, } 2 Pyrats of *Thessaly*, who found  
*Eurilochus*, } *Plusidippus*.

*Artaxia*, Queen of *Arcadia*, mother of *Sephestia*.

*Sephestia*, } wife to *Maximus*, and mother of  
or  
*Samela*, } *Plusidippus*.

*Euriphyla*, daughter to *Agenor*, who loved *Plusidippus*.

*Pesana*, sister to *Doron*, in love with *Menaphon*.

*Carmila*, sister to *Menaphon*, in love with *Doron*.

---

*The Scene Arcadia*



## Loves Labyrinth.

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Act. I. Scene II

*Enter King Damocles with two Lords,  
and Lamedon.*

*King.*

An this be true ?

*1 Lo.* My Liege, as truth it self.

*King.* And will neither the power  
of a King,

Nor precepts of a father over-ſway  
Her fond affections ; but that thus ſhe will  
Run head-long to her ruine ? Let her go.

*1 Lo.* Yet ſhot ſhe not at rovers, but a Prince  
He is, young and deſerving ; therefore ſince  
Sh'has hit the mark, it will now be in vain  
To give her aym, or make her ſhoot again.

*King.* Was ſhe ſo haſty, that ſhe could not ſtay  
To take our Fatherly advice with her ?

No wonder if ſhe wander in the Labyrinth

Of love, without the clew of our counsel. (done)

*La.* Come brother, come, she's not the first has  
Amis; her own affections were the surest guide  
Unto her own content: she chose to please  
Her self, not you; come, let this anger cease.

*Lo.* 'Tis now too late for to recal what's past,  
The match is made, and that so surely fast,  
'Tis past dissolving now; a Grandfather  
You are already: From their conjunction hath  
This influence proceeded, a fair boy  
Hath given them earnest of succeeding joy.

*Kin.* How! a boy! and shall that base brat enjoy  
My crown? no, no, I'll take a course for that.

*La.* Why brother, 'tis a Prince by birth, & why  
Not born to Reign?

*Kin.* Ay, mischief's on my head,  
But I'll prevent the plot and storm, we'll send  
Them far enough from troubling of our state:  
Distance and danger shall they first subdue,  
Before they gain our Crown; the slavish waves  
Shall be their subjects: let them go and win  
The trident of great Neptune, waters King.  
I mean to set them forth.

*Lo.* What means my Liege? (more)

*Kin.* Nay, I'm resolv'd, since that they do no  
Regard my favour, they shall feel my frowns.  
O ye Ecclestial Deities! where are  
Your power and wonted justice now become?  
All things run head-long, and the feet forget  
Their duty to their Head, and traitors turn,  
Breaking the bonds of government; that now  
A Prince's power, or Father's care's contemn'd,  
And only recompenc'd with slight and scorn.

*Lam.* But Sir, though she her duty do forget

To you, yet is she still your child, and may  
Be easily reclaimed. Shall one misdeed  
Forfeit all former loyalty? She us'd  
To be more ready to give, than you  
Could be to ask. Come, let the weight of that  
Ore-poize your anger, and this light offence.

*Kin.* I'll hear no more, all pity now is gone,  
And anger hath the castle of my breast  
So strongly fortified, whole valleys of  
Requests can never move: cease then your suit,  
To which my ears are deaf, and tongue is mute.

*Lo.* Heaven is not so impregnable, but that  
Entreaties may both siege and conquer it;  
If that your daughter hath run on the score  
Of one offence, will nothing cancel it?

*Kin.* My resolution's writ in Adamant. (out?)

*Lo.* Dread Sir, and may not tears then blot it

*Kin.* Nor all the liquid drop the sea contains  
Shall quench my rage; for now I have forgot  
All pitié of a father, and that wretch  
Shall feel what 'tis to lose a fathers love.—  
Since she will needs slight and contemn our care,  
I'll have a Bark provided, without oar,  
Or sail, or pilot, but the wilful wind,  
And waves, true emblems of their giddy act,  
And therein with her brat, and mate imbarqu'd,  
Shall seek their fortunes: And see you it done  
Without delay, our Will admits no time,  
T'expostulate no more than alteration.

*Lo.* O good my Lord command my service in  
Some nobler act than this and do not try  
My faith in that, for which I'd rather die,  
Than do't. What heir shall succeed your self  
In the Arcadian Diadem, if thus you drown

The

The Sun of all our hopes, which must  
Supply your place, when as your Sun shall set  
In darkeſt clouds of death, muſt night enſue,  
And ſeize upon our Horizon? — O let  
Some pity of our drooping ſtate prevail.

*Kin.* All will not do. I'll have it done; then  
Or ſtay and pull my vengeance on thy head.  
Will you turn traitor too, to our commands?  
As you tender our favour, or your ſafety,  
Go execute my will without delay.

*1 Lo.* And muſt my ſafety prove their ruin? can  
They not live, but I muſt die? I'll do't.  
Perhaps the tyrant-waves may prove more kind  
Than is their King My Liege I'll eaſe your mind.

*Lam.* And muſt they, & they only prove (poor  
A ſacrifice to fury for their love? hearts)  
I'll be companion of their fortune. We  
Will leave this curſed land, which is nought elſe  
But a dry ſea of miſeries, in which  
We dayly float; the ſea can never be  
More mercileſs. O what a maze of woe  
Do lovers tread (dire fate) that for their love,  
Are recompenc'd with hatred. Farewel world,  
Thou ball of fortune banded to and fro,  
And never quiet; we will try what fate  
Awaits us in the ſea, it can't be worſe  
Than here we ſuffer by our deareſt friends.

*Kin.* Well brother, ſince you are ſo weary of  
The world, pray take your ſhare with them, and  
Of her: I leave her unto you, and to (care  
The mercies of the waves, and ſo adieu.

*Exit.*

*Scen. 2.*

*2 Lo.* Waſever man ſo reſolute to undo,

What



What an whole age can't recompence again?  
To cast away a Lady of that worth,  
That bankrupt nature cannot furnish forth  
Her Parallel; A beauty that would tempt  
The gods to lust: But guarded with an eye  
So modestly severe, it would strike dead  
All lustful hopes of the hot ravisher.

See where she comes, like *Phæbus* newly rose  
From *Tethis* bed; Little doth she suppose  
The cruelty of her once happy Father,  
In having such a daughter, now not fit  
To enjoy a blessing which he values not.

*Seph.* What news my Lord? Is the ice of my fa-  
ther's Anger broken? Hath the sun of counsel (thers  
Thaw'd his frozen breast?

*Lo.* Ay, into a flood—

*Seph.* What meanes this passion? Speak man,  
for I am

Prepar'd; it can't be worse than I expect.

*Lo.* Why then it is—

Let me first drown my self

In mine own tears, and vent my mind in sighs:  
Madam, you may guess sooner than I can tell.

*Seph.* Prethee torment me not thus with delays,  
More tedious than the thing can be, what e're  
it is. Come, I am armed with the shield  
Of patience, my breast is mischief-proof.

*Lo.* 'Tis easier far to tell than execute:

I wish my task were done with telling it.

Madam, He hath made me the sad Over-seer  
Of that dire act, which he so fears to speak.

Silence will not relieve, it may protract

The doing of that horrid fact, which who

Shall hear, will loath the name of father, for

Your

Your fathers sake, who when perhaps y'are gone  
By's want will prize your worth the more, and  
You better than he ever did before. (love)

Thus are we taught to value of the light,  
By the dull silence of the darker night.

*Sep.* But to your story, and my doom, which sure  
Must needs be great, that it can find no vent.  
Come ease your shoulders of this burthen, lay  
It on mine, who have deserved it.

*Lo.* Lady, wonder not at our unwillingness  
To tell what we had rather with our tongues  
Out, than to be th' unhappy messengers  
Of such sad news, the truth whereof must rob  
*Arcadia* of it's richest, choicest Gem,  
That doth adorn her Princely Diadem:  
By venturing all our hopes to the mercy  
Of the cruel waves, He hath prest to be  
Your only Pilot; being ship't alone,  
With your dear babe and husband, without sail,  
Or oar, to contradict the lawless seas,  
In their unbounded raging tyranny:  
Whose heedless rigour yet may hap to prove  
More kind unto you than your fathers love.

*Sep.* Heavens will be done: But had another hand  
Inflicted this, it would have lighter seem'd:—  
Yet is there comfort in his cruelty,  
That hath not parted me from him, for whom  
All this will be but light; his company  
Will sweeten all my sorrows, and convert  
My mourning into mirth: Can I be sad,  
Enjoying him will only make me glad?

*Enter Lamedon.*

*Lam.* I cannot win my brother to reverse  
His cruel sentence, but it must be done.—

Dear

Dear Neece, I'm thy companion ; misery  
 Shall never make my friendship to turn edge,  
 But at the lowest ebb of fortune shall  
 My love still flow : the sea shall never quench  
 That flame which virtue once hath kindled in  
 My breast, nor shall it meet, or be put out  
 With any cold extinguisher but death.  
 If many shoulders make griefs burthen light,  
 Then so shall ours : and may mine cease to be,  
 When they shall cease to bear their equal part,  
 And sympathize with thee, as doth my heart.

*Seph.* Uncle, my thanks. How rare it is to find  
 A friend in misery ! Men run from such,  
 Like Deer from him is hunted with the dogs,  
 As if that misery infectious were.  
 Men fly with Eagles wings away, (lend.  
 But creep like snails, when they should succour  
 I cannot therefore chuse but prize your love,  
 Who dare be true unto your friend ; a name  
 Nearer than that of kindred, or of blood :  
 This is th'effect of noblest virtue, which  
 Ties firmer knots than age can e're undo :  
 Such is the knot my *Maximus* and I  
 Have tied, spite of my fathers anger, it  
 Shall hold, when envy's tired to invent  
 Mischiefs, in vain, to cut the knot in two,  
 Which heaven hath knit too fast to loose again.  
 Alas fond man ! who thinks to unravel what  
 The gods have wove together. — 'Tis in vain.

*Scen. 3.*

*Lo.* Lady, time calls upon you not to stay,  
 Left by a fond delay you call upon  
 His fury to convert into some worse,

And

And sudden punishment, which may deny  
All hopes of future safety ; of all ills  
The least is always wisely to be chosen.

*Seph.* Go and prepare that stoning grave, which  
Devour's alive, I will attend you here. (must  
Before when will my dearest find his grief,  
In finding me thus lost without relief. *Exeunt.*

*Manet Sephestia.*

Why doth my Love thus tarry ? surely he  
Forgotten hath the place, or time, or else  
He would not stay thus long ; but can I blame  
Him, to be slow to meet his ruine ? I  
Could wish he would not come at all, that so  
He yet might live, although I perish ; but  
How fondly do I wish to be without  
Him, without whom alas ! I cannot live.  
'T were as impossible as without air ;  
He 'tis for whom I suffer, and with him,  
All places are alike to me. — See where  
He comes, who is sole keeper of my heart.

*Enter Maximus.*

*Max.* My dear !

*Seph.* Ah, dear indeed, for whom thy life  
Must pay the shot of cruelty enrag'd. —

*Max.* What means my love ? is't she, or do I  
dream ?

Sure this cannot be she, whose words were wont  
To be more sweet than honey, soft as oil ;  
These words, more sharp than daggers points,  
ne're came

From her I know — What sayst thou my sweet ?

*Seph.* The same — truth will not suffer me to  
speak Other,

Other, lest I should injure her. — O that  
Twere possible so to dispense with truth,  
Not to betray our selves — I know not what to  
say. —

*Max.* Heavens blefs us, what a sudden change  
is here !

Love, who hath wrong'd thee? tell me, that I may  
Thrid their lives upon my sword, & make their  
Dead trunks float in their own blood, till they  
blush

At their own shame : Tell me my heart, who is't?

*Seph.* Alas poor soul ! thou little dreamst what  
sad

News do's await thine ears; my tongue doth fail,  
Not daring once to name the thing must be  
Our loves sad end, and dire *Catastrophe*.

My fathers fury — Oh that that name  
I once delighted in, should odious be  
To mine affrighted senses ! — But for thee  
Alone, it is I grieve, not for my self. —

*Max.* Be't what it will, so that it be but in  
Relation to thy love, I will embrace,  
And hug, and thank that malice too, that so  
Invented hath a means whereby I may  
But testifie my loyalty to thee :

For whose sweet sake I would encounter with  
Legions of armed furies ; sacrifice  
My dearest blood unto thy service, which  
I more esteem, than all the wealth the world  
Can boast of : 'Tis thee alone I value,  
Above whatever mens ambitious thoughts  
Can fathom with their boundless appetites.

*Seph.* This flame of love must now be quench-  
The foaming sea; we are design'd a prey (ed in  
Unto



Unto the fury of winds and waves.—  
 The deadly Barque's providing, which must be  
 Our moving habitation; the sea  
 Must be our Kingdom, and the scaly frie  
 Our subjects:— This, this, the portion is  
 Of fortunes frowns, and fathers fiercer hate.  
 Fly, fly, my dearest *Maximus*, and save  
 My life in thine; oh stay no longer here. *weeps*

*Max.* Why dost thou torment thy self before  
 Thy time? wilt thou anticipate the sea?  
 And drown thy self in tears? Deny me not  
 To share with thee in suffering, as well  
 As I have done in pleasure; 'tis for me  
 This storm is rais'd, were I once cast away,  
 His rage would cease. I, I have wrong'd thee,  
 And I'll be just to thee, and to my word. *draws*  
 I'll ope the fluces of my fullest veins,  
 And set them running, till they make a flood,  
 Wherein I'll drown my self— *He offers to kill*

*Seph.* Thine heart lies here; *himself, She*  
 'Tis here, lock't up securely in *stays his hand,*  
 my brest:

First open that, and take it out; for death  
 Shall ne're divorce me from thy company;  
 I will attend thee through those shady vaults  
 Of death, or thou shalt live with me.—Dost think  
 This body possible to live without  
 A soul? or without thee? Have pitie on  
 Thy tender babe, whose life depends on thine,  
 And make not me widow, and him orphan,  
 With unadvised rashness.—Sheath thy sword.

*Max.* Mine eyes will ne're endure it, to behold  
 Thee miserable, no, no, death first shall draw  
 A sable veil of darkness over them.—

Pardon

Pardon my rashness, I will live with thee,  
And tire thy fathers rage with suffering,  
So he'll but suffer thee to live in mirth;  
The greatest sorrow shall not make me sad.

*Seph.* Here comes my father, certainly his rage  
Will know no bounds; I fear it will  
Break forth into some desperate act on me.

*Max.* Although he be a King, which sacred  
I reverence, and as a mortal god (name  
Adore; he shall not dare to injure you  
Before my face: first shall he wear my life  
Upon his sword, if he but dare to touch  
Thy sacred self.—

*Scen. 4. Enter Damocles.*

*Kin.* How now light-skirts? have you got  
your Champion

To shield you from our anger? know I have  
Not yet forgot the name of father, though  
You thus have slighted it; but as a King,  
We must be just to punish your contempt.  
Did you so well know your beauty to be  
Proud of it, and yet so little value it,  
As thus to throw it all away at once?

Well, get you gone.—Since that you have  
A strangers love before your loyalty (steem'd  
To me, or my care to you, a stranger shall  
Inherit what you were born to, had not  
Your fond affections forc'd this vile exchange.

*Max.* Sir—for your fury will not suffer me  
To call you father; think not your daughter  
Undervalued by her love to me:

Her love ran not so low, as to be stoop'd  
To meet with crime, who am a Prince no less

Than is your self: *Cyprio* my Kingdome is.

*Kin.* What drew you hither then? you must needs know

It is no less than treason for to steal

An heir to our crown: what drew you hither?

*Max.* Hither I came, drawn by that foreible  
Attractive, for to offer up my self  
A sacrifice at th'altar of her love.

Toft with a sea of miseries, I came

To anchor in the haven of her heart:

And if this be treason, I shall not blush

To be esteem'd a traytor. But if not,

Then pardon me, if bolder innocence

Doth force me tell you, 'tis not just in you

Thus to oppose what Heavens have decreed.

Believe me, Sir, it's neither safe nor just,

For you to violate the lawes of fate. (that

*Kin.* Let not your pride so far transport you,  
You tax our justice. I shall scourge your haste  
Into a leisurely repentance, when (th'wind

The sea shall teach you that your teares, and

That sighs become your headlong rash attempts.

*Max.* Great Sir, lay what you will on me,  
scorn

To crave your favour for my self; but yet

Let Nature prompt you to be merciful

To her who is a chief part of your self. (so

*Kin.* No, as ye have joyn'd your selves in mirth,

Will I joyn ye too in mourning; and because

Two no good consort make, my brother shall

Bear a third part in your grave harmonie.

*Seph.* Father, let me the heavy burthen bear

Of this sad song alone: let all your fierce

Justice center in my breast.—

*Kin.*

*Kin.* No more,  
Our sentence is irrevocable, nought  
Shall satisfie me else: I'll have it done.

*Lo.* My Liege, the barque is ready, and attends  
Your pleasure; the commands of Kings are not  
To be gain-said, or broken; for the will  
Of heaven is obey'd in doing them.

*Seph.* We do obey it then, and willingly,  
Father, for yet I can't forget that name,  
Although these injuries would raze it out  
My memorie; I will not now dispute,  
But readily obey your will: and know  
The pleasures of your Court should not entice  
Me shun this comming terrour, which will be,  
More welcome to me by my companie.  
And thus I take my leave. Here *She kneels.*

may you find

That happines you wish, and we shall want  
Whilest that we prove our selves loves Confes-  
If not his Martyrs, — (fors,

*Kin.* I will hear no more.  
Away with them, my Lord, you know the place;  
Our sentence and the time, I long to see  
Me, and my Kingdom from these monsters free:

*Max.* *Arcadia* adieu! Thou hast before  
Been famous for the happines of loves:  
Now mischief hath usurp't the seat, and may  
It be the object of the gods hatred,  
Since Love's the subject of their cruelty.  
Come dearest, let us winde our selves so close,  
That envie may admire, and so despair  
To enter here, where love possession keeps.

*Exeunt.*

*Kin.* Now shall I live secure, for now there is  
None left, whose nearness to our blood might  
edge

Their hopes, by killing us to gain our Crown.  
Kings lives are never safe from those that wish  
Their ends, which must initiate them into  
Th' enjoyment of a Kingdom; this same crown  
Is such a bait unto ambitious spirits,  
'Tis never safe upon the wearers head. *Enter*  
Why weeps my dear? *Artaxia*

*Art.* Ask why I do not weep. *weeping.*  
(Poor *Artaxia*) are my tears denied me!  
Ask why I do not rave, tear my hair thus,  
Why such a weight of sorrow doth not rob  
So much of woman from me, as complaints!  
Or rather, why do I not cloud the skie  
With sighs; till at the last with one bold stab  
My own hand take from insulting fortune,  
This miserable object of her sport.  
Ask why I do not this, not why I weep!

*Kin.* Or stint thy teares, or mingle mine with  
By a relation of their cause; these eyes (them,  
Trust me *Artaxia*, are not yet drawn dry,  
Nor hath strong sorrow e're exhausted them,  
To make them bankrupt of a friendly tear,  
But not a fond one. Why *Artaxia*!  
Why dost thou hasten those that come too fast,  
Sorrow and age, clear up thy clouded brow.

*Art.* Ah *Damocles*! how hast thou lost thy self!  
And art become a monster, not a man,  
Thus to deprive me of my onely joy,  
The onely stay and comfort of mine age,  
Which



Which now must fall. Break heart, and give  
My sorrows vent. Ah ! my *Sephestia's* gone,  
For ever lost unto the world and me.

*Kin.* Content thy self, not I, but justice hath  
Depriv'd us of her : Justice, that is blind  
To all relations, and deaf to intreats  
Of fond nature, or fonder affection.

*Art.* Ah cruel justice ! Justice ! no tyranny,  
This is : Death, be my friend, & joyn once more  
My dear *Sephestia* and me—I come

*Sephestia* I come ; curs'd world farewell. *Stabs her self.*

*Kin.* Help, help, *Artaxia*, my dear, help, help,  
*Sephestia* doth live, she is not dead.

*Art.* Oh, 'tis too late—oh-oh-oh— *She dies.*

*Enter 2 Lords.*

*2 Lor.* Heavens ! what a sight is here ? (do ?  
The Queen, she's dead, stark dead, what shal we  
This wretched land is fruitful grown of late,  
Of nothing else but miseries and woes.

*Jove* sends his darts like hail-shot, no place free :

*Kin.* Ah miserable man I am, a wretch,  
Who thus have lost two jewels that the world  
Can't recompence : I know not what to do.—  
Now could I tear my self in pieces, that I have  
Thus parted friends, & left my self alone. *Offers*  
I am resolv'd, I will no longer live. *to kill himself*

*2 Lo.* Stay, good my Liege, live, & repe it of what  
Y'have done, you have killd enough already.

*Kin.* If I should kill my self, and lose my crown,  
I were better live.— Call us a Council quickly.  
But my wife, my dearest *Artaxia* !  
That I could breath life into thee again,  
Or else were with thee !

*2 Lo.* He's not yet so mad.

*Kin.* O ye powers above ! what mean ye thus

To wrack us mortals with such blacker deeds  
 Than hell it self ! or remove them, or take  
 All senses from us. Bear the bodie in,  
 And summon all our Lords with speed t'attend  
 Upon us, that we may find out from whence  
 It is we suffer this sad influence. *Exit.*

2 *Lo.* Unhappy King ! he hath undone himself,  
 And all the Land. His sublimated rage  
 Hath sowne a crop of mischiefs, which no age  
 Can parallel ; great-belly'd time is big  
 With sorrows ; and our next succeeding times,  
 Must reap the harvest of his bloody crimes.

*Exit.**Fints Actus primi.**Act. 2. Scen. 1.**Enter Menaphon, and Doron.*

*Men.* **H**OW mad a thing is Love ? It makes  
 us lose  
 Our senses ; whilest we wander in a maze  
 Of endless torments : sometime with his smiles  
 The cunning thief doth flatter us with hopes  
 And tantalize our expectations, when  
 Strait our winged joyes are gone, and we  
 Do wrack our selves with future coming fears :  
 A mistris frowns doth cloud our clearer skie.

*Ford*

1.

Fond love no more,  
Will I adore  
Thy feigned Deity.  
Go throw thy darts,  
At simple hearts,  
And prove thy victory.

2.

Whilst I do keep  
My harmless sheep,  
Love hath no power on me :  
'Tis idle fowles,  
Which he controules,  
The busie man is free.

Enter Doron.

Dor. Ah Menaphon, my Sister *Pesana*, a pies  
On her, I had almost forgot her name, with  
Thinking on her business. (come.

Men. VVhy what's thy business, *Doron*? tell me,

Dor. My business, 'tis none of my businessse, I  
'Tis my sister *Pesana*'s business. (tell you,

Men. VVell, what's her business then? I pre-  
thee tell.

Dor. Ah Sir! she's sick.

Men. VVhat is she sick of *Doron*? let me know.

Dor. VVhy, truly Sir, she's sick of you.

Men. She sick of me? why, am I a disease?

Dor. I mean--I mean--she is sick for you.

Men. That's kindly done of her, *Doron*, that she  
Will be sick for me : I'll make her amends.

Dor. Will you make her amend, said you? I am  
Afraid you'll make her end first; but truly

*Menaphon* I have a suit for you.

*Men.* Hast thou a suit for me? Is it a new one?

*Dor.* I say I have a suit to you. (of?)

*Men.* To me? well, and what is your suit made

*Dor.* In good sooth, Sir, I must intreat you will  
Love my sister as well as you have done.

*Men.* No, *Doron*, love and I are fain out, and he  
Will not let me love thy sister, or thee either.

*Dor.* Nor my sister, nor me neither. Out thou  
Caterpillar, thou weasel, thou hedg-hog,  
I will make you love me, and my sister too.

*Men.* You are out of your suit now *Doron*, and  
I fear you will catch cold, now you are hot.

*Exeunt.*

*Scan. 2. Enter Maximus shipwrack't.*

*Max.* Where am I now? Sure 'tis *Arcadia*.

A land happy in giving birth to my

*Sephestia*: Ah my *Sephestia*! —

But now not my *Sephestia*, since the waves  
Have ravish'd her from me, and all my hopes  
Are prov'd abortive; why do I now live!

Since she is gone, whose life & mine were both  
Twisted on one thred! Ye fatal Sisters!

Why did not your cruel knife cut my life

In twain, when hers was broken off by the

Rude waves & blustering wind, who strove which  
should (robd

Gain her from each? But both from me have

Her: now may the sea well boast, and out-vic

The begger'd earth; since it hath her who was

The earth's whole sum of riches. O ye gods!

Why did ye once make me so happy

To enjoy her, and now snatch'd her again

To make me thereby the more miserable?

*Yet*

Yet is she not quite drowned; for her heart  
 Is here : 'tis mine the sea doth prey upon.  
 Well, my *Sephestia*, oh that name doth ravish  
 Me : This body shall a monument be,  
 And my whole life a continued Elegie,  
 Both consecrated to thy memorie.  
 I'll drown thee once more in my tears,  
 Which I will daily pay, as tribute to thee.  
*Cyprus* adieu, greatness also farewell.  
 I see, those who are lifted highest on  
 The hill of honour, are nearest to the  
 Blasts of envious fortune, whilst the low  
 And valley fortunes are far more secure.  
 Humble valleys thrive with their bosoms full  
 Of flowers, when hills melt with lightning, and  
 Anger of the clouds. I will retire from (rough  
 The front of honour, to the rear of a  
 Shepherds life : where whilst I do daily tend  
 The harmless sheep, will I sing forth sad notes  
 Of their blest happiness, and my misfortune.  
 I will no longer keep this miserable name  
 Of *Maximus*, but clad in sorrows weeds,  
 Will I wear the name of *Melecertus*.  
 No more *Maximus* Prince of *Cyprus*, but  
 A poor shepherd will I be : when you see  
 Those weeds, and hear *Melecertus* name,  
 I am that wretched he, who, like the snake,  
 Have cast my former coat by creeping through  
 The hole of miserie, and got a new. *Exit.*

*Scen. 3. Enter Doron.*

*Dor.* My *Carmela* is comming, and I'm provi-  
 ded to cast  
 A sheeps eye at her.

*He flings at her.*  
 Now



*Enter Carmela.*

*Car.* Now I see how Love came blind, he flung  
His eyes at me in stead of a love-dart.

*Dor.* Ha, my *Carmela*, let me kiss thy honey-  
suckle lips. (behind.

*Car.* You kiss so hard, you'll leave your beard

*Dor.* By my troth, *Carmela*, swains cannot swear,  
But--I do love thee--by our great god *Pan*  
I love thee.

*Car.* You said you could not swear, and yet you  
Swear you love me.

*Dor.* Love, I have stared so long at thee, that I  
Am now grown blind.

*Car.* Then shall you be led, like blind beggars  
With a dog and a bell, or else be beholding  
To the glazier for a new pair of eyes.

*Dor.* I know not what you mean eyes, but I am  
Sure that I am off the hooks. You tell me of  
Eyes, eyes, but 'tis your no's that torments me.  
This blind god, that the Poets call *Cupid*, has seen  
To hit me with his dart, I know not how,  
But as the blind man kil'd the crow. (Loves

*Car.* Then you are one of the wanderers in  
Labyrinth, I prethee let me lead thee.

*Dor.* Ay, so we may both fall; but no matter,  
For if you fall first, I'll fall on thee.

*Car.* Fie, *Doron*, fie, are you not ashamed?

*Dor.* Asham'd? of what? marry better falling  
Falling out. (in, than

*Car.* You'r very merry *Doron*, where's your  
musick?

*Dor.* Let me play on thee, my pretty bag-pipe,  
And I know thou wilt sing, loth to depart.—

*Car.*

*Car.* And I'll try that, now follow me. *Exit.*

*Dor.* Nay, when you came to the snuff once, I  
You would quickly go out. (thought

*Scan. 4. Enter Menaphon.*

*Oh Menaphon,* hark, I am undone, as a man  
Should undo an oyster.

*Men.* Why *Doron*, what's to do with thee now?

*Dor.* Why man, thy sister *Carmela* is grown  
proud,

And is just such another as thy self, she flights  
And scorns poor *Doron*; and yet because I love  
her,

As my sister doth thee, she laughs at me. Well,  
I will be even with her; for if she won't love  
Me with a good will, I'll love her against her  
Will; and I think I shall be even with her there.

*Men.* Come, *Doron*, come, count love a toy,  
As I do, who take far more joy to view (frown,  
My flocks; here's my content; when heavens  
think upon my faults; and a clear skie  
puts me in mind of the gods gracious love:

Envie o're-looketh me, nor do I gaze  
So high as tall ambition; and for love,  
feed my self with fancies, such as these.

*Venus* (the Poets say) sprang from the sea,  
Which notes to me th'inconstancie of love,  
Changing each day with various ebbs & tides,  
Sometimes o're-flowing the banks of fortune  
With a gracious look from a lovers eyes,  
Ebbing at other times to th' dangerous shelf  
Of cold despair, from a Mistris frowns.

Your *Cupid* must be young, to shew  
He is a boy, his wings inconstance tell:

*Hee*

He's blind, to note his aym is without rule;  
Or reasons guide; such is the god ye serve.

*Dor.* Treason, treason against the god of love;  
*Menaphon*, though you be my friend, I will (well  
Have you articl'd against at the next meeting  
Of the Shepherds.

*Men.* Lovers sorrows be like to the restless  
Labours of *Sisyphus*.

*Dor.* Like thy tongue then.

*Men.* Your Mistris favour's honey mixt with  
'A bitter sweet, a folly worst of all, (gall  
That forceth reason to be fancies thrall.  
Then love who list for me, if beauty be  
So sower, then give me labour still. *Exit.*

*Dor.* How I would laugh to see *Menaphon* once  
Manacl'd with loves fetters, that he might repent  
His blasphemy against the shepherds deitie. *Exit.*

*Scen. 3.* Enter *Sephestia* shipwrack't, with  
her Uncle *Lamedon*.

*Seph.* Ah cruel fortune, but more cruel father,  
Most wretched I, who thus am rob'd of all  
My pregnant hopes, my springing joyes blasted  
With winter frowns. Jove send a flaming dart  
Into my breast, to melt my frozen heart  
Into a flood of tears, that I may drown  
My self in them, since that the waves have prov'd  
Unkindly courteous to preserve my life,  
But to prolong my miserie, and he  
Is drown'd who was my lifes preserver.  
Ah ye enraged deities! could ye  
Be so unkind to draw my life's thred out  
Thus long, to survive him who was my life?  
Why did ye not, or save his life with mine,

Or

Or destroy mine with his, that so I might  
Enjoy his companie in life or death?

*Lam.* Ay, in the gods time, Neece, but not before.

*Seph.* And oh' my dearest *Plusidippus*! could  
The waves be so hard-hearted, as to crop  
Thy blooming youth, to send thee to thy grave  
Before thou wert a man? Had they but left  
Me thee, it would have eas'd thy fathers loss,  
If I had had his transcript to have view'd  
In thee, who wert his perfect Image. Now  
In stead of heir to the *Cyprus* crown,  
The cypress grove shall be Joynter, where  
I'll sadly spend the remnant of my life,  
To weep my losses, and my own sad fate,  
Which thus I will revenge; my *Maximus*  
shall live still fresh within my memorie,  
There fixt too sure for all the briny waves  
To wash away. Nor shall I e're forget  
My son, my *Plusidippus*. I could feed,  
My self unto eternitie with these  
Sweet names, which do as far out-vie  
The *Nectar* and *Ambrosia* of the gods,  
As pearls do pebbles. I can hold no more.  
My heart's so full, 'twill break, or over-run  
The sluces of mine eyes,—I'll weep the rest.

*Lam.* Why dost thou thus torment thy self in  
Thy tears wil not recover them again. (vaine)  
Fates dart is shot, and cannot be recall'd,  
Nor is there any salve for fortunes wounds,  
But patience; therefore seeing me  
Partaker of thy sorrows, now lean all  
Thy cares on me, it is some relief,  
In sorrow to have fellows of our grief.

*Seph.* My husband and my son are gone, and I

Sur-

Survive alone un.o their miserie. (time

*Lam.* Chance is like *Janus*, double-fac'd ; some  
With smiles she comforts us, sometimes  
With frowns she casts us down again : A calm  
Succeeds a storm, and a sharp winter doth  
Precede a pleasant spring.

*Seph.* Oft turnings tire  
The weary traveller ; and love doth lose  
His followers, in a wild Labyrinth  
Of woes, Now am I faln from all my hopes !  
(An exile in my native Country :) and  
The crown hope seem'd to place upon my head :  
Banished from the pleasures of the Court,  
Parted for love from him I could not chuse  
But love, from *Maximus*, who hath for me  
Suffer'd as many mischiefs as malice  
Could invent, and now all sum'd up in death.

*Lam.* What of all this? after the storm that rent  
Our ship, we found a calm that brought us safe  
To th' shore, whilst *Neptunes* mercie was beyond  
The envious blasts of *Aeolus* ; and thus  
The gods do recompense us with their favour,  
For the dis-courtesies of your father.

*Seph.* Sweet *Lamedon*, once partner of my joyes,  
Though now partaker of my wants ; I see  
You are as constant in my sad distress,  
As you were faithful in my richer fortunes :  
Though friends seldom prove friends in poverty  
Misfortune hath not chang'd your mind, but you  
Temper my exile with your banishment :  
Your aged years shall be my sole directors,  
Your will the ruler of my actions.  
If you perswade me to content, *Portia*  
Shall not exceed *Sephestia's* patience :



If you will have me strike my sails, I will,  
And steer my course by th'compass of your care.  
*Lam.* Since hope is all the portion we have left,  
Let's thank the gods that sav'd our lives, and rest  
Our cares on them, they can return us more  
Than we have lost, or fit our minds to bear  
Our present state. Contentment gives a crown,  
Where fortune hath denied it: patience  
Makes all things easie to an humble mind.

Cares are companions of the Crown, the Court  
Is full of busie thoughts, and envious strife,  
Whilst peaceful sleeps attend a Countrey life.

*Seph.* Then *Lamedon* will I disguise my self,  
And with my cloaths will change my former  
thoughts,

Measure my actions by my present state,  
Not by my former fortunes. *Sephestia*

No more: Alas! I know not where, or how  
We shall bestow our selves: Surely this is  
Some un-frequented place, no harmless sheep  
Do feed, nor shepherds tend their thriving flocks.

*Enter to them Menaphon.*

*Scen. 6. Sephestia, Lamedon, Menaphon.*

*Men.* Heavens! what a sight is here! Such stars  
But rarely in our Country Hemisphere, (appear  
I am so Planet-struck with one short glance,  
Neither can retire, nor yet advance.

What resolution is of proof against (sum'd  
Such charms as these! Some goddess hath as-  
An humane shape to tempt us weaker mortals.

*Cupid,* I cry thee mercie now, although  
I were an Atheist unto thee before,  
Thou art the Deitie I will adore. —

Sure

Sure they are in distress, those pearly tears  
 Furrow her cheeks with cruel strife  
 Which shall run fastest, are no sooner dried,  
 New sighs, like the warm southern wind pro-  
 clame

A fresh approaching showre. I fear they are  
 Some passengers late shipwrack't, for I saw,  
 (When walking by the shore) some floating parts  
 Of a torn ship, contending with the waves.

*Lam.* Courteous shepherd, if distressed persons  
 Fortune hath rob'd, and the sea favoured  
 (If it be a favour to live and want)  
 May crave your aid so far, as to direct  
 Us to some place may rest our wearied bones,  
 Our charges shall be paid, and you shall have  
 For recompence, such blessings as the gods  
 Use to bestow on hospitable men.

*Men.* Strangers, your qualitie I know not, nor  
 Shall now dispute; but if a country cell  
 May not too disparage you, here is  
 Hard by my cottage, and your home.

*Seph.* Kind Sir, your courtesie is much beyond  
 Our merit, and our present hopes below  
 A suitable return; please you accept  
 Our thanks, as earnest of that larger debt  
 Future abilitie may see discharg'd.

*Men.* Lady, I have no curious hangings to  
 Adorn my walls, nor plate to shew my wealth:  
 Yet do I live content; and you shall find  
 Such welcome as a cottage can afford.

*Lam.* Sir, blame not our wills, but present want,  
 which now  
 Makes us thus plentiful only in thanks. *Exeunt.*

*Scan. 7. Enter Doron, Carmela.*

*Dor. Carmela,* by my great bel-weather, *Carmela*;  
I'm over the tops of my high-shoes in love,  
And there shall I stick and starve, if thou dost  
Not pull me out. — Where hast thou been  
This live-long hour? (water?

*Car.* What, does the mouth of your affections

*Dor.* Water? No, it fires. I'm so all a-fire, that I  
Not go amongst my flocks for fear, lest (dare  
I should burn up all their pasture, if thou  
Dost not showre down some dew of  
Comfort to cool me.

*Car.* I shall soon cool your courage, *Doron*; for  
I cannot, may not, will not love thee.

*Dor.* Out you gossip, not love me? go, get  
You spin on *Ixions* wheel.

*Car.* No, Lovers spin on that, and so must you.

*Exeunt.*

*Scan. 8. Enter Menaphon.*

*Men.* How fond was I, when I as vainly strove  
To keep my heart against the god of Love!  
I little thought his power; when I resolv'd  
To live, and not to love: Nature I see  
Cannot subsist without loves harmonie.  
In vain I shut the door, and bolted it  
With resolution; strait the thief,  
Thorough the casements of mine eyes got in,  
And stole away my heart; as once of old  
He serv'd the merry Greek *Anacreon*;  
Whose fancie fits my fortune: Here it is.

## Loves Duel.

Cupid all his Arts did prove,  
 To invite my heart to love;  
 But I alwayes did delay,  
 His mild summons to obey;  
 Being deaf to all his charms.  
 Strait the god assumes his Arms.  
 With his bow and quiver, he  
 Takes the field to Duel me.  
 Armed like Achilles, I,  
 With my shield alone defie  
 His bold challenge, as he cast  
 His golden darts, I as fast  
 Catch'd his Arrows in my shield,  
 Till I made him leave the field.  
 Fretting, and disarmed then,  
 The angry god returns agen,  
 All in flames; 'stead of a dart,  
 Throws himself into my heart.  
 Useless, I my shield require,  
 When the Fort is all on fire.  
 I in vain the field did win,  
 Now the Enemy's within.  
 Thus betray'd, at last I cry,  
 Love thou hast the victory.

Alas! what heart's so fortify'd, to prove  
 The sev'ral batteries of the god of love! (voice,  
 What ear's not charm'd with th'rethorick of a  
 Whose single note would silence all the Quire  
 Of the Aërial feather'd Choristers!  
 What eye would not be blinded to behold

Those

Those eyes which cast a cloud upon the Sun,  
And bring his light under disparagement.

*Enter Sephestia.*

Witness that face, whose Shrine hath made me  
How fares my fairest guest? (blind.

*Seph.* The better for  
Your courteous entertainment, may the gods  
Be favourable to your flocks, as you  
Have friendly been to us.

*Men.* May I presume  
To crave your name, and to enquire how  
Hard-hearted fortune could be so unjust,  
To injure innocence? Signe she is blind.

*Seph.* My name is *Samela*, my parentage  
But mean, the wife of a poor Gentleman  
Of *Cyprus*, now deceas'd: How arriv'd here;  
Pray do not now enquire; time may reveal,  
What present sorrows force me to conceal.

*Men.* I will not press your yet fresh bleeding  
wounds,

With a rude hand; 'tis time and patience  
Must work the cure; the gods allow a salve  
For ev'ry sore, but we must wait on them:  
Their time is best; for when we strive to heal  
Our wounds too fast, they do but fester more.  
Rest here content; a Country life is safe,  
Fortune o're-looks our humble cottages (want,  
We are not pain'd with wealth, nor pin'd with  
Our sheep do yield us milk for food, and wooll  
To make us cloaths; hunger & cold we slight:  
Envie hath here no place, we'l friendship keep,  
Free from all jars, and harmless as our sheep.

*Sam.* O happy life! would I had never known  
Other than this, which by comparison,



Renders mine odious to my memorie. *Exit*  
*Men.* Sorrow sits heavy on her *weeping.*  
 heart, but shews

More lovely in her face; those tears appear  
 Like chrystal dew upon the blushing rose.  
 Beauty thus veil'd, is more inviting, than  
 Shining out in it's unclouded splendor.  
 Fortune, I hate thee, for thy spight to her,  
 But thank thee for thy courtesie to me,  
 In sending her for shelter to my house.  
 Kind love assist me now, and I will be  
 Her constant servant, and thy votarie. *Exit.*

*Fints Act. 2.*

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*Act. 3. Scæn. 1.*

*Romanio and Eurilochus, with Plusidippus.*

*Rom.* **T**HIS present to the King of *Thessaly*  
 Will gain us both reward and pardon  
 For all our former Pyracies upon (too  
 His seas and ships.

*Eur.* Ay, he hath ne're a son,  
 For to inherit the *Thessalian* Crown:  
 Hereby this lad may gain a Kingdom, whilst  
 We seek but our liberties and lives,  
 For time to come, and pardon for what's past.  
 This is the place the King doth oft frequent,  
 When publick cares oppress his Royal head,  
 Here he unloads the burthen of his thoughts,  
 And changes cares for recreation.—  
 See where he comes! God save your Majestie.

*Rom.*

*Rom.* Long live *Agexor*, King of *Theffaly*.

*Enter King.*

(are ye?

*Kin.* What meanes this bold intrusion? who  
That dare presume into our private walks?

*Eur.* Pardon, great Sir, we come not to offend  
Your sacred Majestie, but to present *Shews Plu-*  
You with this living gift. *sidippus to*

*Kin.* This is a gift

*the King.*

Indeed; where had ye him, or what's his birth?

*Rom.* Please you, dread Sir, grant us your par-  
don then,

We shall declare unto you what we know.

*Kin.* Take it, we freely pardon ye. Now speak.

*Eur.* Then be it known unto your Majestie,  
VVe the two famous Pyrats are, you have  
So long laid wait to take, but all in vain.  
Roving upon the coasts of *Arcady*,  
VVe found this beauteous youth upon the shore,  
VVhom (we suppose) the seas had wrack't, but  
sav'd

His life, which we have nourish'd ever since,  
And now bequeath unto your Majestie:  
For which we beg no recompence, but this,  
To seal our pardons for our former faults.

*Kin.* Look that for time to come ye honest be,  
And for what's past we freely pardon ye. (lives

*Rom.* Thanks, Royal Sir, the remnant of our  
VVill we spend in your service, and so give  
Again, our lives which you have given us,  
VVhen they were forfeit to your laws and you.

*Exeunt.*

*Kin.* This is a welcome gift. VVhat a divine  
Beautie doth sparkle in his countenance!  
Surely he cannot be of mortal race

Descended, but *Jove* himself hath sent him,  
To be the happy heir of my Kingdom.

Immortal *Jove*! I thank thee for this gift.

Thou couldest not have sent a welcomer.

My pretty lad, where wer't thou born? canst tell?

*Plu.* I know not, Sir,—my name is *Plusidippus*.

*King.* Come, follow me, now have I found at  
An husband for my daughter, & an heir (once  
For the *Thessalian* Crown. Thrones are supplied  
By *Jove*, who, when the root is withered, (forth,  
Can make more heav'nly branches to sprout  
Which may in time grow mighty trees to shade,  
And shelter all their liege-subjects under. *Exeunt.*

*Scen. 2. Menaphon solus.*

Strike home, great *Cupid*, with thy flaming dart,  
As yet thou dost but dally with my heart:

'Tis rather scratch'd than wounded: I do hate

A luke-warm love: give me a love flames high,  
As it would reach the element of fire,

From whence it came; a low and creeping flame  
Befits a chimney, not a lovers breast.

Give me a love dare undertake a task

Would fright an *Hercules* into an ague.

A love dare tempt the boldest fate, and die

An honour'd captive, or bold conquerour.

Give me a daring, not a whining love,

A love grows great with opposition:

A love that scorns an easie task, things great

And noble always are most difficult.

This is the love (blind *Cupid*) I would have,

A love that brings home trophies, or a grave.

I'll tempt his god-ship with a song, and see

If verse, not sighs, will gain the victorie.

I.

No more, no more,  
Fond Love give o're,  
Dally no more with me ;  
Strike home and bold,  
Be hot, or cold,  
Or leave thy deitie.

2.

In love, luke-warm,  
Will do more harm,  
Than can feavers heat :  
Cold cannot kill  
So soon as will  
A fainting, dying sweat.

3.

I cannot tell,  
When sick, or well,  
Physick, or poyson give ;  
Still in anguish,  
I do languish,  
Or let me die, or live.

4.

If I must be,  
Thy Votarie,  
Be thou my friend or foe :  
If thou wilt have  
Me be thy slave,  
Hold fast, or let me goe.

Sure Cupid hath resign'd his place, and giv'n  
His god-head unto *Carmela*, whose eyes  
Wound more than ever did his darts.  
But what is that, if she have power to hurt,  
And wanteth mercie for to heal those hurts.

I fear whilst I make her my deitie,  
 I do but thereby make her proud,  
 And with my own hands place her out of reach,  
 Yet she is in distress, and that *Enter Doron.*  
 Should make *Listens and laughs,*

Her humble : I relieve her, therefore she  
 Hath the more reason thus to relieve me ;  
 And certain, she will rather love than want.

*Dor.* Ha, ha, ha, &c. are you catch'd, *Menaphon* ?  
 I faith, I think y'are fetter'd now, you'r hang'd  
 Ith' brambles of love, as well as I. You laugh'd  
 At me before, but now I'll laugh at you.

*Men.* Ah *Doron* ! now I crave thy pitie, for  
 I never thought an earthly beautie could  
 So soon have fetter'd me : what did I say ?  
 An earthly ? No, *Doron*, she is heavenly,  
 Brighter than *Phæbus* in his glittering pride :  
*Venus* her self was not so fair a Bride.

*Do.* How now *Menaphon* ! I'm afraid thou wilt  
 Be a beggar shortly, thou art a Poet already.  
 One of the thred-bare crew, that ragged regi-  
*Enter Samela.* (ment.

*Men.* See *Doron*, see, see where she comes, who  
 Her brighter lustre can create a day (with  
 At mid-night, when the Sun is gone to sleep ;  
 Eclipse his noon-tide glory with her light :  
 Her absence would benight the world, & cloath't  
 In blackest darkness, for to mourn it's loss.

*Sam.* Good-morrow Host, how thrive your  
 well-fed flocks ? less,

*Men.* My flocks do thrive (Lady) and can't do  
 Blest with the auspicious sun-shine of your eyes ;  
 And I were too ingratelul, if I should  
 Deny to give you back again, what I

Enjoy



Enjoy but by your beauteous influence.

*Sam.* Y'are merry, *Menaphon*, if not prophane,  
To rob the gods of what is due to them,  
To give it to the object of their scorn.  
Could I dispense good fortunes, I should not  
Forget my self, & chuse the meanest lot. *Exeunt.*

*Dor.* This 'tis to be in love, how spruce is *Mena-*  
Become of late, as he were always going (phon  
To a feast? and talks as if he were some  
Citle Orator. Why can I not do so? I'm  
Sure I am in love as well as he. But  
I'll go hire some journey-man Poet, or other,  
And he shall make me some verses  
For my *Carmela*: And that will do as  
Well, as if I made them my self; I'll  
Set my brand upon them, and then no  
Body will question them to be mine, no  
More than they do my sheep that are mark'd.

*Enter Melocertus. Scan. 3.*

Ay, ay, it shall be so. Oh *Melocertus*,  
Yonder is the finest shepherdes that ever  
The moon held the candle of her light to; the  
Shepherd *Menaphon* has got her to him, as  
If because he is the Kings shepherd, he  
Must have the Queen of Shepherdesles. (name?)

*Mel.* Hast seen her, *Doron*? and dost know her

*Dor.* Seen her? ay, and sigh to see her too; her  
name, I

Think, is *Stamela*—no, no,—*Samela*, *Samela*.  
Ay, ay, that's her name, I have it now, I would  
I had her too.

*Mel.* What kind of woman is she, canst thou tell?

*Dor.* Ay, or else I were naught to keep sheep.

*Mel.* Can thy tongue paint her forth to mine  
ear?

*Dor.*

*Dor.* Ay, ay, legible, I warrant you.  
Her eyes are like two diamonds, I think, for  
I never saw any before ; and her locks are  
All gold, like the golden fleece our shepherds  
Tell of. (fleece,

*Mel.* It were good vent'ring for that golden  
*Doron*, as *Jason* long since did for his.

*Dor.* Her hands are all ivory, like the bone-haft  
Of my best knife, her alabaster, and her  
Eyes black as my blackest lamb, her cheeks  
Like roses red and white that grow together.  
What think you of her now? have I not made  
A fair picture on her?

*Mel.* Ay *Doron*, were this picture painted to  
The life, as thou hast here described it,  
It could not chuse but make an absolute,  
Rare, and compleat piece of deformitie.

*Dor.* Nay, nay, if you don't like it, I don't  
Care, but I had it out of an old book of  
My brother *Moron's*, they call 'm  
Rogue-mances, I think : my brother  
Ha's a whole tumbrel full on 'm, he's  
Such a Bookish block-head—

*Mel.* Nay, be not angry, *Doron*, I believe  
Thou mean'st a beautie beyond expression :  
And such an one I had, till envious fate  
Rob'd me of her, and all my joyes at once,  
Heavens envying at my happiness,  
Sent death to fetch her from me, and she's dead,  
Dead, *Doron*, dead,—she's dead to me, and to  
The world, and all but to my memorie. weeps

*Dor.* Fie, *Melecorius*, what dost mean to  
Weep? what, wilt thou make dirt of  
Her ashes with thy teares?

*Mel.*

*Mel.* Well, *Doron*, we forget our flocks, and we shall miss the shepherds merry meeting.

*Dor.* That's true, and there will be the shepherd-  
Too, and *Menaphon* will bring his fine (dresses  
Mistress thither; there shalt thou see her,  
But first mask thine eyes, lest thou lose  
Them, and become love-blind, as I am.  
Good *Melecertus* take the pains to lead me.

*Exeunt.*

*Scen. 4. Enter King Damocles melancholy, 2 Lords.*

*King.* How wretched am I grown, I hate my self,  
And care not now for my own company:  
I loath thee light, and fain would hide my self  
From mine own eyes; I'm wearie of my life.—  
Where shall I hide my self, that there I may  
Deceive th'approaches of discov'ring day?  
I'll seek some gloomy cave, where I may lie,  
Entomb'd alive in shades of secrecie. *Exit.*

*1 Lo.* His thoughts are much perplex't, & black  
despair,

May push him on unto some desp'rate act,  
If not prevented by our vigilance.

*2 Lo.* This is th'effect of rash resolves, when hast  
And passion hurry men to do those things  
Reason would wish undone, at least delay'd.  
Our wills spur'd on by rage, ne're stop, till we  
(Blinded with anger) headlong throw our selves  
From dangers præcipice, into a gulf  
Of black despairing thoughts; and then too late  
Repentance lends us so much light as may  
Shew us our madness, and our miserie.

*1 Lo.* Ill actions never go unpunished;  
They are their own tormentors, and do prove

At

At last, furies to lash the guilty soul.

2 Lo. When reason is depos'd, & passion reigns,  
Nothing but lawless actions do appear:

When passion hath usurp'd the helm,  
And steers a wild uncertain course, not by  
The card and compass of advice, the ship  
Will never make good voyage, but be tost  
Upon the waves, and all her lading lost.

He by his wilful rage hath cast away  
Himself, and floats upon the waves of ruine:  
Let's try if we can waft him safe to shore,  
Lend him our helping hands, lest he do sink  
Into that deep and black gulf of despair.

1 Lo. Let's after him, and try what we can do,  
In saving him, we save our Kingdom too.

*Exeunt.*

*Scen. 5. Enter Menaphon, with Samela, and Pefana  
after them, Melecertus leading Doron.*

Pef. Hey day, what's here, my brother Doron?

Mel. Doron conceits himself that he is blind.

Dor. Ay, Doron's as blind as any door: what  
Creep I here upon? Carmila, oh Carmila,  
The very sight of thee hath recovered mine  
Eyes again.

*He stumbles on Samela*

Men. Nay, now I see, *in Carmila's cloaths.*

Doron, th'art blind indeed,  
That dost not know Carmila from her cloaths.  
No, no, 'tis Samela, not Carmila.

Dor. Which is my Carmila? good Melecertus  
Shew me where she is.

Mel. It seems, Doron, Carmila is not here.

Dor. Why, what do I do here then? I thought  
It was something I miss'd, onely I

*Mi-*

Mistook; for I had thought it had  
Been my eyes were lost, but now I  
See it is my *Carmila* is missing, whom  
I had rather see than my own eyes.

*Pes.* This is my corival in *Menaphon's* love.

*Mel.* She is a beautie indeed; and since my  
*Sephestia* is drown'd, without compare.

I cannot blame *Menaphon*, but envie  
Him rather, for his so happy choise.

O happy! yet to me unhappy beautie!

That doth (as in a glass) present unto

My frighted senses the remembrance of

My loss, which, unless by this fair piece,

Cannot be recompenced by the world.—

Mistris, y'are welcome to our company. (come,

*Dor.* By my troth, Mistris, you are very wel-

As I may say, unto our meeting.

*Sam.* Thanks shepherds: I am a bold intruder

Into your company; but that I am

Brought by your friend, and my host *Menaphon*.

*Mel.* Mistris, your presence is Apologie

Sufficient; yet do we owe him thanks,

That by his means we have the happiness

T'enjoy your sweet societie in this

Our rural meeting, when shepherds use

To cheer themselves with mirth & pleasant tales.

*Sam.* I hope my company shall not forbid

The Banes between your meeting & your mirth.

*Mel.* Then by your leave, fair shepherdess, I will

Begin with you. If the gods should decree

To change your form, what shape would you

desire?

*Sam.* I would be careful how to sail between

The two rocks, of immodest boldness, or

Of



Of peevish coyness; therefore to answer  
Unto your question, I would be a sheep. (sheep?)

*Men.* A sheep? Mistress, why would you be a

*Sam.* Because that then my life should harmless  
My food the pleasant Plains of *Arcadie*, (be,  
My drink the curious streams, my walks  
Spacious, and my thoughts as free as innocent.

*Dor.* I would I were your Keeper. (drawn

*Mel.* But many times the fairest sheep are  
Soonest unto the shambles to be kill'd.

*Sam.* And sure a sheep would not repine at that,  
To feed them then, who fed her long before.

*Pes.* Then there's more love in beasts, than con-  
stancie

In men, for they will die for love, but when?  
When they can live no longer, not before.

*Men.* If they'r so wise, it is their mother-wit,  
For men have their inconstancies but from  
You women, as the sea it's ebbs and tides (hair.  
Hath from the moon.—Your embleme to an

*Dor.* Menaphon, if you hate my sister, I'll—  
Love yours for't in spite of your teeth.

*Pes.* Your mother surely was a weather-cock,  
That brought forth such a changeling; for your  
Is like the lightning, vanished as soon (love  
As it appears; a minute is an age

In your affections. You once loved me —

*Dor.* Ay, I would you lov'd him no better.

*Men.* If that I be so changing in my love,  
It is because mine eye's so weak a Judge,  
It cannot please my heart upon trial. (cares

*Pes.* If that your eye's so weak, then let your  
Be open to your loves appeals and plaints,

*Sam.* Come, for to end this strife, pray let us  
hear Th'o-

Th'opinion of good *Dorem*, who's so mute,  
As if h'had lost his tongue too, with his eyes.

*Dor.* By my fay, fair Mistris, I was thinking  
All this while with my self, whether in being  
A sheep, you would be a ram, or an ewe? (shape  
*Sam.* An ewe, no doubt; if I should change my,  
I would not change my Sex; and horns are held  
The heaviest burthen that the head can bear.

*Dor.* I think then I were best be an ewe too,  
So I might be sure to have no horns:  
But I would not greatly care to wear horns,  
Were I a ram, were it but where you were  
An ewe. — (and gives

*Men.* Well shepherds, come, the day declines,  
Us timely warning for to fold our flocks. *Exeunt.*

*Scan. 6. Manet Melecertus.*

Vere my *Sephestia* living, I should think  
This sheperdess were she: Such was her shape,  
Such was her countenance; her very voice  
Doth speak her my *Sephestia*. But alas!

How fondly do I dream! I do embrace  
A cloud in stead of *Juno*. Yet I love,  
And like her, 'cause she is so like my Love.

VVe love the pictures of our absent friends:

And she's the living picture of my dear,

My dear *Sephestia*. Me thinks I feel

A kind of sympathy within my brest.

To like and love her of all women best.

Forgive me, my *Sephestia*, if thou livest,

If I do love another for thy sake:

Thy likeness is the loadstone which doth draw

My heart to her, that nothing else could move.

*Exit.*

*Scan.*

Scen. 7. Enter Pefana.

Thou most impartial deitie of Love!  
 Can there be two Suns in Loves Hemisphere?  
 Or more loves in one heart than one that's true?  
 Or can the stream of true love run in more  
 Channels than one? Shall I be thus paid  
 For my love to false *Menaphon*? Hereafter,  
*Venus*, never will I adore thee; nor  
 Will I offer up so many Evening  
 Prayers unto *Cupid*, as I have done.—  
 Was ever poor maid so rewarded with  
 An inconstant lover, as I daily am  
 With this same fickle-headed *Menaphon*!

Enter Doron.

How now *Pefana*! what's the newes with thee?

*Pef.* News! marry 'tis the news I complain of;  
 Were *Menaphon* the old *Menaphon*, that  
 He was wont to be, I should not complain. (give

*Dor.* Come—plain *Pefana* must not grutch to  
 Way unto fine *Samela*, that hath turn'd his  
 Heart, and if he do not turn again  
 Quickly, he'll be burnt on that side; well,  
 Be content a while, by that time he hath loved  
 Her, as long as he did thee, he'll be as  
 Weary of her, as he is now of thee.

*Pef.* But in the mean time, *Doron*, I must be  
 A stale to her usurps my right in him.

*Dor.* Ay, that's the reason he doth not care  
 For thee, because thou art stale.

Thus do poor lovers run through  
 The briars and the brambles of difficulties,  
 And sometimes fall into the ditch of undoing.

*Pef.* Good *Doron*, be my friend to *Menaphon*.

And

And mind him of his former love to me,  
Or I shall learn at last to slight him too

*Dor.* Ay, ay, he has a sister, just such another  
Ashimself, I'm zure she has e'en broken  
My poor heart in twain; and if it be  
Piec'd again, it will never be handsom. *Exeunt.*

*Scen. 8. Enter Lamedon.*

How happy are these shepherds! herethey live  
Content, and know no other cares, but how  
To tend their flocks, and please their Mistris best.  
They know no strife, but that of love, they spend  
Their days in mirth; and when they end, sweet  
Repay, and ease the labours of the day. (sleeps  
They need no Lawyers to decide their jars,  
Good herbs, and wholsom diet, is to them  
The onely *Æsculapins*; their skill  
Is how to save, not how with art to kill.  
Pride and ambition are such strangers here,  
They are not known so much as by their names.  
Their sheep and they contend in innocence,  
Which shall excell, the Master or his flocks.  
With honest mirth, and merry tales, they pass  
Their time, and sweeten all their cares: (strife,  
Whilst Courts are fill'd with waking thoughtful  
Peace and content do crown the shepherds life.

*Fine AE. 3.*

## Act. 4. Scene 1.

*Enter King of Thessaly, and his daughter  
Euriphila.*

*Kin.* Daughter, it is enough, we will it, see  
You shew your dutie in obeying us;  
Since I have made choise of him for my Son,  
Accept him for your husband: He's a man  
Ancient in virtues, although young in yeares;  
He's one whose worth is far beyond his age.

*Eur.* Father, it grieves me that the cros Fates  
have

Forc'd me to hate the man you so much love:  
*Cupid* hath struck me with his leaden dart,  
I cannot force my own affections. (can he

*Kin.* How's this? you hate him whom I love!  
Be th'object of your hate, who is alone  
The subject of my love and reverence?  
He whom the gods in mercie have design'd  
The happy Successor unto my crown,  
And to your love? Berhink your self again.

*Eur.* Great Sir, the gods themselves are subject  
That little deitie of love, can I (to  
Withstand his power, or love against his will?  
Force cannot work on love, which must be free,  
And uncompell'd; else can it not be true,  
Nor lasting. Sir, urge me no more in vain.

*Kin.* What a strange change is here! Your will  
Freely to stoop to all my just desires; (was wont  
Is it now grown so stiff, twill not be bent  
By my commands? I know thou dost but feign.

*Eur.* I would obey your will, could I command  
Mine own affections, or chuse my love.

*Kin.* Do it, or else by *Jove*, whom I present,



'll punish thy neglect. — I cannot think  
Thy words and thoughts agree. Surely to love,  
Is natural, why then not to love him,  
Whom nature made to be belov'd? He hath  
Artillery enough about him to take in  
The stoutest heart at the first summons. — Well,  
Think on't *Enriphila*, when I am gone,  
I'll leave thee here, Lovers are best alone. *Exit.*

*Scen. 2.*

*Err.* How rarely have I play'd this part, & hid  
My love under a mask of hate! — but now,  
Me thinks, I feel the fire of love to rage  
More fiercely in my breast; for being kept  
So close, it will break out too soon: I must  
Invert the course of love, and woo him first!

*Enter Plusidippus.*

He comes, and fitly: *Cupid*, instruct me now,  
To war and conquer in this bloodless fight,  
That wins the field by flight, and not by force.  
Yet must I veil my love still, and seem coy,  
Till by a false retreat I make him fall  
Into those snares I set, and wish him in. —  
What means this bold intrusion? do'st besiege  
You to intrude into my privacies? (led

*Plu.* Lady, the fault's not mine, fortune hath  
Me to this place: mine ignorance (I hope)  
Will plead mine innocence. As I have found  
Your Royal Fathers noble favours far  
Exceed my hopes, or my requital, let (rais'd  
Not your frownes strike dead whom he hath  
To life; crueltie cannot lodge within  
That tender breast was onely made for Love.

*Eur.* Dare you presume to talk of love to me ?  
Am I a mate fit for your choice ? Be gone,  
And seek some shrub may fit your lowness best.

*Plu.* Madam, this storm becomes you not. It is  
Degenerate from your noble Fathers strain.  
I cannot think this should proceed from one,  
That is the Heir to his name and worth.

*Eur.* My fathers ears shall ring with this, that he  
Hath warm'd a viper, which would bite him  
now,

And entertain'd a guest would rob his host.

*Plu.* Lady, my spirit tels me that my birth  
Is not so base as you conceit. I mean  
To try my spirit, and my fortunes in  
*Mars* his Camp, but not in *Venus* Courts.  
Since nature's so unkind, as not to let  
Me know what honour I was born unto,  
I'll win some to my name, by actions, which  
Shal speak me noble; I had thought t'have made  
You the fair goddess at whose shrine I meant  
T'have offer'd up, and sacrific'd my-self,  
And all my services ; but cause you prove  
So rough, I will not harbour here, but seek  
The world through, for an altar worthy of  
My labours. So, fair proud, farewell. *Exit.*

*Eur.* Art gone ! I did not well to tempt a part  
I knew not how to act, to hide a flame  
I could not well conceal : for hereby have  
I drove him quite away. — *Euriphila,*  
Thou wer't too blame. — Well, I will after him,  
And try if I can fetter him with gifts,  
Whom love cannot entangle : *Mars* is his god,  
Not *Venus* ; once more will I try, and shew  
Him plainly how I love him : *Juno* help,

And

And thou, O little deitie of Love!  
Besiege the castle of his stubborn breast,  
Bend all thy batteries unto his heart,  
Make it the mark of all thy golden darts.  
Let him no more resist, but know thy power,  
That *Mars* with all his armour, nor his forts,  
Castles, or coats of mail, can fence him from  
Thy little piercing shafts, which wound unseen.  
And I will try what work a womans arts  
Can make against these stubborn warriors  
hearts.

*Exit.*

*Scan. 3. Enter Samela.*

I have but one heart to bestow, and that  
Must not be *Menaphon's*; mine eyes do fix  
On *Melecertus*, the best counterfeite  
Of my lost *Maximus*: I cannot yet  
Think on that name, but it doth seem to chide  
My hasty choise, and drown my love in tears.

*She weeps.*

*Enter Menaphon.*

*Men.* What mean these sudden passions, *Samela*?  
Hast thou not here all thou canst wish? what dost  
Thou want can make one happy, but content?

*Sam.* 'Tis true, I nothing want, that a poor  
wretch

Can wish for; but this happiness doth mind  
Me of my fore-past happiness that's lost.  
Is't possible the vein of true love can  
Be broken, and the wound not bleed afresh  
At every thought! Alas! my heart's so full  
Of tears and grief, that some will over-flow.

*Men.* Had thy tears power to raise the dead a-  
gain,

Then were they lawful and commendable:  
 But since that tears are fruitless, and your friends  
 (Like water spilt) now past recoverie,  
 It is but folly to weep for the dead.  
 Pursue no more fled joyes, turn and receive  
 Those comming pleasures which do court your  
 hand.

To take them. If thou wilt listen to my love—

*Sam.* I like my grief much better than thy love.

*Men.* Why so nice and coy fair Lady

Prethee why so coy?

If you deny your hand and lip

Can I your heart enjoy?

Prethee why so coy?

For thy flitting joyes are past,

I will give thee joyes at last.

Joyes that shall create each other,

Make thee both a wife and mother.

*Sam.* Y're merry, *Menaphon*, but I can't joyn  
 In consort with you. Seek some other mate;  
 I have no heart to give, nor hand to take  
 Your gift. Another reaps what you have sown,  
 And like t'enjoy what you have hop'd in vain.

*Men.* Another reap what I have sown! Is this  
 Your gratitude you so much boasted of?  
 Have I supplied your wants with plenty, and  
 With scorn do you repay my charitie?  
 Did I relieve you in distress for this?—  
 By *Pan*, the god of shepherds, or return  
 Love for my love, or be turn'd out of doors.

*Sam.* My heart ne're knew what baseness meant,  
 Of thankful thoughts for your civilities; (it's full  
 If those will satisfie, I'll employ all

Th'ex-

Th'exchequer of my breast; but as for love,  
Alas! that is not in my power to give.

*Men.* I saw your loose eyes at the shepherds feast,  
Rov'd every where, but *Melecertus* was (gone,  
The mark they aym'd at most. Well, get you  
Expect no more from me, but slight and scorn.

*Exit.*

*Sam.* My grief was ominous, and did presage  
This sad mishap; was I not cross'd enough  
Before? when will my sufferings have an end!  
Well, I'll go seek my Uncle *Lamedon*,  
The comfort and companion of my woes. *Exit.*

*Scen. 4. Enter Euriphila.*

Love bids me go, but reason bids me stay;  
Reason! thou hast no share in love; I'll on,  
Love is a passion. passions know no lawes,  
The gods themselves cannot *Enter Plusidippus*  
be wise and love. *passing by.*

Friend *Plusidippus*, hark, who would have thought  
You so faint-hearted, that a maidens frowns,  
Could turn the edge of your affections? (edge

*Plu.* No, madam, but your scorn hath whet the  
Of my resolves, to seek some other clime  
May prove more temperate: *Arcadia* is  
The place I aym at, where, I'm told, there dwels  
A Lady of that beautie, that the world  
Can't shew her second; thither am I bound.

*Eur.* You do but jest, I hope, I'm sure I did  
No other; for I love thee with *Offers him*  
my heart, *gifts.*

And may these signs confirm it that I do.

*Plu.* I must not dwell at these signs, well I may  
Bait for a while, but cannot make a stay.



*Arcadia* is the place I visit must,  
That is the center whereunto I tend,  
And where my labours hope to find an end.

*Eur.* What, must a Lady wooe you to accept  
Her favours? Come, what need *Offers him her*  
hast thou to seek *gifts again.*

Dangers, and love abroad, who hast at home  
The onely daughter of a King, who courts  
Thee for thy love? what mean those silent looks?  
Hear me, my *Plustippus* : what, still mute ?

*Plu.* Th'attractive of that beautie I have seen  
But in a picture. will not let me rest,  
Until I see that creature so divine,

*Arcadia* is blest withal, to be  
The happy casket of so rich a jewel.

*Eur.* By all the love thou ow'st my fathers care,  
I do adjure thee to stay here with me,  
And in mine arms I'll lodge thee until time  
Shall make thee King of *Thessaly* ; mean-while  
Let me be happy in th' enjoyment of  
Thy companie, and seek not toils and care,  
When thou mayst live more happy here, than  
Canst wish, or find in any other place. (thou

*Plu.* My *Genius* prompts me, that I must not rest  
Here, for the gods do seem to call me hence,  
And their decrees I may not break, nor will.

*Exit.*

*Eur.* This scorn tormenth me, yet can I not  
Repay his hate with hate ; but I do love  
Him more. Love, this is tyrannie in thee.

*Enter Agenor King.*

Here comes my Father, may his newes be good.

*King.* Now forward girle, did I for this provide

An

An husband for you? do you thus reward  
My love to you, to slight him whom I love?  
Your scornes will force him from our Court to  
And now I hear, he'l to *Arcadia*. (flie,

*Eur.* Believe it, Sir, 'tis far from me to wish,  
Or be the cause of his departure hence.

*Kin.* Yes, yes, your peevishness I hear's the cause,  
Nay, I my self have heard, with shame to think  
You so much scorn'd a man, I so much lov'd.  
Did I grace him, that you should disgrace him?

*Eur.* Great Sir, the greatest loss is mine; & none  
Can tell with what an heavy heart I shall  
Be forc'd to part with him. And therefore, if  
You please to use your power to stay him here,  
You may so be my father the second  
Time, by preserving the life you gave me,  
Which, without his presence, is nothing worth.  
As you tender the life of a daughter,  
Or the welfare of a maid, endeavour  
His stay, or I shall follow him to death,—

*Kin.* I'll find him out, and try what power I have  
Upon him: I suppose my kindneses  
To him, may well deserve his acceptance,  
They have not been such as should wearie him,  
Nor is a Crown a thing to be slighted,  
Nor easily obtained; yet his stay  
May purchase mine, and 'tis an easie rate. *Exeunt.*

*Scen. 5. Enter Lamedon, Samela.*

*Lam.* What, Neece, still weeping! cannot curing  
Invent a plaister for thy wounds, but that (time  
They still thus bleed afresh? what is the cause?

*Sam.* Dearest Uncle! who hitherto have been  
The onely Parther and Physician

Of

Of all my griefs ; unless your skill can fit  
 A cure unto my present cares, I must  
 Yeild to their strength, for with continued  
 Batteries they so assault me now, that  
 I must be forc'd to sink under their weight.

*Lam.* Why, what new cross hath hapned unto thee?

That thus renews thy grief ? Come, tell it me ;  
 And doubt not of my readines to trie  
 All means for thy relief ; but first 'tis fit  
 I know the cause, the first step to the cure.  
 Unbosome then thy grief, and give it vent ;  
 Is *Menaphon* as kind as he was wont ?

*Sam.* That name it is, that is my sorrows spring  
 From whence these tears do flow. 'tis he alone—  
 Unkind and false, base-minded *Menaphon*.—

*Lam.* Out with it all, and tell me how he hath  
 Abused thee, and I will try to right  
 Thee, and requite him for his injuries.

*Sam.* When as he saw I would not satisfie  
 His foolish fancie, for which cause alone  
 He hitherto hath entertained us,  
 And not for to relieve our wants ; he sees  
 His hopes are frustrated, and I despise  
 His clownish love, he turn'd me out of's doors :  
 Where shall we lie ? we are expos'd unto  
 The mercie of the kinder elements ;  
 The heavens must be our canopie, and th'earth  
 Our bed, the poor flocks our companions.

*Lam.* Well fear not, *Samela*, already I  
 Have found a way to ease thy mind ; I have  
 A little money left, and therewithal  
 Soon shall I purchase a small flock for thee :  
 Where thou shalt live secure, and free from fear,  
 Enjoy

Enjoy thy little with content; there is  
A shepherd lately dead, whose flock I'll buy,  
And thou shalt be it's Mistris, *Samela*.

*Sam.* Uncle, my thanks shall ever ready be  
For you, as always is your care for me.  
But let your haste prevent my coming griefs;  
For griefs have wings, wherewith they flie to us,  
Comforts are leaden-heel'd, and move but slow.

*Lam.* Fear not, I will dispatch it suddenly,  
The shepherd *Doron's* brother's lately dead,  
And he hath the disposal of the flock,  
As soon as I can find him, we will try  
If reasonable price will make them ours,

*Enter Doron.*

See where he comes preventing me; *Doron*,  
The merry shepherd! whither away so fast?

*Dor.* I'm running for my life, Sir, my brother's  
Lately dead, and I'm afraid death will catch  
Me too, if I don't make haste. I'm sure

*Carmela* has half cut the thred of my  
Life in twain, with the hook of her crueltie;  
Besides, *Moron's* sheep are roving to find  
Their master, and they'l go till they lose  
Themselves, if I find them not the sooner.

*Lam.* *Moron*! what was he a kin to a fool?

*Dor.* Why he was my own brother, Sir.

*Lam.* I thought so, *Dor.* I must be gone.

*Lam.* Nay, stay *Doron*, what wilt thou take, and  
Will ease thee of the trouble of thy sheep.

*Dor.* By my troth Sir, and you shall have them,  
What will you give me, and you shall have (but  
His flock,—ay and me too, if you will, for  
I think *Carmela* won't.

*Gives him gold.*

*Lam.* Will these content thee for thy sheep?

*Dor.*

*Dor.* Ay marry, this is something lik—you  
Shall have them Sir, were there as many  
Of them as there are hairs on their  
Backs.—They talk of a golden fleece,  
But I think I have made their fleeces  
Gold now. Come Sir, I'll deliver you the sheep.

*Exeunt.*

*Scen. 6. Enter Menaphon.*

Forlorn, forsaken, and the object made  
Of all the shepherds storms! what shall I do!  
Love is no god, Fortune is blind, and can  
Not help; sleep flies, and cares possess my head,  
Mirth makes me melancholy, company  
Yields me no comfort: when I am alone,  
A thousand fancies do distract my thoughts:  
And when I try to drown my cares in wine,  
They swim aloft, and will be uppermost.  
I'll try if I can sing my cares asleep.

*To restless cares, companions of the night,  
That wrap my joyes in clouds of endless woes,  
Spare not my heart, but wound it with your spite,  
Since love and fortune prove my equal foes.*

*Enter* Farewel my hopes, farewell my happy dayes,  
*Pesana.* Welcom sweet grief, the subject of my layes.

*Pes.* Now will I take time by the fore-lock, and  
Creep into *Menaphon's* breast, through the cracks  
His minion *Samela* has made in it. *Aside.*

Friend *Menaphon*, what is your courage cool'd?

*Men.* Cold entertainment hath my courage  
cool'd.

*Pes.* You know where you might have been let  
E're this, without assault or batterie. (in, long  
But you'r serv'd in your kind, for being coy:

Now



Now you have met with your mate (friend) I hope.

*Men.* She set my heart on fire by her presence,  
That will not be put out by her absence.

*Pes.* Then I see you mean to follow her with  
Your suit and service still, for all her scorn.

*Men.* No, she hath wounded me too deep, to  
Pursuit after her, therefore let her go. (make

*Pes.* Now then you know what 'tis to be slighted;  
So once you slighted me, now I'll slight you. *Exit.*

*Men.* Ah cruel love! whose musick is compos'd  
Of Lovers jars and discords, mixt with sighs!

If I turn traitor once more unto love,  
I'll rob him of his deitie, and pull  
His little Kingdom down; I'll pull his wings,  
And with the quills made into pens, and dipt  
In saddest lovers tears; in stead of ink,  
I'll Satyres write against his tyrannie. *Exit.*

*Scen. 7. Enter King Agenor, Plusidippus,  
and Euriphila.*

*Kin.* Why then, my *Plusidippus*, will you leave  
Us, and your fortunes? It is my resolve  
To make you heir to my crown, my Son  
And Successor.

*Plu.* Great Sir, I would not be  
Fondly injurious to my self, or you,  
Or so prophane unto the gods, to slight  
Their and your gifts, when proffer'd me so fair:  
I must obey their dictates, and my vows,  
Which call me to *Arcadia*, till when,  
I cannot rest. Give me your Royal leave  
To go, I will engage my hopes, and all  
My future happineses, to return  
In so short a time as you shall limit me.

*Kin.*

*1 Kin.* Then daughter, since it must be so, I can  
Not tell how to denie his just request:

*But* see you part with him in friendship. And  
The like Sir, I require of you to her. *Exit.*

*Plu.* Far be it from me to denie so fair  
Requests. Lady, in signe hereof, I take  
This parting kisse, and may it cancel all  
Miscarriages, and seal Loves covenants.

And thus I take my leave but for a while.

*Eur.* Then take thee this my dearest heart, and  
It with thee; may it be a charm to keep (bear  
Thy chaste affections from a Strangers love:  
May your return shorten my tedious hours,  
Since I neglect mine own content for yours.

*Exeunt.*

*Scen. 8. Enter 2 Lords.*

*1 Lo.* It seems our Kink hath pretty well out-  
grown

His griefs; and now he meditates new Loves.

*2 Lo.* The fire of love hath thaw'd his frozen  
And turn'd his cold *December* into *May*: (breast  
His Scepter's chang'd into a sheep-hook, He  
Is gone on pilgrimage to seek a wife  
Amongst the shepherdesse, there is one  
Whom I have seen, and he is gone to see,  
May vie with *Juno* for precedencie:  
Who in the habit of a Country lass,  
Carries a Prince-like countenance and grace.  
In th' Arcadian Plains she keeps a flock  
Of sheep, whose innocence and whiteness she  
Surpasseth, whilst the shepherds daily strive  
Who shall bid fairest for this fairer prize.

*1 Lo.* And he'll out-bid them all, if that will do.

*But*

But what a motley mixture will it be,  
To see his grey hairs joyned with her green  
And springing youth? The strange effects of love!  
VVell may she be his nurse, but not his wife:  
VVhat's love in young, is dotage in old men.

2 *Lo.* Love can create an Autumn Spring, infuse  
New spirits in the old, and make them young  
Besides, Honour's a bait frail women know  
Not to resist: who would not be a Queen?

*Exeunt.*

*Scen. 9. Enter Samela.*

Once more doth Fortune flatter me, with hopes  
Of a contented life: now am I free  
From jealous *Menaphon's* suspicions,  
And without fear enjoy my wished love.

*Enter Melecertus.*

See where he comes, the picture drawn to th' life  
Of my dead *Maximus*, my former joy.

*Mel.* All hail unto the fairest *Samela*,  
And to her happy flock: I envie them  
She is their Mistris, I her servant am.  
Long since my heart was hers, may she but please  
To take that kindly, which I freely give.

*Sam.* But, *Melecertus*, can I hope to find  
You real unto me, whose worth I know  
Cannot but be engag'd already to  
Some more deserving creature than poor I.

*Mel.* Lady, my services were never due  
To any, but to one, which bond harsh death  
Hath cancelled to make me yours alone. (them;

*Sam.* You call death harsh for freeing you from  
And would you be in the like bonds again?

*Mel.* Your heavenly likeness doth compel me  
to't You

You are the same, but in another dress.  
 Let me no longer therefore strive to win  
 That fort, I so much covet to be in.

*Sam.* Then *Melecerus* take thy *Samela*.

*Mel.* Oh happy word! oh happy fate! the gods  
 If they would change with me, should give me  
 odds.

*Finis Act. 4.*

*Act. 5. Scen. 1.*

*Enter King Damocles, like a Shepherd.*

**T**HUS *Jove* chang'd shapes to satisfy his love,  
 He laid his god-head by; my Kingdome I  
 Have for a time forsaken, and exchang'd  
 My royal robes for shepherds weeds. How light  
 (Me thinks) I feel my self! having laid by  
 My crown, with its companions heavy cares!

*Enter Plusidippus.*

But who comes here? His paces to me tend.

*Plu.* Shepherd, well met, but why without a  
 flock?

What, hath the rot consum'd thy sheep? or are  
 They gone astray?

*Kin.* No, not my sheep, but I,  
 So far, I almost know not where, or what  
 I am;—to seek, as yet I know not whom.

*Asides*

*Plu.* This old man dotes, and knows not what  
 he says;

Where is thy bag-pipe, and thy merry layes,  
 That shepherds use to have in readiness?

*Sure*

Surely thou art no shepherd, but some goat  
Crept lately into a sheeps habit.—Dost  
Thou know the field of the fair *Samela*?

*Kin.* This boy will be my Rival, for *Aside*  
that name

Sounds like the creatures that I seek for.—No,  
Go seek your *Stamela*, I know no such.

*Plu.* This is intolerable,—I will scourge

*Enter Samela passing by. Draws.*

Thee into better manners.—But that divine  
Appearance makes my spirits calm, and strikes  
An awful reverence into my breast.

This is the beautie of th' *Arcadian* Plains,  
Sh'has shot her rayes so home into my heart,  
But partial fame was niggardly and base,  
In giving but a glimpse of this rare beautie.

*Sam.* D'you know me, Sir, or have you lost  
your way?

*Plu.* I cannot likely lose my way, where I  
Do find such glistering goddesses as you.  
Indeed the force of such a light, may rob  
Me of the office of mine eyes, and make  
Them dark with too much brightness; can I  
But gaze upon the Sun, when first I see't. (*chuse*

*Sam.* I think you lost your wits, or else your  
That you mistake a glo-worm for the sun, (*eys*;  
And make a goddess of a shepherdess.

*Plu.* Lady, if I have lost my wits or eyes,  
It was with seeking you, whose beautie drew  
Me hither; for your sake alone have I  
Shook hands with *Thessaly*, and all my friends,  
Onely to joyn my hands and heart with you.

*Sam.* I should be loth to give my hand unto  
So sudden a conclusion, and my heart



Is neither in my power or possession.

*Plu.* Fair Shepherdess, my errand is in love,  
To yield my heart into your hands; 'tis yours,  
By gift and conquest; I'm at your command.

*Sam.* If that you are at my command, be gone,  
I cannot, will not listen to your words. *Exit.*

*Plu.* And have I left my dear *Euriphila*  
For this! I see beautie makes women proud,  
I would I were at *Thessaly* again,  
There should I welcome be unto *Euriphila*,  
Whose heart I know's my fellow-traveller,  
Her salt tears, by this time, would make a sea,  
Wherein I might swim back again with ease.

*Exit.*

*Scen. 2.*

*Kin.* I see this youth's repul'st, and he is young  
And stout and well deserving, how shall I  
Hope to prevail with her? if lively youth  
She do despise, then much more crippling age:  
Nor do I know what arguments to use,  
Unless to tell her that I am a King,  
And lay my Crown and Scepter at her feet,  
Which she will scarce believe: my shepherds  
Will not be taken for a scepter, nor (hook  
This poor cap for th'usurper of a crown.—  
I have a way whereby to work my will,  
And this young man shall be my instrument:  
There stands a castle hard by, whither he  
Perforce shall carry her. I'll work my will  
Upon her, when I have her there confin'd.

*Enter Plusidippus.*

*Plu.* I will revenge this scorn, if force or wit  
Will do, I'll make her pride come down.

*Kin.* Be wise,

Young

Young man, and valiant, and I will tell  
Thee how thou shalt obtain thy full desire.

*Plu.* But tell me how, and then let me alone  
To act, what e're it be.

*Kin.* A Castle stands  
Near by, guarded with crows and negligence,  
Thither thou mayst by force convey her, and  
Then force her unto what entreaties can't.

*Plu.* Old man, if I do gain her by thy means,  
Thou shalt not want reward: I know the place  
Where she doth tend her flock, and I'll watch her,  
As she doth them; and when I see my time,  
I will convey her where you shall direct. *Exit.*

*Kin.* I will attend you here. — Now must I plot  
To get her in my power, and then I shall  
Advance her to a crown against her will.  
But yet, I cannot think Honour should need  
An Advocate; womens ambitious thoughts  
Do swim aloft, they love to be above (height  
Their neighbours, envying ev'ry one whose  
Doth over-look, and seemeth to upbraid  
Their lowness by comparison; their minds  
Are always climbing up to honours hill,  
And pride, and self-conceit, are the two wings  
Which elevate their thoughts to flie aloft.

*Enter Plusidippus, with Samela.* (power)

*Plu.* Now, Mistris Coy, y'are not in your own  
But mine. Old shepherd, take thee charge of her. *Exit.*

*Kin.* Lady, you see what folly 'tis for you  
To denie men what they can take without  
Your leave. Now must you yield unto the  
Of *Thessaly*. — But if you will be wise, *Knight*  
And see a good when proffer'd, you may be

A Queen, by granting of my suit, who am King of *Arcadia*, although thus disguis'd.

*Sam.* My father *Damocles*! 'tis he *aside.*  
now sues

To me his daughter: He's incestuous grown,

*Kin.* This is too woman-like, to turn away  
From your own happiness.—And it is strange,  
That honour doth not tempt her; thou shalt have  
A Crown and Kingdom at thy sole command,  
And change these rural weeds for princely robes,  
If thou wilt be my wife, pleasure for pain,  
And plenty for thy povertie. What sayst?

*Sam.* Your potent batteries, and golden baits  
Might win (perhaps) on some ambitious soul:  
They nothing move me, to remove my love  
Already plac'd on *Meleceus*, He,  
He onely doth, and shall possess my heart.

*Kin.* A shepherd. Shall a shepherds basnesse  
In competition, and out-weigh a King? (stand  
A subject be before his Sovereign  
Prefer'd? Oh how preposstrous are the minds  
Of these fond women! Come, be well advis'd,  
And change that pettie pebble for a pearl:  
'Tis in my power to make thee happy, or  
With one breath to blast the flower of thy hopes,  
And to repay thy folly with thy shame.  
Do not go on to kindle such a fire  
Within my breast, as shall consume both thee,  
And all that cross the current of my will.

*Sam.* I have already sad experience of  
The wilde effects of his enraged will; *aside.*  
Yet such the crosness of my fortune is,  
I must again be made the subject of  
His furious tyrannie; but I'm resolv'd.

Know

Know Sir, I value more my minds content,  
Than all the gawdie shows Courts can present :  
I am too well confirmed in the blifs,  
And sweet content attends a Country life,  
To leave it for the giddy-headed Court.  
Besides, my true affections are so riveted  
Unto my *Melecertus*, that nor frowns,  
Nor flatteries shall part my heart from him.  
Cease therefore farther to commence a suit  
Nature forbids me grant, and you to ask.

*King.* And have I with my Kingly robes laid by  
My Kingly mind? No, it shall ne're be said  
A womans will hath contradicted mine.  
But 'tis by policie that I must work,  
Since I have laid my Kingly power aside,  
I'll set my brains o'th'tenterhooks, and stretch  
Them to their uttermost abilities,  
To win this scornful beautie to my wife,  
Or else revenge it with her dearest life. *Exit.*

*Scen. 3.*

*Sam.* My life hath hitherto been chequer'd with  
Varietie of fortunes ; sometimes with  
A white of happiness, and then a black  
Of miserie ; thus loves bright day of mirth,  
Is follow'd with a darker night of woe.  
How fair of late my fortune seem'd to be,  
And now, alas ! o're-cast with blackest clouds  
Of discontents, wherein I labour with  
Important suits, I cannot, may not grant.  
No, no, my *Melecertus*, I am firm  
To thee, nor shall the rain of tears,  
Or winds of threats remove me from thy love.  
Be thou but constant, nay, I know thou art,

I will not wrong thee with so foul a thought,  
As once to doubt thou canst be otherwise.

*Enter Plusidippus.* (defence,

*Plu.* You're from your shepherds now, or their  
Presume not they can rescue you, 'tis past (arms.  
Their skill or power, to force you from mine

*Sam.* Alas, fond boy! I scorn thy threats, as much  
As I hate thee, or slight thy boasted strength.  
Were but my *Melecertus* here, he would  
Whip thy rudeness into better manners.

*Plu.* 'Tis well you are a woman (not a man,)  
And have no other weapon but your tongue,  
Which you are priviledg'd to use, and we  
To laugh at. But in short, if you'll accept  
My love and service, then shall you be safe,  
And happy: Souldiers cannot talk, but with  
Their swords, and then they strike gain-sayers  
dumb. (swords

*Sam.* All this is nothing; for your words, nor  
Shall not remove me from my dearest friend,  
He hath my heart, and I have nothing left  
But hate, if you'll accept of that, 'tis all  
That I can give, or you receive from me.

*Plu.* You must be dealt with as we use to do  
With fullen birds, I'll shut you up, and then  
Perhaps you'll sing another note, you are  
Not yet in tune, you are too high for me,  
But I will take you lower. I will plough  
Your heart with grief, and then (perhaps) it will  
Better receive the seed of my true love.

*Sam.* Sooner the turtle shall forget her mate,  
Than I my *Melecertus*; and when I  
Can't see him with mine eys, my mind shall rove,  
Wing'd with desire, throughout the spacious  
world, And



And find no rest, until it meet with him.  
And though our bodies never meet, our souls  
Shall joyn, and love each other after death.  
Thus is true love immortal, and shall never  
Die but with our souls shall live for ever.

*Plu.* Shepherd, who e're thou art, I cannot chuse  
But envie thee thy happiness, who hast  
So true a love : I cannot but admire  
This noble soul and love her, though she hate  
Me for't ; I'll treat her civilly, and if  
I can't obtain her for a wife, she shall  
My goddes be, and I'll adore her name,  
Though at a distance. Lady, will you walk?

*Exeunt.*

*Scan. 4. Enter King Damocles.*

It is an ill wind that blows no man good ;  
Though the *Thessalian* lad have got the prize  
In his possession, it shall not be long,  
But I will have them both in mine, I have  
Dispatch'd a letter to my Lords, to send  
Me suddenly some servants to assist

*Enter Menaphon.*

My plot. Now *Menaphon*, what is the newes?

*Men.* Great Sir, the messenger's return'd, and  
brought

The men you sent for, they are here at hand.

*Kin.* 'Tis well ; direct them to the castle that  
I told you of, and give them charge to seize  
Upon the buzzard and his prey, and bring  
Them both to me : mean-time go you, and find  
Out *Melecertus*, that I may be sure  
Of him, for he's my rival in my love.

*Men.* My Liege, all shall be done to your desire.

A a 4

*Exit,*

*Kin.* Blest policie, thou far exceed'st dull strength,  
 That wanders in the dark of ignorance,  
 Wanting the eye of wisdom, both to guide,  
 And to defend it from approaching harms.  
 Thus art with ease doth move the pondrous load,  
 Which strength could never master, or remove.  
 The Foxes tail must piece the Lions skin.  
 Little *Ulysses* with his wit did more  
 Against the foe, than *Ajax* with his strength.

*Exit*

*Scan. 5. Enter Samela.*

It is some comfort yet that I can change  
 My prison, though I am a pris'ner still,  
 Would I could change my companie as soon.  
 But ah! most wretched *Samela*, who wert  
 Born to misfortunes, and to nothing else:  
 As if that I alone were fortunes mark,  
 At which she onely aymes her angry darts.  
 The morning of mine age was clouded with  
 Mishaps, and now my noon is like to be  
 The fatal night unto my miserie.—  
 My Gaoler is so kind, as if he meant  
 To bribe my love; but these are gilded pills  
 I cannot swallow. Should my Father get  
 Me into his possession once again,  
 I were as bad, or worse: I know too well  
 His passion, to hope any help from him.  
 I'll tell him plainly who I am, and trie  
 If time have dull'd the edge of's crueltie:  
 Perhaps the kinder gods may move his heart  
 To pitie, and convert his rage to love.  
 He is my father still, and though unkind  
 To me, yet can I not forget I am

*His*

His child, and owe a dutie to his name.  
He is my King, and so I must obey  
His will; if I must suffer, let it be  
From his, rather than from a strangers hands.

*Exit.*

*Scen. 6. Enter Doron, reading.*

I think I am provided now, if Poetrie  
Will do't, my *Carmila* is mine; these  
Wittie knaves, what fine devices they  
Have got to fetter maidens hearts?

The Poet *Orpheus* made the *Thracian*  
Dames dance after his pipe, and *Ovid*  
Charm'd the Emperours daughter with  
His Poetrie; there are some secret  
Charms in these same verses sure.

*Enter  
Carmila.*

Let me see here what I have got.

Ha *Carmila*, look here, I think  
You'll love me now.

*Reads.*

*Carmila*—A Miracle.

*Car.* A miracle, for what, *Doron*?

*Dor.* Why, a miracle of beautie, and I think  
You'll be a miracle of folly, if you  
Don't love me now.

*Car.* What small Poet have you hired  
To make a miracle of my name.

*Dor.* Nay, I have more yet, and better,  
That I found in the *Nichodemus*  
Of Complements, that's a sweet book,  
'Tis a very magazine of Poetrie, a  
Store-house of wit; do but hear  
Them *Carmila*.

*Car.* Let's hear them, *Doron*, are they  
Worth a laughing at? Let's hear.

*Dor.*

*Dor.* Well, well, it is no laughing matter; but I'm Sure your laughing ha's made me crie.  
 Now *Carmila*, you must imagine that 'tis I, and only I, say this to you, and none but you :  
 For the unhappy wag ha's so fitted my Fancie, as if 'twere made for no bodie but me.

*Excellent Mistris, brighter than the Moon,  
 Than scowred pewter, or the silver spoon:  
 Fairer than Phœbus, or the morning Star,  
 Dainty fine Mistris, by my troth you are.  
 Thine eyes like Diamonds shine most clearly,  
 As I'm an honest man, I love thee dearly.*

What think you now, *Carmila*, is not this Admirable? if these strong lines will Not draw your love, I know not what will.

*Car.* Had it been your own mother-wit, *Doron*, I could have like't it well :

But for you to father the brat of Another's brain, is too ridiculous. I like your love much better than your Hackney lines : but bought wit's best.

*Dor.* If you like not my lines, because they are None of mine, you will not love my Heart neither, for that's not mine, but yours.

*Car.* Yes, *Doron*, if you have given me your Heart, I will not die in your debt, but Give you mine in exchange for yours.

*Dor.* I than welcome to me my new found heart,  
 We'll live, and love, and never part. *Exeunt.*

*Scen. 7. Enter Melecertus.*

Revenge shall soon o're-take this proud boy, who  
 Com-

Committed hath so bold a rape upon  
My *Samela* : He had been better to  
Have lodged snakes in his breast, than to steal  
This spark, that shall consume him and his nest.  
*Samela ! Samela !* that name alone  
Infuseth spirits into me, inflames  
My soul with vengeance, till I recover  
My dearest love.

*Enter Menaphon.*

*Men.* Now shall I be reveng'd on *Samela*,  
And on her *Melecertus* both at once :  
I'll make her know neglected love may turn  
To hate, and vengeance take the place of scorn.  
Well met friend *Melecertus*, what, alone ?

*Mel.* I'm solitarie since my mate is gone.

*Men.* Your mate has taken flight, she's on the  
wing,

But I can tell thee where she nests, and bring  
Thee quickly where thou shalt retrieve the game.

*Mel.* If thou wilt do this, *Menaphon*, I shall  
Be studious to requite thy love with mine :  
I pay thee sterling thanks and services.

*Men.* I will not sell my favours to my friends,  
My work is all the wages I expect.

Come, follow me, I'll lead thee to the place,  
Where the fresh gamesters have thy love in  
chase.

*Exeunt.*

*Scan. 8. Enter King Damocles in his Royal robes,  
Plusidippus and Samela, prisoners.*

*Kin.* Now Sir, you see the shepherd is become  
A King; and though you have deserved death,  
Yet since you have but acted our commands,  
We here release you, and not onely so,

But



But entertain you with all due respect,  
 At once belonging to our neighbour-Prince,  
 And near Allie, the King of *Thessaly*. —  
 Some secret power doth force me love him so,  
 That if I had a daughter to bestow,  
 I'de wish no other Son-in-law, but him.  
 Now my *Sophestia*, what would I give,  
 Thou wert alive, I had thee, and thou him.

*Sam.* He little thinks I am so near, or that  
 It is his daughter he would make his wife.

*Kin.* Thus, Gentlewoman, you are once more  
 Into my hands, I am th' *Arcadian* King: (fain  
 Be sudden therefore to give me your love,  
 Or else forfeit your life for your contempt;  
 Think on't, and chuse which you'll rather do.

*Sam.* Sir, I am still the same I was before:  
 My love, like to a mighty rock, stands fast,  
 Disdaining the proud billows of your threats.  
 Crowns cannot tempt, nor Kings command my  
 My love is free, and cannot be compell'd. (love,  
 True love admits no partners, is content  
 With one, and *Cupids* statute law forbids  
 Pluralities of loves.

*Kin.* Since y'are so stiff,  
 You will not bow, I'll make you bend, or break.

*Enter Menaphon with Melecertus.*

*Mel.* I am betray'd by this base *Menaphon*.

*Kin.* Here comes my Rival; when I have dis-  
 patch'd

Him to the other world, your plea is spoil'd:  
 My sword shall cut your gordian knot in two;  
 Your ghosts may wed, your bodies never shall.  
 I'll be his Executioner my self,  
 I'll trust no other eyes to see it done.

*Sam.*

*Sam.* Now is it time t'unmask, and let him know  
He wounds his daughter through her Lovers  
fides. *She kneels.*

Father, your furie once expos'd me to  
The greedie jaws of death, which yet more kind,  
In pitie sav'd my life, you sought to lose.  
I'm your *Sephestia*. Father, know your child.

*Mel.* And is it possible, *Sephestia* lives,  
Once more t'enjoy her truest *Maximus*?

*Sam.* My *Maximus*, I'm thy *Sephestia*:

Oh that our *Plusidippus* too were here!

*Plu.* And I am he, my name is *Plusidippus*.

*Seph.* My dearest son! 'tis he; now were my joys  
Compleat indeed, were but my Uncle here.

*Mel.* I am so wrapt with joy, I scarce can get  
Breath, to express my thanks unto the gods.

*Men.* What will become of me? I shall be hang'd,  
Or lose my place at least; I'll get me home,  
Amidst their mirth they will not think on me.

*Exit.*

*Kin.* My onely daughter! Dear *Sephestia*,  
And you, kind *Maximus*, I ask  
Both of you pardon for your injuries,  
And for requital, thus I do create  
Thee King of *Arcadie*; and may the gods  
Requite your sufferings, and forgive my crimes.  
Long may ye live, and happy; may your dayes  
Be sun-shine all, and know no clouds nor night.

*Enter Lamedon.*

And that we may not leave one string untun'd,  
My brother comes to make our consort full;  
The best of brothers, and the best of friends,  
Thanks for your care of her, whom you have  
made

Your daughter by a better claim than mine.

Now

Now let the whole land swim in mirth, and load  
 The altars with their thankful sacrifice  
 Unto the kinder deities, who through  
 A sea of woes, have sent us happiness.  
 Let's in, and hear the strange adventures have  
 Befaln your heaven-protected persons; griefs  
 Grow less by telling, joyes are multiplied.  
 Although against them all things seem to strive,  
 At last just men and lovers alwayes thrive.

**FINIS.**

Fragmenta Poetica: 73

O R,

Poetical Diversions.

WITH

A PANEGYRICK

UPON HIS

SACRED MAJESTIE'S

Most happy Return, on the  
29. May, 1660.

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By THO. FORDE, *Philothal.*

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LONDON,

Printed by R. and W. Leybourn, for William  
Grantham, and are to sold at the Signe  
of the Black Bear in St. Pauls  
Church-yard. 1660.

Evangelical Literature:

O R

of the

WITH

A. P. A. N. E. G. R. I. C. K

ON HIS

SACRED MAJESTY'S

Most happy Return on the

29 May 1650.

At THE FORD, BIRMINGHAM.

Printed by

Printed by J. and W. Smith, for W. Smith,  
at the Ford, Birmingham.  
1650.





## Poetical Diversions.

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### *For Christmas-day.*

1 *Shepherd.*



What, have we slept! or doth the ha-  
stie Sun  
Bring back the day, before the night  
be done?

2 *Shep.* What melodie is this that  
charms our ears?

Is it the musick of th'harmonious Sphears?

*Angels.*

Peace shepherds, peace; glad tidings we ye bring,  
Your God hath got a Son, and ye a King:

And he hath sent us with this newes to tell,  
Who late was *Ours*, is *your Immanuel*.

Up, up to *Bethlehem*, there shall you see

An *Human* shape enclose the *Deitie*.

Behold, a cratch imprisons him, whose hands  
Have fram'd the earth, and curbs the sea with  
bands.

He now *begins* to be, that no beginning knew,  
He now begins to live, who being gave to you.

Go see th'Eternal God a *child's* become,  
The ever-speaking *Word* himself lies *dumb*,

B b

Who

Who by his word feeds all is fed by meat,  
 Th' Almighty King of Heaven hath left his seat,  
 And now keeps Court on earth: haste ye and see  
 The cratch his throne, beasts his attendance be.  
 And all to be your Saviour, and to free  
 Ye men from sin, and Satans slaverie.

*Chorus of Angels.*

Glory to God on high, and peace on earth,  
 Good will to men by this our God-mans birth.

*Shepherds.*

Come, let's go see these wonders which are told,  
 Let what our ears have heard, our eyes behold.

*Soliloquie.*

Croud in, my soul, and see amongst the rest,  
 And by thy sight, oh be for ever blest!  
 Hark how the Angels sing, the heavens rebound,  
 And earth with th'echo of th' Angelick sound.  
 Never till now were the well-tuned Sphears  
 Heard to make melodie to mortal ears.  
 Now every pretty bird with's warbling throat,  
 To's new-born Maker elevates a note.  
 See how the earth, being big with pride to be  
 Out-gone by heaven, puts on her liverie  
 Of mirth, and laughs with joy to hear  
 Her Maker now will please to dwell on her.  
 The whole world was agreed to entertain  
 The King of peace, who now began his reign:  
 Mars shrunk for fear, Bellona hid her head,  
 When peace was born, all discords lay for dead.  
 Then why should bloody characters descric  
 The blessed day of his Nativitie?  
 O let the purest white note out that morn  
 From all the rest, when Innocence was born.

On the Nativité.

I.

Hail holy tide,  
Wherein a Bride,  
A Virgin, and a Mother,  
Brought forth a Son,  
The like was done,  
Except her, by no other.

2.

A Virgin pure,  
She did endure  
After her Son, or rather.  
It may be said,  
She was a maid,  
And this Son was her Father.

3.

Here riddles vex,  
And do perplex  
The eye of humane reason;  
Heaven did combine,  
With earth to joy,  
To consecrate this season.

4.

Hail blessed Maid,  
For by thine aid,  
Eternal life is Ours,

B b 2

Then

*Thou didst lie in,  
And without sin,  
The son of God was yours.*

## 5.

*Hail happy birth,  
Wonder of Earth  
And heaven; the Angels sing  
Anthems to thee,  
As glad to see  
Their new-born heavenly King.*

## 6.

*Though thou art poore,  
Kings thee adore,  
And precious presents bring,  
They kneel to you,  
And humbly bow,  
As to some sacred thing.*

## 7.

*Thou that art able  
To turn a stable  
Into a Temple, come,  
Possess my heart,  
Cleansse every part,  
And take it for thy home.*

## For Christmas-day,

**L**end me a pen pull'd from an Angels wing,  
 That I the news of this blest day may sing;  
 Or reach a feather of that holy Dove,  
 Wherewith to shew this miracle of love.  
 Darknes is turn'd to light, mid-night to morn;  
 Who can be silent when the *Word* is born!  
 Hark how the Angels sing, they bow, and more  
 Than *Persians* they this *rising Sun* adore.  
 The Court's remov'd, and the attendants flie  
 To wait upon this *humane Deitie*.

He, who was cloath'd with glorious Majesty,  
 Is veil'd with flesh, the better to comply  
 With mortal eyes; dis-robes himself of light,  
 Lays by his beams, stoops to our weaker sight:  
 And with his other favours this doth give,  
 That man may see the face of God, and live.  
 The Son of God becomes the son of man,  
 That men may be the sons of God again!  
 Here *God* is *man*, and *man* is *God*, he takes  
 Our nature to him, not his own forsakes.  
 A *mortal God*, *Immortal* man in one,  
 Thus heaven and earth are in conjunction.  
 See how the shepherds flock, and Kings (as proud  
 To be his subjects) to his presence croud.  
 Haste, haste my soul, there's danger in delay,  
 Since thou hast nothing else to offer lay  
 Thy self down at his feet; pray him to make  
 His lodging in thee, as he deign'd to take  
 Thy nature on himself.—But stay fond soul,  
 He's puritie it self, thou art too foul



To lodge so bright a guest, in whose pure eyes,  
 Heavens and Angels are deformities.  
 Yet see, he smiles, and beckens thee to come,  
 As if he meant to take thee for his home,  
 To wash thee with his blood ; do not repine,  
 Thy sins are *His*, *His* righteousness is *thine*.  
 Hark, he invites himself to be thy guest,  
 Whose presence is thy *physick* and thy *feast*.  
 Behold he bowes the heavens, and comes down,  
 Takes up thy *Cross*, that thou mayst wear his  
 And in exchange assumes thy povertie, (*Crown*.  
 Pays all thy debts, sets thee at libertie.  
 He sues to serve thee, and expects no more,  
 Thou shouldst give him, than he gave thee be-  
 His work is all his wages, and his will (fore.  
 Is all his hire ; be thou obedient till :  
 Love him, as he loves thee, and 'cause th'art poor,  
 Give him thy self, thy all, He asks no more.

*Lord 'tis not fitting thou shouldst come  
 Into so base a room  
 First, with thy spirit cleanse my heart,  
 And by thy powerful art,  
 Thine and my enemies expel,  
 Make an Heaven of my Hell,  
 Then for ever in me dwell.*  
*But, Lord, if thou vouchsafe to dwell  
 Within so dark a cell,  
 Take thou charge of the familie,  
 And let me dwell with thee.*  
*Thine is the cost, be thine the care,  
 That Satan have no share,  
 For thou wilt find no room to spare.*

For

## For Christmas-day.

Invocat.      *The Day, thy day is come,  
                     O thou most glorious Sun,  
 When thou didst veil thy self, that we  
 Mortals might thy glory see.  
                     Lend me a ray of light,  
                     That I may see to write,  
                     And Carol forth thy praise,  
                     In ever-living layes.*

Thyrsis. **W**hat made the Sun poste hence away  
 So fast, and make so short a day?

Damon. Seeing a brighter Sun appear,  
 He ran and hid himself for fear:  
 Asham'd to see himself out-shin'd,  
 (Leaving us, and night behind)  
 He sneak'd away to take a nap,  
 And hide himself in *Thetis* lap.  
 When, loe, a brighter night succeeds,  
 A night none of his lustre needs:  
 A night so splendent, we may say,  
 The day was night, and night was day.

Thyrsis. See, Damon, see, how he doth shroud  
 His baff'd glory in a cloud;  
 From whence he peeps to see the Sun,  
 That hath his lusters all out-done.

Damon. But ventring on he spies a star,  
 More glorious than his *Hesper* far;

Which with a fair and speaking ray,  
Told plainly where his Master lay.  
Ambitious then to steal a sight,  
He saw it was the *God* of light;  
Then strait he whips away his team,  
The well lost minutes to redeem;  
And flies through all the world, to tell  
The newes of this great miracle.  
It was not long before he came  
Unto the lofty house of *fame*,  
Where every whisper, every sound  
Is taken at the first rebound,  
And like an aiëry bubble blown  
By vainer breath, till it be grown  
Too big to be conceal'd, it flies  
About a while, gaz'd at, then dies,  
Something he tells, and hasts away,  
He could not, and *fame* would not stay,  
To near the rest; for she well knew,  
By mixing of false tales with true,  
To make it more. To *Rome* she plyes,  
Her greatest Mart of *truths* and *lies*;  
The *gods* (says she) will dwell on earth,  
And give themselves a mortal birth.  
But they of *fame* had got the ods,  
For they themselves made their own *gods*;  
And car'd not to encrease their store,  
For they had gods enough before.  
To *Solyra* she takes her flight,  
And puts the Citie in a fright:  
Unwelcome newes fills *Herods* ears,  
And then his head, with thoughts and fears.  
The *King* of whom the *Sages* told,  
And all the *Prophecies* of old,

Is born, sayes fame ; a King who shall  
Deliver *Judah* out of thrall :

*Kings* shall his *subjects* be, and lay  
Their scepters at his feet ; his sway  
Shall know no bounds, nor end, but he  
Beyond all time, so fates decree.

By this the Sun had cross'd the seas,  
And told the newes to th' *Antipodes*.

The aiëry spirits pack'd hence away,  
Chas'd by the beams of this bright day.

The fiends were in an uproar, hell  
Trembl'd with the dismal yell.

The Prince of darkness was in doubt  
The Lord of light would find him out ;  
And that the word of *truth* being come,  
His *oracles* must all be dumb.

Pale death foresaw he was betray'd,  
That King of terrors was afraid.

*Glory be to God above,*

*For this miracle of love :*

*Ever blessed be the morn,*

*When the God of Love was born.*

*Love so charming that it can*

*Contract a God into a Man.*

*And by the magick of his birth,*

*Make an Heaven of the Earth.*

*Ever, ever sing we thus,*

*Till Angels come and joyn with us.*

*They rejoyce with all their powers,*

*Yet the Benefit is Ours.*

*They with joy the tydings bring,*

*Shall We be silent when They sing ?*

The

## The 25. Cap. of Job Paraphras'd.

Then *Bildad* answers, dominion and fear  
 (Which rule us mortals) loe his In-mates are.  
 Can numbers shallow bounds confine his hoasts?  
 Or does his light baulk any unknown coasts?  
 Can *man* be *Gods* Corrivall to be just?  
 Can he be clean that is defiled dust?  
 The Moon in th' ocean of his light is drown'd,  
 The stars impure in his bright eyes are found.  
 Then what is man? (alas!) poor worthless span,  
 Or what's his son? a worm, less than a man.

## 35. Cap. of Job.

Then 'gan *Elihu* speak, vileness dost dare  
 Thy righteousness with Gods thus to compare?  
 Thou sayst, what gain will righteousness bring  
 Or shall I thrive by that more than by sin? (in?)  
 I'll answer thee. Behold, the clouds that stand  
 His surer guard against thy sinning hand.  
 Legions of doubled sins cannot assault  
 Thy God, or pierce his starry-guarded vault.  
 Nor can thy stock of good encrease his store,  
 Thy hand may hurt, or help (like thee) the  
 poor. &c.

## On the Widows 2 Mites.

How comes it that the widows mites are more  
 Than the abundance the rich gave the poor?  
 Whilst they their worldly goods lib'rally hurl'd  
 She gave her heart, more worth than all the  
 world.

## On Christs Cross.

— As from a Tree at first came all our woe,

So



So on a tree our remedie did grow.  
One bare the fruit of death, the other life;  
This was a well of Salem, that of strife.

*On Christs Death and Resurrection.*

What, can God die, or man live, being slain? —  
He dy'd as man, as God he rose again.

*Gen. 2. 18.*

When man was made, God sent an helper to him, —  
And so she prov'd, for she help'd to undoe him.

*On the miracle of the Loaves.*

This was a miracle indeed, when bread —  
Was by subtraction multiplied:  
Why wonder we at this strange feast,  
When Gods's both giver, and a guest?

*On Christ's Resurrection.*

The Lord of life lay in a tomb, —  
as in the womb,  
His Resurrection was a second birth,  
from th'womb of th'earth.

*On M. M. weeping at Christs death.*

What, weep to see thy Saviour die, —  
Whereby thou liv'st eternally?  
But now I know, 'twas cause thy sins  
Were the sharp spears that wounded him.

*Mark 12.*

*Give to God, &c.*

*And to Caesar, &c.*

Give God and Caesar both, how shall I do?  
Give Gods receiver, and thou giv'st him too.

*On*

## On the world.

- That the worlds goods are so inconstant found,  
No wonder is, for that it self is Round.

*Similis simili gaudet.*

- Wherefore doth *Dives* love his *Money* so?  
*That's* earth, So's *Hee*, Like will to like we know.

On *Calvus*.

- *Calvus* of late extream long *locks* doth wear:  
The reason is *Calvus* hath lost his *Hair*.

On *Malsido*.

*Malsido* on his neighbour looks so grim,  
*Proximus* is *Postremus* sure with him.

On *Will*: who had run through all trades and  
was now a *Cobler*.

- I prethee *Will* whither wilt thou so fast?  
Thou canst not farther, for th'art at thy Last.

## Better fortune.

Whilst that the *Huntsman* stared, he became  
Unto his dogs their banquet and their game:  
But from *Ateons* fortune I am free,  
Because whilst I saw her, she could not me.

On *Cornuto*.

- *Cornuto* cries *Hee's* weary of his life,  
He cannot bear the *Lightness* of his wife,  
She wants so many Grains, she'l go with loss;  
Yet a *Light* Woman is an Heavie Cross.

*Mart.*

*Mart. Ep. 24. lib. 2.*

If unjust fortune hale thee to the bar,  
In rags, paler than guilty prisoners are,  
I'll stick to thee; banish'd thy native soyl,  
Through Seas and Rocks I will divide thy toyl.

*On one who fell in love with Julia, throwing  
Snow-balls at him.*

I'me all on fire; strange miracle of Love, —  
These Watry Snow-balls Hand-Granadoes prove?  
If from cold clouds thou dost thy lightnings  
Julia, what Element will fence my heart? (dart,

*J. Cesaris Epigram.*

A Thracian lad on Ice-bound Heber playes,  
The glasse Pavement with his waight decays.  
Whilst with his lower parts the river fled,  
The meeting Ice cut off his tender head,  
Which having found, the Son-lefs mother urnd,  
Those to be drown'd were born, this to be burnd.

*Hensii Epitaph.*

*Trina mihi juncta est variis ætatibus Uxor, —  
Hæc Juveni, illa viro, tertia nupta seni est:  
Prima est propter Opus, teneris sociata sub annis,  
Altera propter Opes, tertia propter Opem.*

*Englished.*

Three wives I had in severall ages Past,  
A Youth, a Man, an old man had the last;  
The first was for the Work, a tender maid,  
The second was for Wealth, the third for Aye.  
Out

## Out of Italian.

My Mistris hath my heart in hold,  
 But yet 'tis under locks of gold,  
 In which the wind doth freely play,  
 But my poor heart doth prisoner stay :  
 What happier prison can there be ?  
 Confinement is my libertie.

H. Grotius, S. Petri Querela.

*Quæ me recondet, recondet regio? quâ mœstum diem  
 Fallam latebrâ? quæro nigrantem specum  
 Quâ me sepeliem vivus: ubi nullum videns  
 Nulli videndus, lachrymas foveam meas.*

## Englished.

What place will hide my guilt? that there I may  
 Deceiveth' approaches of discovering day.  
 I'll seek some gloomy cave, where I may lie  
 Entomb'd alive in shades of secrecie :  
 There seeing none, nor any seeing me,  
 I will indulge my tears with libertie.

## Out of Italian.

*I am a child, and cannot love,  
 Ah me! that I my death must prove.  
 Wilt thou that I thee adore,  
 Cruel thou must be no more.  
 Torments my heart cannot bear,  
 Nor must any grief come there.*

*To Henry the 4th. out of Bahufius.*

O mighty King! glory of Princely race,  
Thy Kingdoms safety, and it's chiefeft grace:  
We wish our Muse worthy thy wortht'adorn,  
She nothing more desires, can nothing less perform.

Thou grace of arms, mak'st war a sport to be,  
To labour's rest, to wake is sleep to thee. (awe,  
Thy call makes souldiers, whom th'hast so in  
Thy word is a decree, thy beck a law. (mands,  
Thou lead'st them on, thy deeds serve for com-  
They learn their dutie from thy feet and hands.  
Thou conquer'st e're thou fight'st, fortune's de-  
Assures thee triumph, 'fore the victorie. (cree  
Thy helmet lawrel, fights all trophies be,  
To fight and conquer is all one with thee.  
Thy mercie strives thy sword for to reprove,  
And when thou strik'st thy foe, thy self doth  
grieve.

Though forc'd to fight, to expiate their deed,  
Thine eyes do weep, fast as thy foes do bleed.  
Pardons are thy revenges, whilst thy sword  
Doth wounds dispence, thy hand doth help af-  
ford.

Like dreadful lightning to the war thou com'st,  
Conquerour, than conquer'd milder thou re-  
turn'st.

To conquer others were too small, but thou  
A nobler triumph o're thy self dost show.

Loves



Loves Duel, out of *Anacreon*.

**C**upid all his arts did prove,  
 To invite my heart to love:  
 But I alwayes did delay,  
 His mild summons to obey:  
 Being deaf to all his charms,  
 Strait the god assumes his arms.  
 With his bow and quiver, he  
 Takes the field to duel me.  
 Armed like Achilles, I  
 With my shield and spear desie  
 His bold challenge: as he cast  
 His golden darts, I as fast  
 Catch'd his arrows in my shield,  
 Till I made him leave the field.  
 Fretting and dis-armed, then  
 Th'angry god returns agen,  
 All in flames; 'stead of a dart,  
 Throws himself into my heart,  
 Useless, I my shield require,  
 When the fort is all on fire;  
 I in vain the field did win,  
 Now the enemy's within.  
 Thus betray'd, at last I cry,  
 Love! th' hast got the victory.

With a Letter to *Aglaia*.

Goe happy paper, view those eyes,  
 Where beauties richest treasure lies;

The

The quiver whence he takes his darts,  
Wherewith he wound's poor mortalls hearts.  
But yet, fond paper, come not near  
Those all-consuming flames, for fear  
Thou perish by their cruell art,  
That have inflam'd thy masters heart.

Yet if thou wil't so hardy be,  
To venture on a batterie,  
On that presuming Castle, say,  
Wonder not I have found the way;  
For (fairest Lady) hereby know,  
The dart came first from your own Bow.

*Excuse for absence.*

You need inflict no other banishment,  
The fault it selfe's my greatest punishment.  
Oft would I pardon crave; but still my Muse  
Prompts me, foul weather is a fair excuse.  
If that will not suffice; then let this be,  
That I have *none*, my best apologic.  
Convict me of my crime, and as 'tis meet,  
I'll do you daily Penance in a sheet.  
But, prove me *absent* first, and then,  
I'll write apologies, or burn my Pen. (*move;*  
Planets are where they *worke*, not where they —  
I *am*, not where I *live*, but where I *Love*.

*With Herberts Poeme.*

The Poet's now become a Priest, and layes  
His Poem at your feet, expects no Bays,

But your acceptance; kindle it with your eyes,  
 And make this Offering prove a Sacrifice.  
 The Vestal fire that's in your breast, will burn  
 Up all his dross, and make it Incense turne;  
 And then your smile a second life will give,  
 Hee'l fear no death, if you but bid him live.  
 Pardon this bold ambition, tis his drift,  
 To make the Altar sanctifie the Gift.  
 Visit this Temple, at your vacant houres,  
 'Twas *Herberts* Poem once, but now tis *Yours*.

On the death of M. A. S.

Fain would I pay my tribute to thy Herse,  
 And sigh thy death, in never dying verse.  
 But I in vain invoke my Muse, for she  
 (Alas!) is dead with him for company.  
 Like to those Indian wives who count the thred  
 Of their life ended when their *Mate* is dead.  
 When souls thus linck'd divorce, one cannot  
 Without the breaking of the others heart. (part,  
 To vent my sorrowes yeelds me no relief,  
 He grieves but little that can tell his grief.  
 Let others less concern'd this truth approve,  
 And strive to shew their *Wit*, more than their  
 My grief confutes the Laws of Numbers, I (*Love*  
 Whilst others *Write*, will Weep thine Elegie.  
 Each line my tears a *Colons* charge defray,  
 Verses have *Periods*, but no *Period* they.

Reader since *He* my better half is gone,  
 My heart is but his Monumentall Stone,  
 On which this Epitaph inscrib'd shall be:

*I di'd in him, and yet he lives in me,*

*Lans*

*Laus & Votum vite Beata.*

*Out of Lipsius.*

EQuall unto the *Gods* is he,  
And much above what *Mortalls* be,  
Who the uncertain day of fate,  
Nor wisheth nor repineth at:  
T'whom impotent Ambition, nor  
The hope of gaine's *Solicitor*.  
Whom *Princes* thundring threats can't move,  
No, nor the darts of angry *Jeve*.  
But seated in *Securitie*,  
Laughs at the vulgar's *vanitie*.  
Whose life's thread's spun so ev'n, that there  
Can not be seen th' least knot of care.

O might I but thus far aspire,  
To shape my life to my desire:  
Nor *Offices*, nor *Wealth* I'de crave,  
Nor with white Stee'ds in triumph brave,  
To lead along poor Captiv'd Slaves.

I in vast Solitude should dwell,  
A neighbour to the *Muses Well*:  
Orchards, and Gardens to frequent,  
There would I seat my sole content;  
So that when as full ripened Death,  
Shall put a period to my breath,  
Tedious to none, and without strife,  
Calmely to end my aged life.

## On T. Bastard, and his Epigrams.

—That thy names *Bastard*, friend, is thy hard fate,  
 Thy *Births* I'm sure are *Legitimate*.  
 Well may't a *Bastard* be, all Common race  
 To thy diviner wit must need give place:  
 No, *Jove* himself begat thee, and thy *Birth*,  
 Gets in us Wonderment as well as mirth.

*Momus to Bastard.*

—The proverb sayes, Bastards (remember it)  
 Must sling no stones; least they their father hit.

*Answer.*

*Momus* stand off, gald backs will winch, tis true,  
 Here's *Salt*, or we should never hear of you.

*Again to Bastard.*

*Bastard*, that is of *best* wit, say the *Dutch*,  
 Then as thy name is, so's thy nature such:  
 What if the multitude laugh at thy *Name*,  
 Know, *their* disprayfes do advance thy fame.

*To the Reader, Out of Falus.*

Who will read these? None. Why? nor mock,  
 (nor jeere.  
 Nor Baudry (wishd by many) comes not here,  
 But one or other hap'ly they may finde,  
 Preferring good, before Jests, he will minde.  
 But if none read, grieft doth not me assault,  
 For if none read, then none can find a fault.

Upon





Upon His Sacred Majesties  
most happy Return, on the  
29<sup>th</sup> of May 1660.

Wake dull Muse, the Sun appears,  
Open thine eyes, and dry thy teares:  
The clouds disperse, and Sable night  
Resignes to *Charles* his conquering  
Batts, Owles, and Night-birds flie away, (light  
Chac'd by the beames of this bright day.  
A day design'd by Destinie,  
Famous to all Posteritie.  
First for the birth of *Charles*, and now  
'Tis His *Three Kingdoms* Birth-day too.  
VVee mov'd before, but knew not how,  
We could not say we liv'd, till now.  
Like Flies in VVinter, so lay we,  
In a dull, senceless Lethargie.  
Touche by his healing beames, we live,  
His Presence a new life doth give.  
Each loyall heart strook by his Rayes,  
Is fill'd with gratitude and praise.  
Those *Phaetons* who had got the Raine,  
And neds would guide great *Charles* his *Waine*;  
Have found their *Foly* in their *Fate*;  
And *Phabus* now assumes his *State*.

The Trees who chose a wooden King,  
 To be their shade and covering:  
 Whilst they injuriously decline  
 The fruitfull Olive and the Vine  
 Consuming fire from the *Bramble* came;  
 They read their *Folly* by the *Flame*.  
 True *Emblems* of our giddy age,  
 Not rul'd by *Reason*, but by *Rage*:  
 The *taile* would quarrell with the *Head*,  
 And no longer would be *Led*:  
 Th' inferiour *Members* soon give way,  
 And the *Taile* must bear the sway,  
*Blind* as it was, ('to ur misery)  
 With many a *Sting*, but never an *Eye*.  
 Then were we drag'd through mire & stones,  
 Which bruisd our flesh, and brake our bones,  
 Our Feet and Legs foundred and lame,  
 We saw our *Folly* in our *Shame*.  
 We praid, but no releif could find,  
 The *Taile* was *Deaf*, as well as *Blind*:  
 Drums, Trumpets, Pulpits with their sound,  
 All our intreaties did confound;  
 Till pittying *Heaven* heard our cry,  
 And *God* vouchsafes, what *men* deny.  
 After a twelve years suffering,  
 Just *Heaven* Proclaims Great *Charles* our King:  
 Free (like *Ulysses*) from the harms  
 Of Forreign *Syréns* tempting charmes.  
 And now our Joyfull Land doth ring,  
 With *lō Paan's* to our King:  
 All England seemd *One* bonfire, *Night*  
 Seem'd to contend with *Day* for light.  
 For *Bells* our Kingdome hath been fam'd,  
 And the *Ring-ing-Island* nam'd:

More

More truly now, when every Bell  
Aloud the joyful news doth tell.  
That *Charles* is landed once again,  
With *Peace*, and *Plenty*, in his Train.  
No more shall brother brother kill,  
Nor *sonnes* the blood of *fathers* spill:  
No more shall *Mars* & *Madness* rage,  
*Peace* shall bring back the *Golden-age*.  
No more shall *Loyalty* be *Treason*,  
*Error* truth, and *non-sence* reason;  
Nor will we sell our *Liberty*,  
For a too-dear bought *Slavery*.  
No more shall *Sacriledge* invade  
The *Church*, nor *Faction* make a trade  
Of *Holy things*; nor *Gospel* be  
Lost in a *law-less* liberty.  
No more hope we to see the time  
When to be innocent's a crime.  
No more, no more shall armed might  
Though *Wrong'd*, o'ecome the weaker *Right*.  
Now shall all jarring *discords* be  
Drown'd in the pleasing *Harmony*  
Of peacefull lawes, whose stiller voice  
Shall charme the Drum & Trumpets noise,  
The *Church* shall be *Triumphant*, more  
Than it was *Militant* before.  
The withered *Lawrell*, and the *Bayes*  
*Revive* to crown our happy dayes  
These, and all other blessings we  
*Great* and *Good Charles*, Expect from thee:  
VVhose *Vertues* were enough alone,  
To give Thee *Title* to the *Crown*.  
You *Conquer'd* without *Arms*, Your *Words*  
VVin hearts, better than others *Swords*.

Pardons

Pardons are Your revenges, we  
 Joy in Your *Boundless* Victory.  
 What others use to do with *blowes*,  
 You by *Forgiving* kill your foes:  
 Your mercy doth your Sword reprove,  
 And for *their* faults, *You* most do grieve.  
 Your *Martyr'd* Fathers charity  
 (His last and greatest Legacy)  
 You most do prize. Could we but tread  
 That pace of virtue which you lead,  
 How quickly should we all agree,  
 To live in *Love* and *Loyalty*!  
 Whilst others their rich Presents bring,  
 All I can give's, *GOD SAVE THE KING.*

FINIS.

Errata.

In the *Panegyrric.*

Page 9 Line 3. Read unfortunately, In the first Elegy on K. C.I.  
 p. 2 l. 8 r, moving, l. 11, r, his,

In *Apothegms* p. 40 l. 20 r, Lord Stanhop, p. 49 l. penult, r,  
 the contrary, p. 50 l. 12 r, one, p. 59 l. 2 r, deadly, p. 64 l. 17 r,  
 neighbours with carriages.

In the *Letters.* p. 4 l. last r, lame, it may appear, p. 3 l. 9 r, to the  
 p. 24 r, clem, p. 44 l. 15 r, your, p. 54 l. 17 r or, l. 23  
 r, grate, p. 55 l. 11 r, bene, p. 57 l. 10 r, jucundum, p. 69 l. 21  
 dele thee, p. 82 l. 12 dele full, p. 90 l. 13 r, else, p. 94 l. 19 dele  
 Negro, p. 102 l. 11 r, beast, p. 111 l. 18 r, live, p. 115 l. 31 r,  
 Terence, p. 130 l. 12 r, perdidit, p. 130 l. 14 r, Comici Cogito,  
 p. 154 l. 12 r, in his p. 155 l. 7 r, than to, p. 156 l. 13 r, rather a,  
 p. 156 l. 28 r, *ova fas.*

In *Loves Labyrinth*, on the title, for festina r, festiva, in the  
 first copy of verses, after out-let r, there, p. 3 l. 4 r, ready in, p. 3  
 l. 9 r, volleys l. 18 r, drops, p. 8 l. 30 r, thou now p. 10 l. 9 r,  
 thou thus, l. 15 r, wronged, p. 11, l. 1 r, rashness, l. the last, r,  
 mine, p. 23 l. 12 r, be my, p. 26 l. 20 r, too much, p. 40 l. 4 r,  
 shine, p. 32 l. 27 r, grown, p. 33 l. 9 r, can a, p. 36 l. 9 r, her  
 neck, p. 48 l. last r, empty, p. 54 l. 9 r, scornes, p. 55 l. 2 r, and,  
 p. 56 l. 16 r, King.

7.

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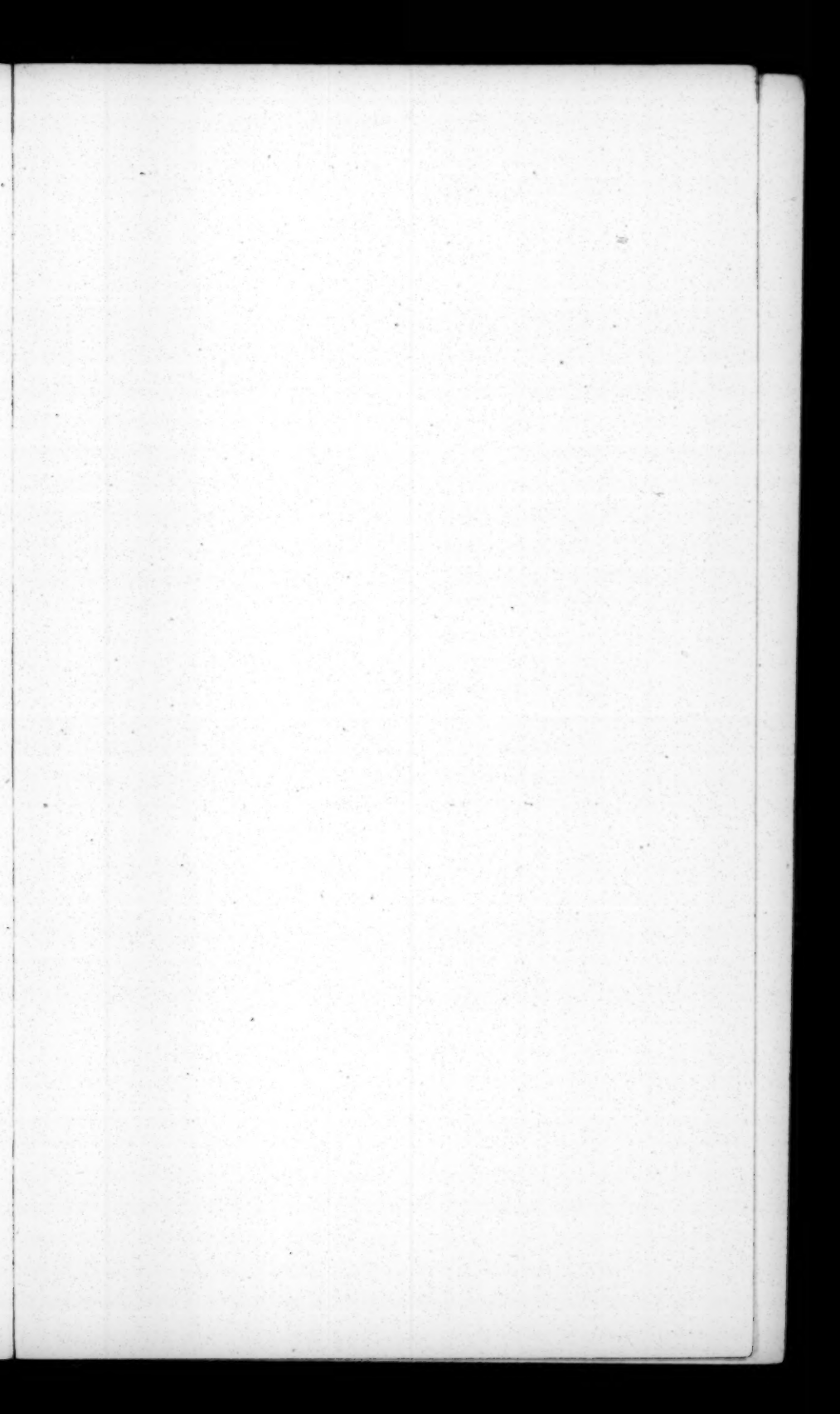
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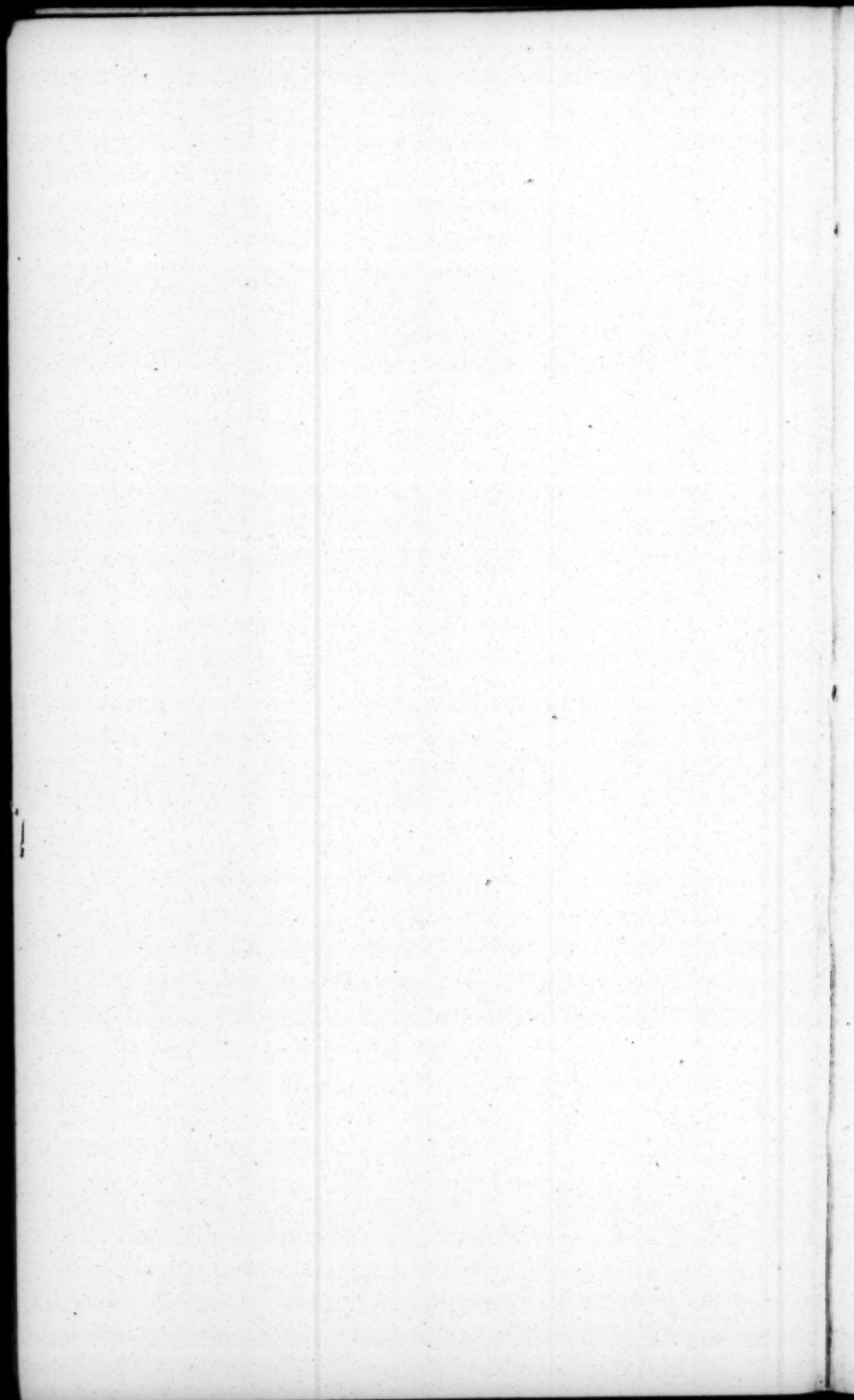
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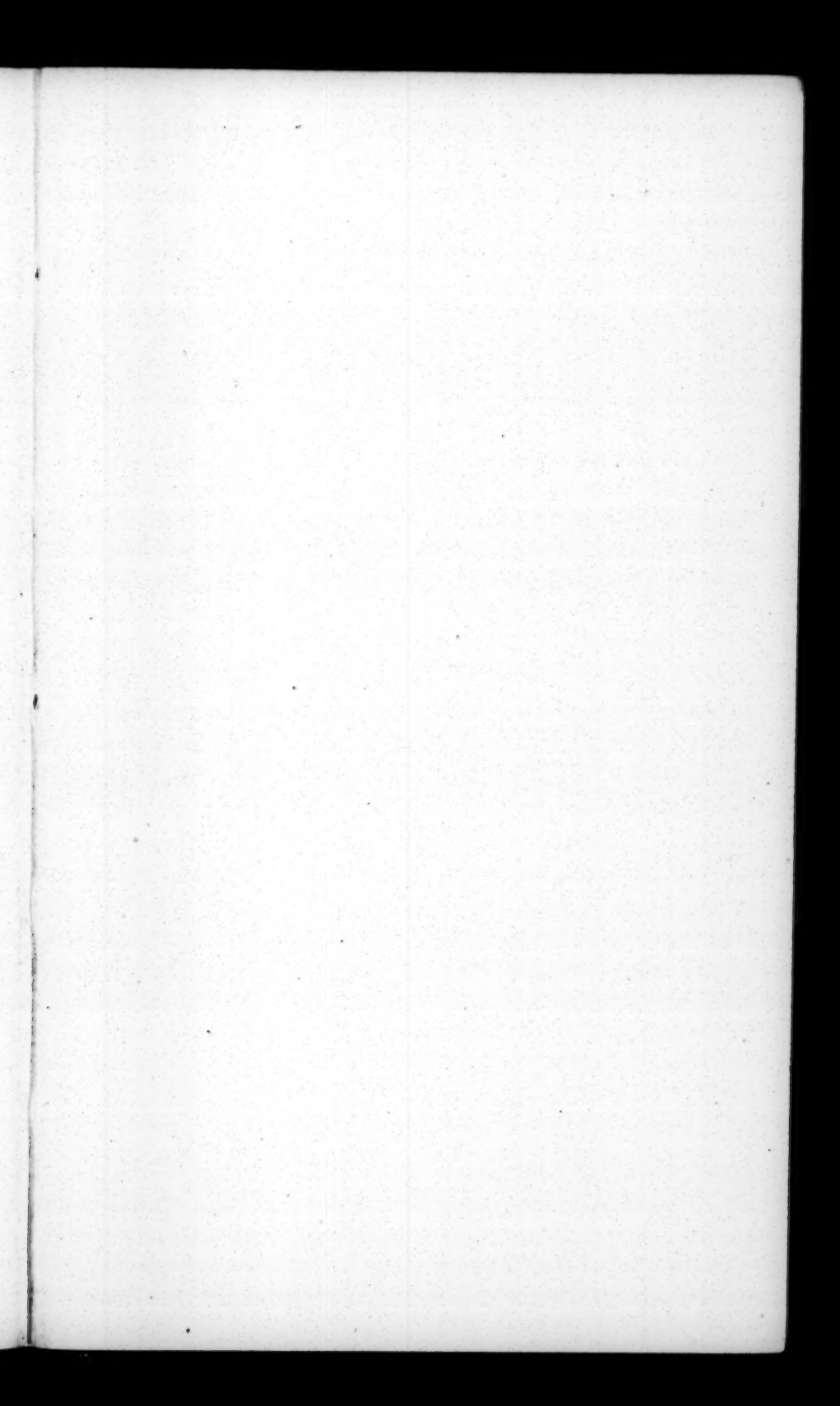
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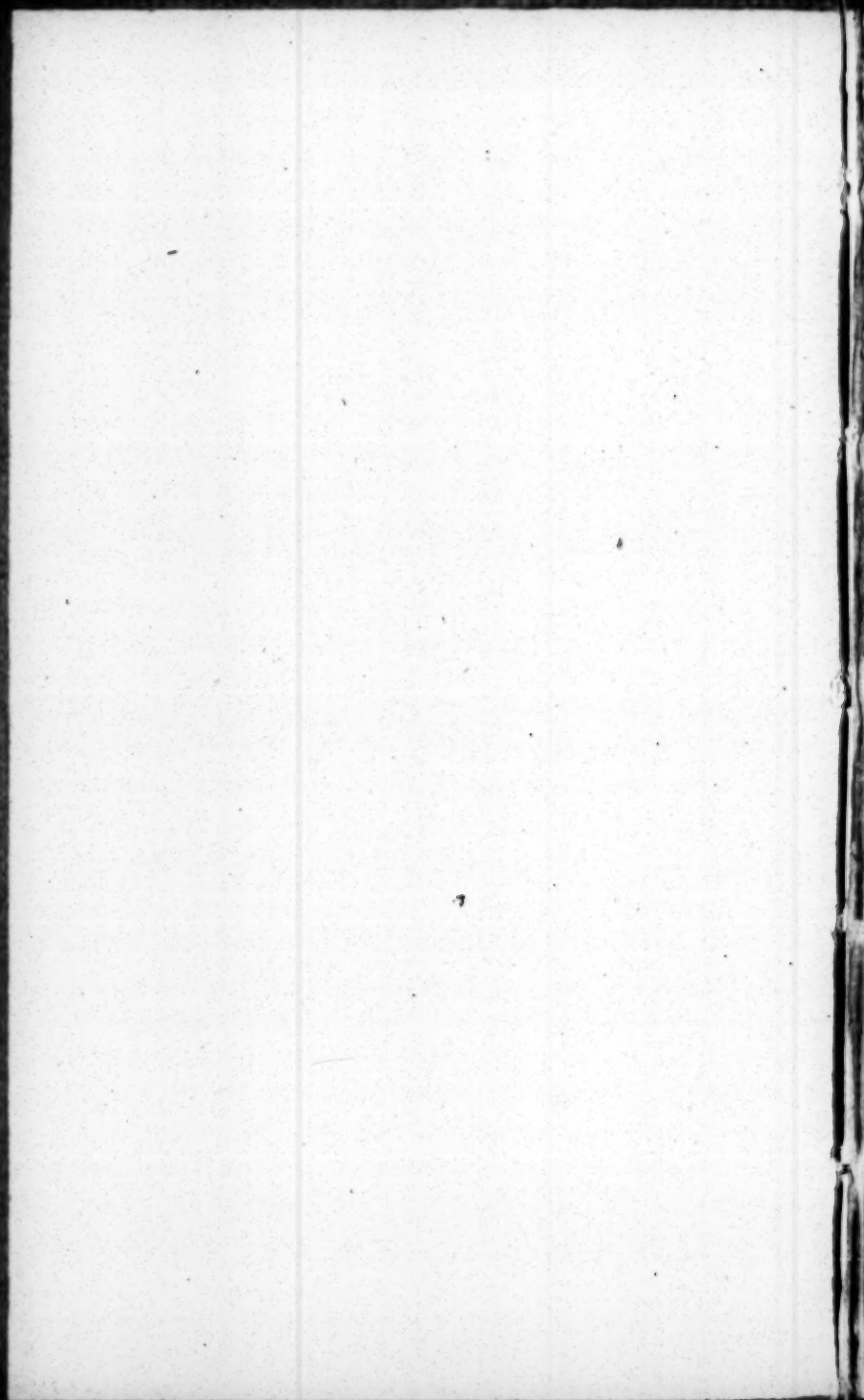














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Forde, Thomas

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